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HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.*

It is not creditable to the scholarship of this country that, until within the last few years, so little was done towards a thorough investigation of the external history of the English Bible, and that its internal history was suffered to remain almost unknown. It could not have been that the subject was devoid of interest or importance. To the Bible we owe most that ennobles us; and the story of our English Version is inter-

woven with the rise and progress of our civil and religious liberties, and with the establishment and consolidation of our Protestant Constitution. It is intimately associated also with the lives and labors of the greatest and best of England's worthies. Patriotism, apart from other considerations, ought to have made the history of the Book dear to us; and it is almost a national reproach that it has been so long neglected, and that even yet, in the works of our standard modern historians, such as Hallam and Froude, blunders are perpetuated on points which ought to be familiar to every educated Englishman. We are glad, therefore, to welcome the advent of a new era, and to give our meed of praise to Canon Westcott, and to the learned editors of Wycliffe's Bible, who have so propitiously opened the way for what we trust will eventually prove a complete elucidation of the origin and history of the English translations of the

* 1. *A General View of the History of the English Bible.* By Brooke Foss Westcott, B.D., &c. London and Cambridge, 1868.

2. *The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocryphal Books; in the Earliest English Versions made from the Latin Vulgate by John Wycliffe and his followers.* Edited by the Rev. J. Forshall, F.R.S., &c., and Sir Frederick Madden, K.H., F.R.S., &c. Oxford, 1850.

3. *On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in connexion with some recent Proposals for its Revision.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London, 1859.

Bible, and a systematic critical examination of the sources, claims, and defects, of our Authorized Version, with a special view to a judicious and scholarly revision.

The earliest notice hitherto discovered of a translation of any portion of the Sacred Scriptures into Anglo-Saxon is in the seventh century. Towards the close of that century there lived in the Convent of Streaneshaleh (Whitby) a monk called Cædmon, the father of English poetry. He exercised his poetical powers chiefly in composing a version of the narratives of the creation, the Exodus, and the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord.* The poem has nothing of the character of an accurate translation, though a few detached passages of Scripture are rendered with tolerable fidelity. About the same period, or perhaps a few years later, Guthlac, or Gurthlake, the first Saxon Anchorite, wrote a Version of the "Psalms" in Anglo-Saxon, which, it has been conjectured, is that found between the lines of a very ancient Roman "Psalter" now among the Cottonian Manuscripts of the British Museum.† Baber says of the MS. that, "it has well-grounded pretension to be one of the books which Pope Gregory the Great sent to Augustin, first Archbishop of Canterbury, soon after his arrival in England."‡ The fact that it is a Roman "Psalter" confirms this view; for, while the Roman was introduced in Canterbury, the Gallican was used in other parts of England.

About the year 706, Aldhelm,§ Bishop of Sherborn, translated the "Psalter." He was among the first of the Saxon ecclesiastics who was distinguished for learning. In his treatise "De Laudibus Virginitatis" he praises certain nuns for

their daily study of the Holy Scriptures, a fact which seems to indicate that there was then extant a vernacular translation of the Bible. "The Anglo-Saxon version, discovered in the Royal Library at Paris about the beginning of the present century, has been supposed to be, at least in part, Aldhelm's production. The first fifty Psalms are in prose, the others in verse."*

Twenty-six years after the death of Aldhelm the Venerable Bede translated another portion of Scripture into his native language. The story of its completion is told by St. Cuthbert. At that period there stood on the south bank of the Tyne, a little to the west of the modern town of South Shields, a monastery called *Jarrow*. The surrounding country was then thinly peopled. The river flowed silently between wooded banks and long reaches of moorland, past the towers of the Roman Wall and the cliffs of Tynemouth. On the evening of the 26th of May, 735—Ascension Day, as St. Cuthbert informs us—an unusual stillness pervaded the sacred retreat. The monks spoke in anxious whispers. On a low bed in one of the cells lay an aged priest. His wasted frame and sunken eye told that death was near. His breathing was slow and labored. Near him sat a young scribe, with an open scroll and a pen in his hand. Looking with affectionate tenderness in the face of the dying man, he said, "Now, dearest Master, there remains only one chapter; but the exertion is too great for you." "It is easy, my son, it is easy," he replied; "take your pen, write quickly; I know not how soon my Maker will take me." Sentence after sentence was uttered in feeble accents, and written by the scribe. Again there was a long pause. Nature seemed exhausted. Again the boy spoke:—"Dear Master, only one sentence is wanting." It, too, was pronounced slowly and painfully. "It is finished," said the scribe. "It is finished," repeated the dying saint; and then added: "Lift up my head. Place me in the spot where I have been accustomed to pray." With tender care he was placed as he desired. Then,

* Bede, "Hist. Ec." xxiv. A manuscript of the poem was given by Archbishop Usher to Francis Junius, a learned Dutchman, who published it at Amsterdam in 1655. A new edition was printed in 1832, under the editorial care of Mr. Benjamin Thorpe.

† Vesp. A. 1. It was edited for the Surtees Society by Rev. J. Stevenson, in the "Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter." 1843.

‡ Account of the Saxon and English Versions of the Scriptures, prefixed to Wycliffe's "New Testament," p. lviii.

§ Also written Adhelm and Ealdhelm. He was educated in Kent, under Adrian, the emissary of the Pontiff Vitalian, and was for a time Abbot of Malmesbury.

* Wycliffe's "Bible," Preface, p. i. This interesting relic of Anglo-Saxon literature was published at Oxford in 1835, by Mr. Thorpe ("Liber Psalmorum Vers. Ant. Lat." &c.).

clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes heavenward, he exclaimed, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and with the last word his spirit passed away. Thus died the Venerable Bede; and thus was completed the first Anglo-Saxon translation of the Gospel of St. John.*

Bede also translated the Lord's Prayer, and apparently the Psalter, with other select portions of Holy Scripture, to which he added glosses and comments for the use of both clergy and people. None of these works, however, are now extant.

In the ninth century Alfred the Great placed an Anglo-Saxon version of the Ten Commandments, "With such of the Mosaic injunctions in the three following chapters of Exodus, as were most to his purpose," at the head of his Code of Laws. His biographer tells us it was the desire of this good monarch that "All the free-born youth of his kingdom should be able to read the English Scriptures." Towards the close of his reign he began a translation of the Psalms,† but did not live to complete it.‡

Among the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum§ is a beautiful Latin copy of the Gospels, called "The Durham Book." It is said to have been written by Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in the seventh century. Two centuries later, Aldred, a priest, of Holy Isle, added an interlinear Anglo-Saxon version. Another translation of the Gospels, apparently of the same age, and executed in the same way, the Anglo-Saxon words being written between the lines of the Latin text, is in the Bodleian Library, and is called the "Rushworth Gloss."|| It is so named because it was the property of a Mr. Rushworth.

* "Epistle of St. Cuthbert."

† Asser, "Life of Alfred;" first published by Archbishop Parker in 1574; reprinted at Oxford, 1722; William of Malmesbury "De Gest. Reg. Angl."

‡ It may be the same which was published, with the Latin interlinear text, in 1640, by John Spelman, under the title "Psalterium Davidis Latino-Saxon. Vetus." Similar glosses on the Psalter, the Lord's Prayer, the Book of Proverbs, and other portions of Scripture, exist in our public libraries. Some of them were published by the Surtees Society in 1840.

§ Nero, D. 4.

|| Rushworth, 3946.

At the end of the volume are these words:—"Pray for Owun that this book glossed, and Farnen priest at Harewood." The authors of the version thus give their names, but nothing farther is known of them.

The celebrated Anglo-Saxon scholar Ælfrie, who became Abbot of Peterborough in 1004, and Archbishop of York in 1023, translated considerable portions of the Bible, and wrote an abridgment of Old and New Testament history. His Biblical translations, including the greater part of the Pentateuch, and the books of Joshua, Judges, Job, Kings, and Esther, were published by Thwaites, from a MS. in the Bodleian, with the title "Hep-tateuchus, Liber Job," &c., Oxon. 1698.*

The existence of so many different translations, made during one of the darkest periods of our country's history, shows that there must have been some desire on the part of a section of the English people to possess the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue; and that learned ecclesiastics were found willing to gratify them. It does not appear, however, that any of the above works had an extensive circulation. Some were evidently prepared for private use; others, perhaps, for a little circle of friends and associates; others for instruction in the public service of the church. To the people at large they were little known, and they had, therefore, little influence on the national mind. It is greatly to be regretted that our knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon translations should still be so very imperfect. No critical examination of the numerous and interesting Manuscripts contained in our public libraries has yet been made. The authorship and age of some of the most important are doubtful. Even over the life of Ælfrie much obscurity is thrown, owing to his being so generally confounded with Alfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1005. The Preface to Wycliffe's Bible is, upon this department, far too brief, and, in some respects, vague; the notices in the his-

* His Scripture history was published by L'Isle in 1623, entitled "A Saxon Treatise concerning the Old and New Testament;" and his other works, which illustrate the history of Holy Scripture during the Anglo-Saxon period, were edited by Mr. B. Thorpe for the Ælfrie Society (2 vols. London, 1843-46).

torical account prefixed to Bagster's "Hexapla" are confused, and not always trustworthy; and the works edited by Mr. B. Thorpe are very unsatisfactory. A systematic description of the extant Anglo-Saxon translations, accompanied by a critical collation, is still a felt want in English Biblical Literature.

Soon after the Conquest an author called Orme wrote a paraphrase of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles in blank verse, which is now known as "The Ormulum." The MS. is in the Bodleian; and it was edited by Dr. White in 1852. In the same library is a large manuscript in Anglo-Norman, or English,* containing a metrical summary of the leading events of Bible history, under the quaint name *Sowlehele*, "In Latin tongue Salus Animae." Its date is uncertain, but it may be ascribed to the 13th century. Towards the close of the same century a metrical version of the Psalms was made by an unknown author, and apparently circulated widely, as six copies of it are still extant.† In the early part of the following century (cir. 1320) a translation of the entire Psalter in Latin and English was written, probably by William of Schorham, vicar of Chart-Sutton in Kent. It was intended for church service, as it contains the usual Canticles, with the Te Deum and the Athanasian Creed.‡ In the middle of the 14th century, Richard Rolle, better known as the Hermit of Hampole, wrote an English translation of the Book of Psalms with a Commentary. Many manuscript copies of it are in the public libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, and London; and their state proves that the work had not only been widely circulated, but repeatedly and carefully revised.§ In the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries numerous other fragments of English Psalters are preserved of the same or an earlier date. At first the Normans, when consolidating their new conquests, gave little thought to the Bible. Their invasion checked rather than advanced the progress of Scriptural knowledge for a time. But

after two centuries of stagnation a revival took place. A spirit of inquiry began to spread among the clergy. Their attention was turned to the Scriptures, and they showed their desire to instruct the people by translating the Lessons ordinarily read in the public services of the Church. Portions of the Gospels of Mark and Luke and of Paul's Epistles also exist in manuscript. But, so far as our researches have gone, it would seem that down to the year 1360, the Psalter was the only book of Scripture entirely and literally translated into English. There are some short lessons from other parts of the Bible correctly rendered, but all the longer works are loose paraphrases, poems founded on Bible narratives, or abridgments of the Sacred text. None of them were literal versions, and none of the versions or paraphrases were founded on the Hebrew or Greek originals. The Vulgate version alone was used, and most of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman translations of the Psalms follow the Gallican Psalter.

The 14th century introduced a new era in Biblical translation. At that time the power of Rome in England was all but supreme. The clergy of every rank and class were devoted subjects of the Pope, and their name was legion. The whole country swarmed with them. They were watchful and energetic. The laws of their Church required them to withhold the Word of God from the laity. According to the Papal system, the infallible authority of the Church alone is fit to determine the meaning of Scripture. To exercise private judgment upon it is presumption and rebellion. By maintaining these views with an authority stern, cruel, and uncompromising, Rome attempted to rob England of both patriotism and liberty. The people were taught, under pain of the Church's dread anathema, to bow submissive to a foreign potentate, and, not only so, but to commit mind and conscience alike to his keeping. The first man whose eyes were thoroughly opened to the degradation of his country, and who had the courage to resolve upon her emancipation, was JOHN WYCLIFFE.

Wycliffe was born in 1324, in the parish of Wye-cliffe, situated on the banks of the river Wye, in Yorkshire

* Bod. 779.

† Preface, Wyc. "Bible," p. iii. note. It was published in Stevenson's "Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter" (1843).

‡ Ibid., p. iv.

§ Preface, Wyc. Bible, p. iv.

He was educated at Oxford, having entered Queen's College in 1340, the very year it was founded.* He became Fellow of Merton, and, in 1361, Master of Balliol. In the year 1356 he wrote a tract entitled "Last Age of the Church,"† in which he laments the decay of religion, the gross ignorance of the people, and the insolence of the clergy. His ardent, thoughtful mind was then turned to the great want of the age—the right means of instructing the masses. He resolved to supply the want by giving them the Word of God in their own tongue. But before doing so the people needed to be roused from the apathy which ignorance had induced; they required to be made conscious of their real state. A favorable opportunity offered in the scandalous practices of the order of Mendicant Friars, who then overran England, perverting the minds of the populace, exciting their fanaticism, and robbing them of their property. In public lectures at Oxford Wycliffe openly attacked them, exposing with unsparing eloquence and withering sarcasm their immorality, their lies, and their craft. The truth of his charges was too evident to be questioned. The eyes of the people were suddenly opened to a system of delusion and extortion. Stung by a sense of their wrongs, they were ready to listen to a remedy. Wycliffe saw the time had arrived for proclaiming a new and great doctrine. He therefore declared that the principles of the order of Friars, and of the whole system on which Popish despotism was based, were opposed to the teaching of God as recorded in the Bible. The appeal to the Bible as the sole standard of truth was the inauguration of a new era in England. At that moment Wycliffe laid the foundation of liberty of conscience. Very soon the eyes of the greatest and best in the country were turned to him. A circumstance which then occurred contributed much to aid his work. The Pope demanded of the King payment of the annual tribute formerly given to the Holy See, with all arrears. This was a noble opportunity for Wycliffe. He urged King and Par-

liament to resist the claim, mainly upon the ground that there was no authority for it in the Bible.

But the nation as a whole was not yet prepared for such a revolution, because to them the Bible was an unknown book. Wycliffe determined to remedy this evil by giving them the Bible in their own language. He began his work at Oxford in 1356, by translating the book of Revelation, to which he added a brief Commentary. Several copies of it are extant in manuscript, and exhibit remarkable variations both in text and commentary, as if there had been a series of thorough revisions.* It was followed after an interval by a version of the Gospels, with an exposition, made up chiefly of extracts from the exegetical writings of the Fathers.

In 1375 Wycliffe was presented to the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. There, in the old parish church of St. Mary, which still stands, he preached with faithfulness and power the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. A single sentence from one of his sermons will show his views regarding both Church and State at that period:—"All truth is contained in Scripture. We should admit of no conclusion not approved there. There is no court besides the court of heaven. Though there were an hundred Popes, and though all the friars in the world were turned into Cardinals, yet we could learn more from the Bible than from that vast multitude." In his quiet parish he labored incessantly at the translation of the Scriptures. He completed the New Testament in 1380. The version was not perfect. It was made from the Latin Vulgate; yet it set forth substantially the fundamental doctrines of Revelation. The printing-press was then unknown. Every copy had to be written by hand. Wycliffe appears to have employed a number of scribes, but they were not able to supply the growing demand. Foxe tells us that some of the yeomen were so anxious to obtain the Word of God, that they often gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or St. Paul.

Having completed the New Testament, Wycliffe arranged with his friend Nicholas of Hereford to undertake a

* His name appears on the register as *John de Wycliffe*.

† Edited by Dr. Todd, and published in Dublin in 1840.

* Preface to Wyc. Bible, p. viii, note.

translation of the Old Testament. It was at once commenced, but ere it was completed the Romish prelates were informed of the design. Nicholas was suddenly summoned before a synod of preaching friars, held in 1382, and on the 1st of July was excommunicated. He appealed to the Pope; went to Rome; was tried and imprisoned, but soon effected his escape. He does not seem to have returned to England again during the life of Wycliffe. Wycliffe himself, therefore, took up again the work of translation, and had the satisfaction of finishing it before his death in 1384. The manuscript of Nicholas's translation is still extant in the Bodleian Library. It ends at Baruch iii. 20, in the middle of a sentence.*

Immediately on the issue of his New Testament Wycliffe was charged with heresy, and cited before an ecclesiastical convention which assembled at Oxford in 1382. The charge in some way failed. It does not appear that any attempt was made to substantiate it. Probably they feared the effects of such a defence as the bold reformer would have made; yet he was banished from the University. He was afterwards summoned to Rome to answer before the Pope for crimes laid against him. He was physically unable, had he even been willing to go. His health was fast failing, and his Heavenly Master soon took him away from a world that was not worthy of him. He died in 1384. Even then his persecutors were not satisfied. The enmity of Rome followed him to the tomb. In the year 1415, the Council of Constance—the Council that burned John Huss—decreed that the ashes of the English heretic should be cast out of consecrated ground. It was thirteen years later ere the decree could be carried into effect. At length, forty-three years after his death, all that remained of Wycliffe was gathered up by impious hands from the cemetery of Lutterworth, burned on the arch of a neighboring bridge, and the ashes thrown into the river Swift, which, as Fuller says, “conveyed them into the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they to the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wy-

cliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all over the world.”

While Wycliffe was engaged in his translation others were prosecuting a similar work in different parts of England. There is a manuscript translation of portions of the Epistles, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospel of Matthew, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.* It is in the western dialect. In the same library is a complete version of Paul's Epistles.† The authors are unknown, and probably they concealed their names for the purpose of escaping persecution.

Wycliffe's translation was revised and much improved by others who outlived him, the most celebrated of whom was John Purvey, a clergyman, who officiated as curate at Lutterworth, and lived with Wycliffe during the closing years of his life.‡ It is an interesting fact that Purvey's copy of Wycliffe's original translation of the New Testament is still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; and attached to it is a Prologue, in Purvey's hand, explaining fully the plan adopted by him in revising the version, and showing that his revision was very thorough.§

Wycliffe's Bible appears to have had a large circulation, considering the character of the times, the difficulty and expense of transcribing, and the intense hostility of the clergy. Upwards of one hundred and seventy manuscript copies, more or less complete, are still in existence; and the names upon some of them show that they belonged to the highest personages in the land. We

* MS. 434.

† MS. 32. See Preface, Wyc. "Bible," p. xiii.

‡ So far as we have been able to ascertain, Purvey's is the only complete revision; and any student can see by consulting the work of Forshall and Madden that there is no ground for the statement of Mr. Froude that it was "tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards."—"Hist. of England," iii. 77.

§ The Prologue was first printed separately in 1536, with the title, "The Dore of Holy Scripture." It is prefixed to the edition of Wycliffe's Bible by Forshall and Madden. It was Purvey's revised edition of the New Testament, and not the original version of Wycliffe, which was published by Lewis in 1731, and again by Baber in 1810, and in Bagster's "Hexapla." Both versions are given complete for the first time in the magnificent work of Forshall and Madden.

* Preface to Wyc. Bible, p. L.

find the following, among others:—Duke of Gloucester, Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VII., Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, Bishop Bonner. Besides complete copies of the “Bible,” the Epistles and Gospels of the Church Service were transcribed separately, so that thus important parts of the version had a wider circulation, and were made more accessible to the humbler classes of the English people.

Wycliffe’s work was a noble one. His translation prepared the way for, and gave a distinctive character to, the Reformation in England. The Reformation in other countries—in Germany, Switzerland, and Scotland, was largely produced and directed by men of commanding genius. England had no Luther, Calvin, or Knox; its reformation was mainly the result of the circulation of a vernacular Bible. Wycliffe’s Bible was not perfect. He did not translate from the original languages. Probably he had not the qualifications for such a task. The Latin Vulgate was the basis of his version, and it is followed with almost slavish literality, all its corruptions and interpolations being scrupulously retained. The style is rugged and homely; in fact the language in which it is written was yet in its infancy. The version, therefore, was not fitted to occupy a permanent place.

In 1523, nearly a century and a half after the publication of Wycliffe’s Bible, a small party assembled on a spring evening, in the dining-hall of Sudbury-Manor, near Bristol. It consisted of Sir John Walsh, lord of the manor, his lady, several children, and two priests. One of the priests was a man of distinguished appearance. He was in the prime of life. His forehead was broad, high, and prominent. When at rest, his eye was steady and thoughtful; but when excited by conversation or controversy, it flashed with extraordinary brilliancy. Compressed lips, and deep lines round the mouth indicated great firmness and decision. He occupied the humble place of tutor in the knight’s family. The other priest was a man of high social standing, and much scholastic learning. During dinner the conversation turned on those theological questions which were then moving England

and Germany. The advantages to be gained by Church and nation from the diffusion of Scriptural knowledge were freely canvassed. The conflicting views of the speakers soon became apparent. After some sharp passages, the strange priest exclaimed:—“Better be without God’s laws than the Pope’s.” The tutor, turning suddenly upon him with a look of great dignity and determination, replied:—“In the name of God, I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years, I will cause the boy that drives the plough to know more of God’s law than either you or the Pope.”* The tutor was WILLIAM TYNDALE.

TYNDALE was born at Hunt’s Court, Gloucestershire, in 1484, or perhaps a few years earlier. He was a scion of a Baronial family which took its name from ancestral possessions in *Tynedale*, Northumberland. He entered the University of Oxford at an early age, and devoted himself to Scriptural and classical studies, in which he made rapid progress. About the year 1512,† he removed to Cambridge, attracted apparently by the celebrity of Erasmus, who was then Greek Lecturer in that University. At Cambridge Tyndale began his version of the New Testament, probably stimulated by Erasmus, whose first edition of the Greek was published in 1516, and immediately imported into England, where it made a profound sensation, especially among the thoughtful youth of the Universities. It would seem, however, that long previous to his acquaintance with Erasmus, and before he met Frith, who was subsequently such a faithful assistant, Tyndale’s mind was turned to the translation of the Scriptures. There was recently extant a manuscript containing passages from the New Testament in English, with the date 1502, and signed with the well-known initials W. T. The translation was excellent, and showed an extensive and accurate knowledge of Greek. The manuscript has unfortunately perished, and some able antiquaries now deny its genuineness.

When Tyndale removed to Sudbury he prosecuted his work with renewed vigor until the occurrence of the inci-

* Foxe, V. p. 117.

† Westcott, p. 31.

dent above narrated. Feeling himself no longer safe in the house of Sir John Walsh, he went to London, hoping to obtain the protection and patronage of Bishop Tunstall, who was an admirer of Erasmus, and to whom he was recommended by Sir H. Guildford. Protection was refused; but he found a generous friend in Humphrey Munmouth, a city merchant, in whose house he resided for a year, laboring, as his kind host afterwards testified, day and night. Tyndale's comment on this period of his life is worthy of record:—"I found not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England." Munmouth was imprisoned for his generous act of hospitality; but he soon regained his freedom, and lived to attain one of the highest offices in the city.

In 1523, or the beginning of 1524, Tyndale left England and sought an asylum in Hamburg, where he spent a year, and published the first part of the Holy Scriptures ever printed in the English language, the Gospels of Matthew and Mark.* From Hamburg he went to Cologne, then famous for its printing establishments. His translation of the New Testament was now complete. It was entirely his own. There is no evidence that he was assisted by Luther or any other, or that he had even seen the German Reformer, or visited Wittenberg, as affirmed by Froude.† It was made from the original Greek, of which language he had, during his residence at Oxford and Cambridge, acquired a profound knowledge. At Cologne the work was immediately put to the press, in the printing establishment of P. Quentel. Three thousand copies were to be issued in a quarto form, with notes and marginal glosses. But unfortunately two of the printers were addicted to both wine and controversy. A wily priest called Cochleus took advantage

of their weakness, and joined in their revels for the purpose of worming out of them the secrets of the printing-house. He encouraged the discussion of theology, while he plied them with wine. The printers were Lutherans, and advocated the circulation of the Bible in the language of the people. By skilful management Cochleus learned from them the startling fact that an English New Testament was in the press. He at once communicated with the authorities, and after some negotiation obtained an order to seize Tyndale, Roye his assistant, and all their books and manuscripts. They were, however, apprised of their danger in time, and hastily collecting their precious treasures, they entered a boat, and escaped up the Rhine to Worms. In that city Tyndale was safe. Luther had been there before him; and Protestantism had planted on its battlements the banner of freedom. Cochleus had meantime written to England, informing the King, Cardinal Wolsey, and the Bishop of Rochester, that the New Testament was being printed. He minutely described the form and character of the book, so as to facilitate its seizure at the seaports. A few sheets of the quarto edition had been struck off at Cologne. But Tyndale now, being informed of what Cochleus had done, thought it best to delay the issue of this quarto edition, and to publish another which might more easily escape notice. The first complete copy of the New Testament in English was, therefore, printed at Worms, and not at Antwerp, as stated by Mr. Froude and Mr. Smiles.* It appeared in 1525, in octavo, without note or comment, and was executed in the press of Schöffer, son of the Associate of Faust and Gutenberg, the inventors of printing. The title-page did not give the name of either translator or printer, and with the exception of a brief epistle "To the Rader" at the end, the book contained nothing but the sacred text. Three thousand copies of it were printed; and these were immediately followed by an equal number of the quarto edition, with marginal

* They appear to have been printed separately. See Anderson's "Annals," i. 51, 153.

† Mr. Froude says "Tyndal saw Luther, and under his immediate direction translated the Gospels and Epistles while at Wittenberg. Thence he returned to Antwerp," &c. These statements are not borne out by any sufficient evidence, and they are opposed to Tyndale's own express declaration.—Tyndale's "Works," ed. Walter, i. p. xxvi; iii. 147.

* Froude, "Hist. of England," ii. 31; Smiles, "The Huguenots," p. 15. The evidence for the facts stated above may be seen in Tyndale's "Works," i. pp. xxvi-xxx. Anderson's "Annals," i. 46 seq.

glosses and a Preface. They were all sent to the coast and shipped to England; but the news had gone before. The Romish hierarchy condemned the book, and all in whose possession it should be found. Not content with this, active emissaries were sent by Cardinal Wolsey to various towns on the coasts of England and Holland, to search out and buy up copies. These were collected and burned in the presence of the Cardinal and his clergy, before the gate of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, February 11, 1526.* So successful was the work of destruction that, at the present time, of the quarto edition only a fragment is known to exist. It is in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum. Of the octavo edition there are but two copies known, both imperfect; one in the Baptist College, Bristol, complete with the exception of the title-page; the other in the Library of St. Paul's, London. The former was reprinted in 1836, with a valuable Memoir of Tyndale, by G. Ofor. It is a literal copy of the original, and has fac-similes of the wood-cuts and ornaments. The epistle "To the Roder" is appended, and is very interesting. After speaking of the difficulty of the work, and of the rudeness of a first attempt at translation, Tyndale says:—"Count it as a thyng not havynge his full shape, but as it were borne afore hys tyme, even as a thyng begunne rather than fynneshed." Between 1525 and 1530 six editions of Tyndale's New Testament were printed, three of them at Antwerp being surreptitious, and containing many errors. It is probable that the six editions included not less than 18,000 copies; yet the demand was so great that they were all readily sold. The English hierarchy were furious. They used all the means in their power, by seizure and purchase, to obtain possession of the books. Tunstall, Bishop of London, when on his way to Cambray in 1529, passed through Antwerp. There he arranged with a London merchant, called Packington, to buy up Tyndale's Testaments, at whatever cost, that he might burn them at Paul's Cross. This was done. But Packington was obliged to pay large prices and ready

money. Tyndale, before harassed with debt, contracted in a noble enterprise, now found himself in possession of a little fortune. He paid his debts, revised his translation, and in due time issued a far larger and more accurate edition.*

Having completed the New Testament, Tyndale began to translate the Old. The Book of Genesis was "*em-prented at Marlborow, in the land of Hesse, by me, Hans Luft,*" on 17th January, 1530.† It was soon followed by Deuteronomy, Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, each published separately, and having a distinct Prologue. Genesis and Numbers are in *black letter*; the others in Roman letter.‡ In the following year the whole Pentateuch was published with a general preface. *This was the first portion of the Old Testament translated into English out of the Original Hebrew.* Tyndale appears to have been its sole author, for though he may have met both Frith and Coverdale at Hamburg, while engaged in his work, there is no evidence of their having given him any assistance. Besides, in the assembly convened at London by Bishop Warham on May 24th, 1530, the versions both of the Old Testament and the New there condemned, are distinctly said to be Tyndale's.§ After an interval of three years, Tyndale printed a version of the Book of Jonah, made from the Hebrew, which was reprinted in *fac simile* in 1863 by Mr. Fry.

The fierce hostility of the King and clergy of England, and the public burning of so many of Tyndale's books in May, 1530, appear to have checked the sale of the Scriptures. No new edition was published between the years 1530 and 1534. But Tyndale was not idle. His whole time and energies were devoted to the revision of the New Testament, and to the translation of the remaining books of the Old. In August, 1534, an edition of his New Testament was published in Holland, edited by George Joye, a native of Bedfordshire, educated at Cambridge, who made serious changes in the text, and introduced errors

* Anderson's "Annals," i. p. 214.

† "Bibliothec. Grenvil.," ii.; Tyndale's "Works," ed. Watton, i. p. xl.

‡ One perfect copy is in the Grenville library, and there are besides several fragments, one being in the Bodleian.

§ Collier, iv. 140; Anderson, i. 237.

* Anderson's "Annals," i. p. 106; Foxe.

and corruptions from the Latin.* Joye's edition gave great dissatisfaction to Tyndale. But in November of the same year he issued a new and revised edition of his own, with short marginal notes and Prologues to the several books, chiefly compiled from those of Luther.† It is the first edition containing the name of the translator. In the preface he says, "Here thou hast the New Testament or Covenant made wyth us of God in Christes bloude. Which I have looked over agayne (now at the last) with all dyligence, and compared it unto the Greke, and have wedded oute of it many fautes, which lacke of helpe at the begynninge and oversyght did soue therein." Every chapter bears testimony to Tyndale's industry, and conscientious desire to produce a perfect translation. He not only re-examined the Greek text with critical minuteness, but he manifestly consulted the German of Luther, and Latin of Erasmus, on all doubtful passages. He also improved the style of the English, making it in many places more vigorous and idiomatical. His marginal notes are brief, but terse and thoughtful; never failing to elucidate the word or phrase commented on. In addition to the New Testament, this volume contained a translation of the Epistles from the Old Testament and Apocrypha, read in the Church on certain days, "after the use of Salisbury." These embrace a few verses from each of fourteen canonical, and three Apocryphal books; they were evidently translated from the Hebrew and Greek originals, and are characterized by all the vigor and critical acumen of Tyndale. A copy of this edition, printed on vellum, and splendidly illuminated and bound, was presented by Tyndale to Anne Boleyn, as a testimony of his gratitude for the protection she afforded one of his persecuted friends.‡

In November, 1534, Tyndale's revised

New Testament was printed at Antwerp; and in the same month he was basely betrayed by a man named Phillips, who had been specially sent to Antwerp for that purpose by the King of England and his Popish council. Tyndale was dragged away to the castle of Vilvoord, near Brussels, where he remained a prisoner for two years. He appears to have employed the whole of that time in the work of translation and revision. In 1535, a new edition of his Testament, the last revised by himself, was published at Antwerp. It was without note or comment, but the text exhibits many important changes and emendations. "Sometimes the changes are made to secure a closer accordance with the Greek, sometimes to gain a more vigorous or a more idiomatic rendering; sometimes to preserve a just uniformity; sometimes to introduce a new interpretation. The very minuteness of the changes is a singular testimony to the diligence with which Tyndale still labored at his appointed work. Nothing seemed trifling to him, we may believe, if only he could better seize or convey to others the meaning of one fragment of Scripture."* Tyndale's work was finished, and his noble life was now drawing to a close. On the sixth day of October, 1536, he was executed in the town of Vilvoord. His last words were worthy of the cause for which he lived, and for which he died. Standing beside the stake, he lifted up his hands and prayed—"Lord Jesus, open the eyes of the King of England!"

Tyndale's translation, so far as it goes, is the basis of our English Bible. "In it," says Westcott, "the general character and mould of our whole version was definitely fixed. The labors of the next seventy-five years were devoted to improving it in detail." Any one can now see this for himself by a glance at the "English Hexapla." Tyndale's sole object manifestly was to place the English reader in direct contact with the sacred writers. He had no party purpose to serve, for he belonged to no party. He was a student of God's Word, and not of the schools of human philosophy or ecclesiastical theology. He used all means of gaining a profound knowledge

* The book is now very rare. A perfect copy is in the Grenville collection, British Museum.

† It was printed at Antwerp, by "Martin Emperowr," in 12mo, with the following title—"The newe Testament dyligently corrected and compared with the Greke by Willyam Tindale."

‡ It is now in the library of the British Museum, and bears the simple legend *Anna Regina Anglia*. It is the edition of 1534, which is printed with such care and neatness in Bagster's "English Hexapla."

* Westcott, "History of English Bible," p. 190.

of Greek and Hebrew, that he might be able to go to the fountain head of Revelation. He studied Greek at Oxford and Cambridge, and Hebrew under the Jewish Rabbins of Germany; and he studied with such success, that his scholarship was lauded even by his bitterest enemies. Spalatin thus wrote of him in 1526: "Six thousand copies of the English Testament have been printed at Worms. It was translated by an Englishman, who was so complete a master of seven languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, French, that you would fancy that whichever one he spoke in was his mother tongue."* He was entirely free from prejudice. He cast aside all the ecclesiastical and theological glosses and dogmas that had, during later ages, become incrustated upon the words of Scripture. He employed a vigorous and graceful Saxon style and idiom. He adopted the language of the English people — that noble language which Shakspeare has placed on a level with the choicest literature of Greece and Rome. Throughout his whole translations there is the stamp of truthfulness. No word is selected to please the ear of royalty, to advance the cause of party, or to favor a particular dogma. With perfect sincerity and truth, Tyndale was able to say, "I call God to witness that I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience."

Before his imprisonment, Tyndale had formed a close friendship and alliance with a man of kindred spirit—John Rogers, the Reformer and martyr. Rogers was educated at Cambridge, where he was distinguished for classical scholarship. Having taken orders, he was appointed chaplain to the company of English merchants at Antwerp. There he met Tyndale, was convinced of the errors of Rome, and became an ardent student of Scripture. He appears to have assisted Tyndale in the work of revising his translation for the press, and in the preparation of the Old Testament. The version of the Pentateuch was, as has been shown, published in 1530; that of Jonah appeared three years later; and we have evidence that Tyndale, before his death, had completed a translation

from the Hebrew as far as the end of the Second Book of Chronicles. After his death, Rogers determined to prosecute the noble work, and publish a complete English Bible. His name, however, had been associated with Tyndale's, and would therefore naturally be displeasing to that section of the English people who had persecuted Tyndale; he consequently published under the feigned name of *Thomas Matthew*. This fact, affirmed by Foxe, has been questioned; and it may be that Thomas Matthew was a real person, an assistant of Rogers. Be this as it may, the English Bible was put to press. It was made up of Tyndale's published Pentateuch and New Testament, Tyndale's new translation of Joshua to 2 Chronicles, and Coverdale's version of the remaining books of the Old Testament. It does not appear that Rogers attempted more than a cursory revision of the translations already in his hands. He adopted Tyndale's latest corrected edition of the New Testament, published in 1535. His object was, as stated by Westcott, "to present the earlier texts in a combined form, which might furnish the common basis of later revisions."* When the printing had advanced as far as Isaiah, funds failed. Application was then made to Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, merchants in London, afterwards celebrated as printers. They supplied the necessary money, and the book was completed. Through Grafton's influence with Cranmer and Cromwell, the King's license was obtained; and in 1537, not quite a year after Tyndale's martyrdom, a complete English version of the Bible was freely distributed in this country by Royal authority. Tyndale's last prayer was answered.

The title of this volume, which may be regarded as the basis of our Authorized Version, is as follows:—"The Byble, which is all the Holy Scripture. In whych are contayned the Olde and Newe Testament truly and purely translated into Englysh. By Thomas Matthew. 1537. Set forth with the Kinges most gracyous licece." It is a large folio, in German type, and was printed probably either at Marburg or Hamburg. At the beginning of Isaiah, where Grafton and

* Westcott, p. 42.

* Westcott, p. 231.

Whitchurch took it up, there is a new title, "*The Prophetes in Englishe*;" and on the next page is a large wood-cut, with the initials R. G. at the top, and E. W. at the bottom, indicating the sources from which the funds came for the printing. The Dedication to King Henry and Queen Jane is subscribed with the initials T. M.; but a Preface, entitled "An Exhortation to the Study of the Holy Scripture, gathered out of the Bible," is subscribed J. R.; and at the end of the Old Testament, in very large characters, are the well-known initials, W. T.

Two years previous to the publication of Matthew's Bible, and one year before Tyndale's martyrdom, an English version, bearing the name of MILES COVERDALE, was printed at Zurich, and distributed in this country. It was the first complete English Bible ever printed. But the translation was not original. Coverdale was not qualified for such a task; his knowledge of Hebrew appears to have been limited. He states, with great simplicity and commendable honesty in his Dedication to the King: "I have faithfully translated this out of five sundry interpreters." These were probably—1. The German of Luther; 2. The Swiss-German of Leo Juda, published at Zurich, 1525–29; 3. The Latin of Sanctes Pagninus; 4. The Vulgate; 5. The English Pentateuch, Book of Jonah, and New Testament of Tyndale. One characteristic of Coverdale's, as compared with Tyndale's translation is, that it manifests a strong sympathy for ecclesiastical terms, which it embodies freely from the Vulgate, such as "penance," "priest," "church," "confess," &c. Another characteristic is, that smoothness and rhythm of language are studied more than exact literality in rendering. Some of his phrases, however, are very happy. Coverdale followed Tyndale's version closely in the Pentateuch and New Testament, and any changes he introduced are taken either from the German or Vulgate. In his version of the prophetic books, as he had no English guide, he translated almost verbatim from the Swiss-German Bible. The title of the book states the plain truth; it is as follows:—"Biblia. The Bible, that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament faithfully and truly translated out of

the Douche and Latyn in to Englishe," 1535. It has been stated already that in Matthew's Bible, the Old Testament books from Ezra to Malachi were taken wholly from Coverdale, and in this way Coverdale's version contributed in some degree to the formation of the text of our present English Bible. In it, too, various renderings of difficult words and phrases are placed on the margin, and here we see the origin of that system of marginal readings or glosses, which has been so judiciously followed in the Authorized Version.

Coverdale's Bible was freely admitted into England. It was dedicated to Henry VIII., and it was unquestionably sanctioned and patronized by Crumwell and Cranmer, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1533; but it does not appear to have received any formal royal license. At a meeting of Convocation of the province of Canterbury, held December 10th, 1534, it was agreed to request the King to decree that a translation of the Scriptures into English should be made.* Intelligence of this was conveyed to Coverdale, and probably encouragement and aid were given him by Cranmer to prosecute the work of translation. After the Bible appeared and began to be circulated in England, it was thought prudent to print a new title-page and prologue, to render it more acceptable to the people. The new title-page was not so honest as the original one, for it made no mention of the sources of the version, and merely said "*faithfully translated into English*." In 1536 an injunction was issued by Crumwell to the effect—"That every parson, or proprietary of any parish church within this realm, shall on this side of the feast of St. Peter ad vincula (Aug. 1) next coming, provide a book of the whole Bible in Latin, and also in English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein.† Coverdale's was the only English Bible then extant, and consequently it may be regarded as the first authorized version. In 1536 a new and revised edition was issued, "*Imprinted in Southwarke for James Nycolson*," and was the first English Bible printed

* Strype's "Memorials of Cranmer," i. 85.

† Foxe, v. p. 167; Anderson, i. 509.

in England; at the foot of the title-page are these important words,—“Set forth with the King’s most gracious licence.” Though this was the first *Bible* printed in England, it was not the first sacred volume. Tyndale’s New Testament was printed in London by Berthelet in 1536.*

The authorities in England were not satisfied with either Coverdale’s or Tyndale’s version, both of which were in circulation in 1537; consequently Crumwell and others resolved to have a new English translation prepared. Considerable obscurity exists both as to the way in which it was prepared, and the parties who originally planned, and aided in carrying out the work. Some say Rogers bore a leading part in it. It seems, however, that Coverdale was selected as editor, and Grafton as printer; and that it was commenced at the close of 1537 or early in 1538. Matthew’s Bible was adopted as the basis; but the whole text was carefully, though, as will be shown, not very judiciously, revised and compared with the Hebrew and Greek. Coverdale states in letters to Crumwell how the work of revision was conducted:—“We follow,” he says, “not only a standing text of the Hebrews, with the interpretation of the Chaldee and the Greek; but we set also in a private table the diversity of readings of all texts, with such annotations in another table as shall doubtless delucidate (*sic*) and clear the same.” Coverdale may at this time have had some knowledge of Oriental languages, or he may have had learned assistants; but even without a knowledge of Hebrew, he might have effectively carried out his plan, for he had in his hands the “Complutensian Polyglott,” which contains a Latin translation of the Chaldee Paraphrase, and he had also the very accurate and literal version of the Old Testament by Sebastian Münster, which was published at Basle in 1534–5. The corrections made in Tyndale’s Pentateuch and historical books are chiefly after Münster; but some are from the Vulgate. In the New Testament Tyndale’s version is considerably modified, so as to bring it into closer conformity to the Vulgate version. “An analysis of the

variations in the First Epistle of St. John may furnish a type of its general character. As nearly as I can reckon there are seventy-one differences between Tyndale’s text (1534) and that of the Great Bible; of these forty-three come directly from Coverdale’s earlier revision (and in a great measure indirectly from the Latin): seventeen from the Vulgate, where Coverdale before had not followed it; the remaining eleven variations are from other sources.”* A large number of words and short phrases, like glosses, have been introduced into the text, especially in the New Testament, from the Vulgate, which have no equivalents in the original.† Some erroneous renderings also were adopted from the same source, one of which may be mentioned, as it is unfortunately retained in our Authorized Version. It is in St. John x. 16, which Tyndale translates thus—“And other shepe I have which are not of this *folde*. Them also must I bringe, that they maye heare my voyce, and that ther maye be one *flocke* and one *shepherd*.” In the new Bible this was rendered, “And other shepe I have, which are not of this *fold*. Them also must I bring, and they shall heare my voyce, and ther shall be one *folde* and one *shepherd*.” The force of the passage is here lost by confounding the Greek words *αἰλή*, “a fold,” and *ποιμν*, “a flock;” both are rendered “fold,” though Tyndale was right in his translation. The reviser followed the Vulgate, which has *ovile* in both places.

The Book of Psalms appears to have been revised with more care and success than any other part of the Bible. This did not result so much from a stricter adhesion to the Hebrew text, as from a careful study of Luther’s version and the German-Swiss. Both of these versions are distinguished by a regard to the spirit more than to the mere letter and idiom of the original. Their language is smooth, flowing, and therefore often paraphrastic. So also is the Eng-

* Westcott, p. 257.

† Among the most remarkable is 1 Tim. iv. 13, where the following words are interpolated “by the auctorite of presbode;” other examples may be seen in 1 John i. 4; ii. 23; iii. 1; v. 9; Matt. xxvi. 53; xxvii. 8; Luke xxiv. 36; Acts xv. 34, 41; Rom. i. 32; James v. 3; 2 Peter i. 10; ii. 4, &c.

* A copy of this rare edition is in the Bodleian. Anderson, i. 549.

lish version; and it is, perhaps, for this reason, better adapted for chanting, and for the public services of the Church than any version which has hitherto appeared. The Psalter, as originally published in this Bible, is still retained in the Liturgy of the Established Church.

The printing of the Bible was begun in Paris by royal license; but before it was quite completed the license was withdrawn, and the sheets seized and condemned to the flames by the Jesuits.* Many were actually burnt; but a considerable number were sold, as Foxe informs us, "to a haberdasher to lap caps in." These were afterwards rebought by Grafton, and in the end imported to England. Before the seizure some copies appear to have been sent to Crumwell through the Bishop of Hereford, then Ambassador at Paris; and after much trouble Grafton succeeded in bringing over the workmen, presses, type, and paper to London, where THE GREAT BIBLE was published in April, 1539.† As first issued, there was no Prologue; but some copies have been found, which contain a Prologue written by Archbishop Cranmer in November, 1539. The explanation of this seems to be that the copies printed and completed in London, in April, were issued at once, before the Prologue was written; but afterwards, on the recovery of the sheets saved from the flames in Paris, they also were completed in London, a Prologue was prepared for them by the Archbishop, and then they were published and circulated. The Prologue is important, as containing some historical references to the early circulation of the English Bible, a defence of the policy of printing and distributing the Scriptures in the language of the people, and a strong recommendation to every man to read for himself at home; "for," says Cranmer, "the Holy Spirit hath so ordered and attempered the Scriptures, that in them as well publicans, fishers, and shepherds may find their edification, as great doctors their erudition." A sec-

ond edition, printed in London, appeared in April, 1540, and on its title-page mention is made of Cranmer's Prologue; a third edition was published in July, and a fourth in November of the same year.*

The demand for the Bible among the English people at this period was so great that it was found almost impossible to supply it. Edition after edition issued from the press. The following facts will give some idea of the extent to which the Scriptures were circulated. In 1534, five editions of the English New Testament were printed at Antwerp, and one of the Pentateuch at Marburg. In 1535 there were four editions of the New Testament, and one of the whole Bible. In 1536, ten editions of the New Testament and one of the whole Bible. In 1537, two editions of the Bible. In 1538, seven editions of the New Testament. In 1539, four of the New Testament, and four of the Bible. In 1540, four of the Bible, and three of the New Testament. In most of the editions the copies were large and expensive, and yet they were bought up and read with extraordinary avidity. From the time of the printing of Tyndale's New Testament in 1525 till 1542, no less than *thirty-nine* editions of the New Testament and *fourteen* of the whole Bible were issued. The effect of the circulation of the Scriptures was wonderful. People of every age, rank, and class seemed animated by an irrepressible desire to read or hear the Word of God. Those who had the means bought it; those who were able and willing to read in public had crowds of eager listeners always round them. Boys and old men, girls and matrons, flocked to the churches, where ponderous Bibles, chained to the massive pillars, lay open upon stands for the use of the public. Bishop Bonner, afterwards one of the most active of Queen Mary's persecuting agents, set up six large Bibles in St. Paul's. A still more remarkable example of prelatical inconsistency occurred in the same year. Bishop Tunstall, who had been one of the prime movers in the bonfire of Tyndale's Testaments at St. Paul's Cross, was ordered

* This occurred on the 17th of December, 1538.

† Its title is as follows:—*The Byble in Englyshe, that is to saye the content of all the holy Scripture, both of y^e olde and newe testament, truly translated after the veryle of the Hebreue and Greke textes, by y^e dylygent studye of dyverse excellent learned men, expert in the forsayde tonges.*

* This Bible is sometimes called *Cranmer's*, either because he wrote the Prologue, or because he was one of the originators of the scheme; it is also called, from its size, *The Great Bible*.

by the King, in 1540, to prepare a new edition of the very book he had helped to burn. He did so. It was completed in November, and has on the title-page these words:—"The Byble in Englishe . . . to be frequented and used in every Church in this sayd realme . . . Oversene and perused by the Rt. Rev. fathers in God Cuthbert (Tunstall) Bysshop of Duresme," &c.

In 1542, however, a change took place. The papal party had for a time been gaining influence in the country, and their rule now became paramount. Tyndale's Bible was proscribed; and no person, unless of noble or gentle birth, was permitted to read the Scriptures under pain of imprisonment. On the death of Henry VIII., in 1547, the reforming party again rose to power. His

successor, Edward, inaugurated a new era in the history of our country. He ordered the Bible to be carried before him at his coronation, uttering as he did so these remarkable words:—"That book is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. Without that sword we are nothing, we can do nothing, we have no power; from that we are what we are this day." During his short reign of six years, no less than *thirty-five* editions of the New Testament and fifteen of the entire Bible were published. It is interesting to observe how the sterling qualities of Tyndale's version now recommended it to the English people. It was far more popular than any of the others, as proved by the fact that of the thirty-five editions of the New Testament printed, twenty-five were Tyndale's.

(To be concluded.)

Fraser's Magazine,

A FORTNIGHT IN KERRY.

WE have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland, the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland: every cloud has its sunny side: and when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world, and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill matched with ours, are still among the most interesting of peoples. If the old type of character remains in many of its most unmanageable features, they are no longer the Paddies of our childhood. Wave after wave of convulsion has been rolling over them for hundreds of years past, distinct eras of social organization, with special elements of good and evil in them. The last of these waves, the great famine of 1846, swept over the country like a destroying torrent, carrying away millions of its peasantry, clearing off the out-at-elbows duel-fighting squireens, and paralyzing if it has not extinguished the humor and the fun which made the boy that carried your game-bag or fishing basket the most charming of companions.

The farmer, however seemingly prosperous, carries sadness in his eyes and care on his forehead. If he is thriving himself, his family is broken up: his sons

or his brothers are beyond the Atlantic, and his heart was broken in parting with them. The evictions which followed the potato failure have left their marks in a feeling of injustice, of which Fenianism is the fruit and the expression.

This too, however, is passing away or will pass when the Administration recovers courage to combine firmness with justice; and meanwhile, in spite of outrages and assassinations, every one who has watched the Irish character during the last quarter of a century must have felt that it is fast altering, and altering immensely for the better. "We are all changed," said one of the people to me. "You know yourself the landlords are changed, and we are changed, too, if you would only believe it. We have all learnt our lesson together." Where the beneficial influences have been the strongest, that is to say, where there has been no cruelty and the tenants have been kindly used, there is growing up a life in all parts of Ireland, with more subdued grace about it, more human in its best features, than is to be found in any other part of these islands. I had an opportunity of seeing something of

this, last summer, under its most favorable aspect. A friend who had taken a place for a season or two in the Kerry mountains, invited me to spend a fortnight with him; and, careless of the warnings of acquaintances who feared that I should not come back alive, I took my place in the Holyhead mail. It was the second week in August. We left London at night. In the morning we were in Kingstown Harbor, and a few hours later I was deposited at the railway station at Killarney. Derreen—so I will call the house to which I was bound—was still nearly forty miles distant. The train was late, but the evening promised well. I put myself in the hands of Spillane, the most accomplished of bugle-players, and the politest of hotel managers; and after a hasty dinner I was soon rattling along beside the lake in a jaunting car, with a promise of being at my journey's end if not before dark, yet at no unreasonable hour. An exquisite drive of three hours brought me to Kenmare, a town at the head of one of the long fiords running up from the Atlantic, which readers of Macaulay will remember as the scene of a brilliant defence made by a small body of Protestant settlers against the Irish insurgents. It was not my first visit to the place. Thirty years before I had passed through it from Glengariff in a long vacation holiday. The Lansdowne Arms was still in its old place; but the generation which frequented it had passed away. The "boy" who was then driving me called my attention, as I remember, to a group of gentlemen at the door. There were two O'Connells, cousins of the Liberator, at that time in the zenith of his glory. There was Morty O'Sullivan and another whose name I forget. The point about them was that each had killed his man in a duel, and Morty had killed two. He was one of the old fire-eaters, a spare, well-dressed, refined looking person, a descendant of the old chiefs of Berehaven, ruling the wreck of his inheritance with an authority scarcely less despotic as far as it extended; like his ancestors, in perpetual feud with his neighbors, and settling his quarrels with them in the field or in the law courts. He had lived—I should say "reigned," for that is still the word—at Derreen it-

self. He had screwed his tenants, drunk whiskey enough daily for ten degenerate mortals, such as now we know them, turned his house into a pigstye, and been loved and honored throughout the valley. Morty the Good he was called, the king of the golden age of Kerry, and unhappy only in the incapacity of one of his sons, whom he never could teach to handle a pistol like a gentleman. The young O'Sullivan took kindly to the ways of the family; quarrelled with a companion before he was out of his teens, and went out to settle the dispute in legitimate fashion. But Morty augured ill for the result. He ordered the wake beforehand, and was disappointed, it was to be hoped agreeably, when the object of his care was brought home only shot through the foot.

Morty had been now long in his grave. Litigation had crippled his fortune and the famine finished it. His boys were scattered over the world and his place knew him no more. Morty was gone, and the fighting squirearchy to which he belonged was gone also, extinct like the dodo; and in the place of the group which I remembered, one or two harmless clerks belonging to the town stores were lounging at the porch in the summer gloaming, comparing salmon flies, or talking about the cricket club which had been set on foot there by some neighboring gentlemen.

Besides these were a couple of smart-looking boatmen, one of whom, after ascertaining who I was, informed me that my friend had sent up his yacht, a smart cutter of twenty tons, and that if I preferred a sail to a longer drive they were ready to take charge of me. The wind was from the east, light but fair, and they believed that it would not drop till midnight. But we had still seventeen miles to go. I inquired what would happen if it did drop, and as the answer was vague I determined to stick to my car and to lose no time, for it was growing dark. My driver declined a change of horses. The small well-bred Irish car horse does his forty miles a day through the season with only an occasional rest, and seems little the worse for it. Away we went again after a halt of three-quarters of an hour, and three minutes brought us to the suspension bridge

crossing the head of the fiord, one end of which rests on the peninsula where the Protestants were besieged. That, too, with its traditions, was a thing of the past, and might have furnished a text at any other time for its appropriate meditations. But the scene was too beautiful for moralizing. The pink evening light had faded off the mountains, but the tints which lingered in the western sky were reflected faintly on the glimmering water. The cutter was clearing out of the harbor with her big gaff topsail set and her balloon jib, and as she slid away the men tauntingly hailed us and promised to tell my friends that we were coming.

The mare received an intimation that she must put her best foot forward; we struck off to the right on crossing the bridge and entered a long fir wood which skirts the river, catching glimpses at intervals of the shining water through gaps in the trees.

By and by we emerged into open ground. The road was level, following the line of the bay for eight or nine miles, and crossing the mouths of valley after valley where the streams which drain the hills run into the sea. It was now dark so far as a summer night is ever dark. The cutter still kept ahead of us, shimmering ghost-like in the uncertain light. Sometimes we seemed to be gaining on her,—then as a fresh puff of air overtook her she stole away. At last our ways parted; she held on towards a headland far down the bay which she was obliged to round before she could enter Kilmakilloge, the harbor on which Derreen is situated. The road, to avoid a long circuit, strikes upwards over a pass in the hills, to descend on the other side into the head of the valley.

The ascent now became tedious: we had lost the cutter, and were climbing the broken side of an utterly barren mountain. The distant view was hidden by the darkness, and the forms immediately round us had nothing striking about them, beyond a solitary peak which shot up black and gloomy-looking into the sky. Two miles of walking ground made me impatient to be at my journey's end, and I was unprepared for the scene which was immediately about to break upon me.

We reached the crest at last—rounded

a corner of rock, and were at once in another world. The moon had risen, though concealed by the hill which we had been ascending, and burst upon us broad and full as we turned to descend. Below us was a long deep valley losing itself to the left in the shadows in the Glengariff mountains; opening to the right in the harbor of Kilmakilloge, which lay out like a looking-glass in the midst of the hills in which it is landlocked. Across, immediately before us, was a gorge, black and narrow, the sides of which in the imperfect light appeared to fall precipitously two thousand feet. Beyond, at the head of the harbor, was a second group of mountains shaped in still wilder variety, while the bottom of the valley was traversed by a river divided into long shining pools suggestive of salmon and sea trout, and broken at intervals with cascades, the roar of which swayed up fitfully in the night air.

These glens and precipices had been the retreat of the last Earl of Desmond in the closing summer of his life. The long peninsula shut in between the fiords of Bantry and Kenmare was then covered from end to end with forest, inaccessible except by water, or penetrated by a few scarce discoverable horse-tracks; inhabited only by wolves, and by men who were almost as wild, and were human only in the ineffable fidelity with which they concealed and shielded their hunted chief. The enormous trees which lie in the bogs, or the trunks which break on all sides out of the ground, prove that once these hills were as thickly wooded as those which have escaped the spoiler, and in their summer livery delight the tourist at Killarney. Now, the single fault of the landscape is its desolation. Sir William Petty, who obtained the assignment of the principality of Kerry, on terms as easy as those on which the Colonial Office squandered millions of the best acres in Canada, considered the supply of fuel to be practically as inexhaustible as we now consider our coal measures. He set up refining works on the shore of the harbor, and tin and copper ore was brought over there, till the last available stick had been cut down to smelt it. Nature still struggles to repair the ruin, and young oaks and birches sprout of

themselves, year after year, out of the soil,—but the cattle browse them off as they appear; and the wolves being destroyed which once scared the sheep out of the covers, and gave them time to renew their natural waste, civilization itself continues the work of the destroyer, and dooms the district to perpetual barrenness. Of the forests of oak and arbutus and yew which once clothed the whole of Kerry, the woods at Killarney have alone escaped; those and some few other scattered spots, which for some special reason were spared in the general havoc.

At one of these, the "domain" as it is called of Derreen, I have by this time arrived. Two miles of descent balanced the climb on the other side. We are again in the midst of trees. Level meadows beside the river are dotted with sleeping cattle, we have passed a farm-house or two, and now a chapel handsome and new, at a meeting of cross roads. We turn into a gate, a gravel drive leads us to where lights are shining behind overhanging branches. The harbor is close below us; a four-oared boat is going out for a night's fishing; the cutter is at this very moment picking up her moorings; we have not beaten her, but we are not disgraced ourselves. In another minute we are in the broad walk which leads to the house. The night was hot, my friend's party were on the lawn; some of them had been dining on board a yacht, the lights of which were visible as she lay at anchor, a mile from the windows. They had come on shore in the yacht's gig, and were standing about reluctant to go in-doors from the unusual loveliness of the evening.

They proposed a stroll round the grounds, to which I was delighted to consent. The house stood in the middle of a lawn, shut in on all sides by woods, through which however openings had been cut in various places, letting in the view of the water. The original building, which had been the residence of Morty and his sons, was little more than a cottage. It had been enlarged by a straggling wing better suited to the habits of modern times. Morty, who cared little for beauty, had let the trees grow close to the door. He might have shot wood-cocks from

his window, and I dare say he did; while the close cover had served to shelter and conceal his considerable operations in the smuggling line. This more practical aspect of things had been superseded by the sentimental, and by lopping and clearing, full justice had been done to the beauty—I may say, the splendor—of the situation. The harbor of Kilmakilloge forms a branch of the Kenmare River, from three to four miles deep, and pierced on both sides by long creeks, divided by wooded promontories. On the largest of these, some ninety acres in extent, the house had been placed. Two acres had been cleared to make a garden. Four or five more formed a field running down to the sea. The rest was as Nature made it, the primeval forest, untouched save for the laurels and rhododendrons which were scattered under the trees where the ground was dry enough to let them grow. Two rivers fell into the harbor at the upper end, one of them that along which I had just been driving, the other, the larger, emerging out of a broad valley under a bridge which, with the water behind, showed clear and distinct in the moonlight. All round us rose the wall of mountains, the broken outline being the more striking, because at night the surface details are lost and only the large forms are visible. The sky line on three sides was from two to six miles distant. On the fourth side, towards the mouth of the harbor, it was more remote; but here, too, the rim of mountains continued to the eye unbroken. The ocean was shut off by the huge back-bone of hills which stretches from Macgillicuddy's Reeks to the Atlantic. To all appearance Derreen was cut off from the world as effectually as the valley of Rasselas; and, but for the intrusion of the postman, made evident by my friend's inquiries as to the last division and the whitebait dinner, but for the croquet wires which I stumbled over on the lawn, we might have seemed divided as utterly from all connection with the world and its concerns. We wandered through the woods and along the walks which followed the shore. The wind was gone: the last breath of it had brought the yacht to her moorings. The water was like a sheet of pale gold, lighted in the shadows by phosphores-

cent flashes where a seal was chasing a mullet for his supper. Far off we heard the cries of the fishermen as they were laying out their mackerel nets, a heron or two flew screaming out of some large trees beside the boat-house, resentful at the intrusion on their night's rest; and from overhead came a rush of wings and the long wild whistle of the curlew.

One of the ladies observed that it was like a scene in a play. She was fond of theatres herself; she was a distinguished artist in that line—or would have been had she been bred to the trade; and her similes followed her line of thought. It sounded absurd, but I remembered having myself experienced once an exactly similar sensation. I was going up Channel in a steamer. It was precisely such another warm, breathless moonlight summer night, save that there was a light mist over the water which prevented us from seeing very clearly objects that were at any distance from us. The watch on the fore-castle called out, *A sail ahead!* We shut off the steam, and passed slowly within a biscuit's throw of an enormous China clipper, with all her canvas set, and every sail drooping flat from the yards. We heard the officers talking on the quarter deck. The ship's bell struck the hour as we went by. Why the recollections of the familiar sea moonlight of Drury Lane should have rushed over me at such a moment I know not, unless it be that those only who are rarely gifted feel natural beauty with real intensity. With the rest of us our high sensations are at best partly artificial. We make an effort to realize emotions which we imagine that we ought to experience, and are theatrical ourselves in making it.

A glance out of the window in the morning showed that I had not overrated the general charm of the situation. The colors were unlike those of any mountain scenery to which I was accustomed elsewhere. The temperature is many degrees higher than that of the Scotch highlands. The Gulf Stream impinges full upon the mouths of its long bays. Every tide carries the flood of warm water forty miles inland, and the vegetation consequently is rarely or never checked by frost even two thousand feet above the sea-level. Thus the mountains have a greenness altogether

peculiar, stretches of grass as rich as water-meadows reaching between the crags and precipices to the very summits. The rock, chiefly Old Red Sandstone, is purple. The heather, of which there are enormous masses, is in many places waist deep.

The sky was cloudless, and catching the chance of performing my morning's ablutions in salt water, I slipped into the few indispensable garments, and hurried down to the front door. My host's youngest boy, a brown-cheeked creature of six, who was playing with the dogs on the steps, undertook to pilot me to the bathing-place, a move not wholly disinterested on his part, as the banks on either side of the walks were covered with wild strawberries and whortleberries. Away we went through the woods again, among the gnarled and moss-clothed trunks of oaks hundreds of years old, and between huge boulders, draped with ferns and London pride, which here grows luxuriantly wild. The walk ended at a jutting promontory of rock, where steps had been cut, leading to the water at a soft spot where a diko of slate had pierced a fault in the sandstone. The water itself was stainless as the Atlantic. I jumped in carefully, expecting to touch the bottom, yet I could scarcely reach it by diving. I tried to persuade my companion to take a swim upon my back, but he was too wary to be tempted. He was a philosopher, and was speculating on making a fortune out of the copper veins which were shining in the interstices of the slate. Our friend the seal, whom we had seen at supper, seemed disposed to join me. A shiny black head popped up from under the surface thirty yards off, and looked me over to see if I was one of his relations; but after a careful scrutiny he disliked the looks of me, dropped under, and disappeared. The seals once swarmed upon this coast under shelter of popular superstition. "The sowls of thim that were drowned at the flood" were supposed to be enchanted in their bodies, undergoing water purgatory. At times they were allowed to drop their skins, and play in human form upon the shore, and the mortal who was bold enough to steal the robe of some fish-maiden whom he could surprise, might win her and keep her for his bride. They are yield-

ing slowly before what is called education and civilization, and the last of them will soon be a thing of history like the last wolf; but the restriction upon firearms in Ireland still acts as a protection, and a few yet loiter about the quiet nooks where they find themselves unmolested.

Before I was dressed we heard a sound of oars; a boat came round the corner, rowed by the men belonging to the cutter. They had been out early to take up the fluke nets and overhaul the lobster pots, and were bringing in what they had caught to the house. A dozen plaice, two or three pairs of large soles, and a turbot twelve pounds weight, made up rather more than an average night's haul, obtained by the rudest of methods. The nets are of fine twine with a large mesh. They are from fifty to a hundred fathoms long, five feet deep, and held perpendicularly on the sand at the bottom, by a line of leads, just sufficient to sink them, and a line of small corks to keep them in an upright position. In these the flat fish entangle themselves—such of them as are stupid enough to persevere in endeavoring to push through, and are without the strength, like the conger and dog-fish, to break the net, and tear a way for themselves. Huge rents showed where creatures of this kind had escaped capture; but the holes are easily mended, and so many fish can be taken with so much ease, that the people do not care to improve on their traditional ways. It is not for want of ingenuity or industry. The Pat of Kerry is either unlike his kindred in the rest of the island, or they are a calumniated race altogether. On Kilmakilloge, he makes his own boats, he makes his own nets, he twists his own ropes and cables out of the fibre of the bog pine which he digs out of the peat. He wants but a market to change his skiff into a trawler, and to establish a second Brixham at the splendid bay of Ballinskelligs.

Half a dozen skate were lying on the bottom boards among the nobler fish, here used only to be cut up for bait; these, and a monster called an angel shark, begotten long ago, it would appear, from some unlawful concubinage between a dog-fish and a ray. There were three enormous lobsters besides, better in my experience to look at than

to eat. On these coasts it seems as if the young vigorous lobsters kill their own prey without trouble in finding it, and the bait in the wicker pots tempts only the overgrown and aged, whose active powers are failing them.

I was to make the best use of my time, and at breakfast we talked over our plans for the day. Picnics, mountain walks, antiquarianizing expeditions, fishing, salt or fresh, were alternately proposed. The weather luckily came to the assistance of our irresolution. It was still intensely hot. The rivers were low and clear as crystal, so it was vain to think of the salmon. The boatmen reported that the easterly wind was still blowing, but that from the look of the sky, and the breaking of the swell outside the harbor, they expected a shift in the evening, so we agreed to run down the bay in the yacht as long as the land breeze held, and trust to the promised change to bring us back. The ladies declined to accompany us, the ocean roll and a hot sun being a trying combination even to seasoned stomachs. So my friend and I started alone with the boys, with a packed hamper to be prepared against emergencies. The cutter was large enough for its purpose, and not too large. Though we did not intend to court bad weather, we could encounter it without alarm if it overtook us. We had a main cabin, with two sofas and a swing table; a small inner cabin with a single berth, with a kitchen forward, where the men slung their hammocks. We slipped our moorings, and ran out of the harbor, passing the Cowes schooner, which lay lazily at anchor. Her owner and his party were scattered in her various boats, some had gone up to Kenmare marketing, some were pollock fishing, others were engaged in the so-called amusement of shooting the guillemots and the puffsins, which unused to firearms sate confidently on the water to be destroyed: beautiful in their living motion, worse than useless when dead. We flung our half uttered maledictions at the idiots, who were bringing dishonor on the name of sportsmen. For a week after the bay was covered with wounded birds, which were dying slowly from being unable to procure food.

Before we turned into the main river

we passed an island on which was a singular bank of earth, wasting year by year by the action of the tide, and almost gone to nothing: it was the last remains of a moraine, deposited who can guess when, by a glacier which has left its scorings everywhere on the hill sides. The people call it Spanish Island, and have a legend that one of the ships of the Armada was wrecked there. It is an unlikely story. No galleon which had doubled the Blaskets would have turned out of its course into the Kenmare river, nor if it had wandered into such a place could easily have been wrecked there. More likely it was a fishing station at a time when Newfoundland was undiscovered, and fleets came annually to these seas from Coruña and Bilbao, for their bacalao—their Lenten cod and ling. As many as two hundred Spanish smacks were then sometimes seen together in the harbor at Valencia.

The breeze freshened as we cleared out of Kilmakilloge. The main bay is here four miles broad, and widens rapidly as it approaches the mouth. We saw the open Atlantic twenty miles from us, and we met the swell with which we had been threatened, but so long and easy that we rose over the waves, scarcely conscious of motion, and rattled along with a three-quarter breeze and every sail drawing, seven knots through the water. We were heading straight for Scarriff, a rock eleven hundred feet high, which, though several miles from the mainland, forms the extreme point of the chain which divides Kenmare river from Ballinskelligs bay. Thousands of sea birds wheeling and screaming over the water showed that the great shoals of small fish which frequent these bays in the autumn had already begun to appear. Gannets, towering like falcons, shot down three hundred feet sheer, disappeared a moment, and rose with shiny sprats struggling in their beaks. Half a dozen herring hogs were having a pleasant time of it, and besides these, two enormous grampuses were showing their sharp black fins at intervals, one thirty feet long, the other evidently larger, how much we could not tell, for he never showed his full length, though he rolled near us, and we could judge his dimensions only from the width across the shoulders. The sprats

were in cruel case. The whales and porpoises hunted them up out of the deep water. The gurnet caught them mid-way. The sea birds swooped on them as they splashed in terror on the surface. They too had doubtless fattened in their turn on smaller victims. Our boys avenged the shades of some of them on one set at least of their persecutors. They threw over their fishing lines, and six or seven big gurnet were flapping in the basket before we had cleared the edge of the shoal.

Creeks and bays opened on either side of us, and closed again as we ran on. As we neared the mouth of the river we saw the waves breaking furiously on a line of rocks some little distance from the north shore. We edged away towards them for a nearer view, when it appeared that the rocks formed a natural breakwater to a still cove, a mile long and half a mile deep, which lay inside. There was a narrow opening at either extremity of the reef. The entrance looked ugly enough, for the line of foam extended from shore to shore, and black jagged points showed themselves in the hollow of the boiling surge, which would have made quick work with us had we grazed them; but my friend knew the soundings to a foot, and as the place was curious he carried me inside. Instantly that we were behind the reef we were in still water three fathoms deep, with a clear sandy bottom. We ran along for a quarter of a mile, and then found ourselves suddenly in front of one of the wicked-looking castles of which so many ruins are to be seen on the coasts of Cork and Kerry. They were all built in the wild times of the sixteenth century, when the anarchy of the land was extended to the ocean, and swarms of outlawed English pirates had their nests in these dangerous creeks. They formed alliances with the O'Sullivan and the M'Carties, married their daughters, and shared the plunder with them which they levied indiscriminately on their own and all other nations. While the kingdom of Kerry retained its privileges under the house of Desmond, the Irish Deputies were unable to meddle with them by land, while no cruiser could have ventured to follow them by water through channels guarded so perilously as that by which we had entered.

If the walls of that old tower could have spoken it could have told us many a strange tale, of which every vestige of a legend has now disappeared. We know from contemporary records that the pirates were established in these places. The situation of the castle which we were looking at told unmistakably the occupation of its owner. A second deep creek inside the larger one, sheltered by a natural pier, led directly to the door-step. A couple of miles inland there are traces of a still earlier stratification of sea rovers—in one of the largest and most remarkable of the surviving Danish forts. The Danes, too, had been doubtless guided there by the natural advantages of the situation. I would gladly have landed and looked at it, but time pressed. We left the little bay at the far end of the reef, and half an hour later we were rising and falling on the great waves of the open ocean.

Having been dosed with hard eggs at breakfast I found sickness impossible. They act like wadding in a gun, keeping the charge hard and tight in its place; and after a qualm or two, my stomach finding further contention would lead to no satisfactory result was satisfied to leave me to enjoy myself. The mainland ends on the north side at the Lamb Head, so called perhaps because it is one of the most savage-looking crags on which stranded ship was ever shattered. Outside it are a series of small islands from a few acres to as many square miles in extent, divided from each other by deep channels, a quarter or half a mile in width. It is a place to keep clear of in hazy weather. Irish boatmen may be trusted while they can see their landmarks, but my friend told me that he was caught by a fog in this very place the first time that he had ever been near it. He had a chart and a compass, and had turned in as it was night, leaving the tiller to his captain. Luckily he was not asleep. The roar of the breakers becoming louder he went on deck to look about him, and he found that the fellow knew no more of a compass than of a steam engine, and that he was steering dead upon the rocks. To-day, however, we ran in and out with absolute confidence, and we threaded our way to the splendid cliffs of Scarriff, the last of the group, which towered up towards the

sea a thousand feet out of the water. On the land side the slope was more gradual; it was covered with grass and dotted with cattle; in a hollow we saw the smoke of a solitary house; we heard a cock crow and the clacking of a hen, and wild and lonely and dreary as the island seemed the people living there are very reasonably happy and have not the slightest wish to leave it.

From the description given of the scene by Walsingham the historian, Scarriff is not improbably the place where a Cornish knight in the time of the second Richard came to a deserved and terrible end. It was a very bad time in England. Religion and society were disorganized; and the savage passions of men released from their natural restraints boiled over in lawlessness and crime. Sir John Arundel, a gentleman of some distinction, had gathered together a party of wild youths to make an expedition to Ireland. He was wind-bound either at Penzance or St. Ives; and being in uneasy quarters, or the time hanging heavy on his hands, he requested hospitality from the abbess of a neighboring nunnery. The abbess, horrified at the prospect of entertaining such unwholesome guests, begged him to excuse her. But neither excuses nor prayers availed. Arundel and his companions took possession of the convent, which they made the scene of unrestrained and frightful debauchery. The sisters were sacrificed to their appetites, and when the weather changed were carried off to the ship and compelled to accompany their violators. As they neared the Irish coast the gale returned in its fury. Superstition is the inseparable companion of cowardice and cruelty, and the wretched women were flung overboard to propitiate the demon of the storm. "*Approbatum est non esse curæ Deis securitatem nostram, esse ultionem.*" If Providence did not interfere to save the honor or the lives of the poor nuns, at least it revenged their fate. The ship drove before the south-wester, helpless as a disabled wreck. She was hurled on Scarriff or possibly on Cape Clear, and was broken instantly to pieces. A handful of half-drowned wretches were saved by the inhabitants to relate their horrible tale. Arundel himself being a powerful swimmer had struggled upon

the rocks alive, but he was caught by a returning wave before he could climb beyond its reach, and he was whirled away in the boiling foam.

With us too the sea was rising heavily. The wind had shifted to the west as the boatmen had foretold, and though as yet there was but little of it, the mercury was falling rapidly. A dark bank of clouds lay along the seaward horizon, and the huge waves which were rolling home and flying in long green sheets up the side of the cliff implied that it was blowing heavily outside. My friend had intended to take me on to the Skelligs, two other islands lying ten miles to the north-west of us, on the larger of which are the remains of a church and of three or four beehive houses which tradition says were once occupied by hermits. The Irish hermits as we know located themselves in many strange places round the coast, and may as well have chosen a home for themselves on the Skelligs as anywhere else. But it is to be noticed also, that even hermits unless supported like Elijah by the ravens must have found food somewhere. During the winter communication with the mainland must have been often impossible for weeks together, and as there is scarcely a square yard of grass on the whole place, they could have kept neither sheep nor cattle. Whoever dwelt in those houses must have lived by fishing. The cod fishing round the rocks is the very beat on the whole coast, and remembering how indispensable the dried cod had been made by the fasting rules to the Catholic population of Europe, I cannot help fancying, however unromantic the suggestion may sound, that something more practical than devotion was connected with the community that resided there. We were obliged, however, to abandon all idea of going there for the present. Could we have reached the islands we could not have landed. The cutter was already pitching so heavily that the top of Scarriff, though immediately over us, was occasionally hidden by the waves. If we ventured further we might have found it impossible to recover Kenmare bay and might have been obliged to run for Valencia: so we hauled our wind, went about, and turned our bows homewards. The motion became more easy as we fell off before the

rollers. My friend gave up the tiller to one of the men, and we got out our hamper and stretched ourselves on deck to eat our dinner, for which the tossing, strange to say, had sharpened our appetite. There is no medium at sea. You are either dead sick or ravenous, and we, not excluding the two boys, were the latter.

Among human pleasures there are few more agreeable than that of the cigar which follows a repast of this kind, the cold chicken and the claret having been disposed of, when St. Emilion has tasted like the choicest Lafitte, the sun warm and not too warm, the wind at our backs, and the spring cushions from the cabin tossed about in the confusion which suits the posture in which we are most at ease. As we lay lazily enjoying ourselves, my host pointed out to me one more of the interesting features of the coast. Round the Lamb Head to the north, facing the islands among which we had been dodging, was another small bay, cut out by the action of the waves, at the bottom of which we saw the water breaking on a white line of sand. Behind the sand two valleys met, the slopes of which were covered prettily with wood; and among the trees we could see the smoke and the slated roof of the once famous Derrynane Abbey. There was the ancestral home of the world-celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the last of the old Irish. Dan the First, the Liberator's father, had laid the foundation of the fortune of the family by a handsome smuggling trade. Cargoes of tea and tobacco run on those sands were enclosed in butter casks and sent over the hills on horses' backs to Cork to the store of a confederate merchant, and thence shipped for London as Irish produce. On those moors, Dan the Great hunted his harriers. In the halls of that abbey he feasted friend or foe like an ancient chieftain, and entertained visitors from every corner of Europe. All is gone now. The famine which broke O'Connell's heart lies like an act of oblivion between the Old Ireland and the New, and his own memory is fading like the memory of the age which he represented. Some few local anecdotes of trifling interest hang about the mountains. They say of Dan, as they said of Charles II.: he was the father of

his people, and by the powers 'twas a fine family he had of them. But Ireland has ceased to care for him. His fame blazed like a straw bonfire, and has left behind it scarce a shovelful of ashes. Never any public man had it in his power to do so much real good for his country, nor was there ever one who accomplished so little.

The Lamb Head once more closes in. The wind is fast rising; the crests of the rollers are beginning to break; the yacht flies down the slopes, and steers hard as the pursuing wave overtakes and lifts her. Down comes the topsail; we do not need it now; more than once we have plunged into the wave in front of us, and shipped green water over our bows. The clouds come up with occasional heavy drops of rain. Macgillicuddy's Reeks are already covered; and on the lower mountains the mist is beginning to form. It will be a wet night, and the rivers will fish to-morrow. The harbor has been alive with salmon for the last fortnight waiting for a fresh to take them up. We have still an hour's daylight when we recover the mouth of Kilmakilloge, and are in sight of the woods of Derreen again. As we turn into the harbor the wind is broken off by the land. We are almost becalmed, and the yacht drags slowly through the water. Towards evening the whiting pollock take freely, so the lines are laid out again, and we trail a couple of spinners. One is instantly taken. A small fellow—three pounds weight—comes in unresistingly, and is basketed. A minute after the second line is snatched out of the hands of my young bathing companion, who had hold of it. One of the boatmen catches it, but is unused to light tackle, and drags as if he was hauling up an anchor. He gathers in a yard or two, and then comes a convulsive struggle. Each side pulls his best. One moment of uncertainty, a plunge and a splash at the end of the line in our wake, and then all is over; and we can imagine, without fear of contradiction, that we had hold of a conger eel at least, if not the sea serpent himself.

The rain came down as we expected; rain like the torrents of the tropics, such as we rarely see in these islands outside Kerry. The mountains arrest the wet-laden currents as they come in from the

Atlantic, condensing the moisture into masses of cloud, which at once discharge themselves in cataracts. We spend the evening hunting out our fishing-boxes, sorting flies, and trying casting-lines. The sky clears soon after sunrise. The keeper has been down early to examine the condition of the water, and is waiting for us with his report on the rock outside the hall door after breakfast.

There is no haste. The rivers are still coming down brown and thick, and though the floods run off rapidly there will be no fishing till towards noon. We look about us, and the rock on which we are standing is itself a curiosity. The surface of it has been ground as smooth as a table. In the direction of the valley, and crossing the lines of cleavage, it is grooved by the ice-plane which has passed over it. The pebbles brought down from the hills and bedded in the under surface of the glacier have cut into the stone like chisels, and have left marks which the rain of unnumbered years has failed to erase. Such is the modern theory, which is accepted as absolutely proved because we are at present unable to conceive any other agency by which the effect could have been brought about. Yet the inability to form another hypothesis may arise, it is at least possible, from limitations in ourselves, and attends as a matter of course every generally received scientific conjecture. The theory of epicycles was once considered to be proved, because no other explanation would then be offered of the retrogression of the planets; and when we consider the fate of so many past philosophies, accepted in their time as certain, and made the ridicule of later generations, misgivings obtrude themselves that even the glacier theory a hundred years hence may have gone the way of its predecessors, and that the ice may have become as mythical as the foot-prints of the fairies.

But the rock has a later and more human interest. The fortunate Englishman to whom at the close of the seventeenth century these vast estates passed by confiscation, was contented to leave the heads of the old families shorn of their independence, but still ruling as his representatives on the scene of their ancient dominions. So matters continued for

more than a century. The O's and the Mac's retained their place even under the penal laws; and the absentee landlord was contented with his rent and asked no questions. A change came after the Union. The noble owner of the Kenmare mountains awoke to the value and perhaps to the responsibilities of his inheritance. He prepared to draw his connection closer with it and to resume the privileges which had been too long spared. Macfinnan Dhu, the black Macfinnan, the predecessor of Morty, was then ruling at Derreen. The lord of the soil, to soften the blow which he was about to administer, sent Macfinnan a present of wine, which arrived duly from London in a large hamper. Macfinnan carried it to the top of the rock on which we were standing, called up every Irish curse which hung in song or prose in the recollection of the valley, on the intruding stranger who was robbing the Celt of the land of his fathers. At each imprecation he smashed a bottle on the stone, and only ceased his litany of vengeance when the last drop had been spilt of his infernal libation. Such is the story on the spot: true or false, who can tell? My host said that in the unusual heat of the summer before last the turf which covers the side of the rock had shrunk a foot or two beyond its usual limits, and that fragments of broken bottles were indisputably found there; but whether they were the remains of Macfinnan's solemnity or were the more vulgar relics of a later drinking bout, we are left to our own conjecture.

But I must introduce my readers to the keeper, who is a prominent person at Derreen. He is a Scot from Aberdeen, by name Jack Harper, descendant it may be of the Harper who called "time" over the witches' caldron, but himself as healthy a piece of humanity as ever stood six feet in his stockings, or stalked a stag upon the Grampians. He was imported as a person not to be influenced by the ways and customs of the country. The agent, however, forgot to import a wife along with him. It was not in nature that a handsome young fellow of twenty-five should remain the solitary occupant of his lodge, and he soon found an Irish lassie who was not unwilling to share it with him.

Jack was a Protestant and obstinate in his way, and declined the chapel ceremonial, but the registrar at Kenmare settled the legal part of the business. The priest arranged the rest with the wife, and a couple of children clinging to the skirts of Jack's kilt showed in face and figure the double race from which they had sprung: the boy thick-limbed, yellow-haired, with blue eyes and a strong Scotch accent, while he had caught from his father, while the girl with dark skin, soft brown curls, and features of refined and exquisite delicacy, showed the blood of the pure Celt of Kerry, unspoilt by infiltration from Dane or Norman. Being alone in his creed in the valley, Jack attends chapel, though holding the proceedings there in some disdain. He does not trouble himself about confession, but he pays the priest his dues, and the priest in turn he tells me is worth a dozen watchers to him. If his traps are stolen on the mountains, or a salmon is made away with on the spawning beds, he reports his grievances at the chapel, and the curses of the Church are at his service. Religion down here means right and wrong, and materially, perhaps, not much besides.

But the morning is growing on. I am left in Jack's hands for the day, my host having business elsewhere. He takes charge of rod and landing net, slings a big basket on his back, and whistling his dogs about him, and with a short pipe in his mouth he leads the way down the drive to the gate. We halt on the bridge of the little river, but a glance at the bridge pool shows that we shall do no good there. The water is still muddy and thick, and not a fish will move in it for two hours at least. We must go to the second river where the mountain floods are first intercepted by the lake: in this the dirt settles, and leaves the stream that runs out of it to the sea comparatively clear. We have a mile and a half to walk, and I hear on the way what Jack has to tell about the place and people. Before the famine the glen had been densely inhabited, and had suffered terribly in consequence. Ruined cottages in all directions showed where human creatures had once multiplied like rabbits in a warren. Miles upon miles of unfin-

ished roads, now overgrown with gorse, were monuments of the efforts which had been made to find them in work and food. But the disaster was too great and too sudden and too universal to be so encountered. Hundreds died, and hundreds more were provided with free passages to America, and the valley contains but a fourth of its old inhabitants. Its present occupants are now doing well. There are no signs of poverty among them. They are tenants at will, but so secure is the custom of the country that they have no fear of dispossession. An English political economist had once suggested that they should be all got rid of, and the glen be turned into a deer forest. But the much-abused Irish proprietors are less inhuman than the Scotch, and here at least there is no disposition to outrage the affection with which the people cling to their homes. There is, however, no wish among them to return to the old state of things. When a tenant dies his eldest son succeeds him. The brothers emigrate where friends are waiting for them in America, and they carry with them a hope, not always disappointed, of returning when they have a balance at the bank, and can stock a farm in the old country on their own account.

We pass a singular mound covered with trees at the road side, with a secluded field behind it sprinkled over with hawthorns. The field is the burying-place of the babies that die unbaptized, unconsecrated by the Church but hallowed by sentiment, and treated seemingly with more reverence than the neglected graveyard. The mound is circular, with sloping sides twenty feet high, and sixty feet in diameter at the top. It is a *rath* of which there are ten or twelve in the glen, and many more in other parts of Kerry. This one has never been opened, being called the Fairy's house, and is protected by superstition; another like it, at the back of Derreen, has been cleared out, and can be entered without difficulty. The outer wall must have been first built of stone. The interior was then divided into narrow compartments, ten or twelve feet long by five feet broad, each with an air-hole through the wall, and communicating with one another by low but

firmly constructed doors. Massive slabs were laid at the top to form a roof, and the whole structure was finally covered in with turf. They were evidently houses of some kind, though when built or by whom is a mystery. Human remains are rarely found in any of them, and whether these chambers were themselves occupied, or whether they were merely the cellars of some lighter building of timber and wicker-work raised above them, is a point on which the antiquarians are undecided. Whatever they were, however, they are monuments of some past age of Irish history; and the stone circles and gigantic pillars standing wild and weird in the gorges of the mountains, are perhaps the tombs of the race who lived in them. No one knows at present, for Derreen lies out of the line of tourists. By and by, when the feeling of respect for burial places, however ancient, which still clings to Kerry, has been civilized away, the tombs will be broken into and searched, and then as elsewhere the curious antiquary will find golden torques and armlets among the crumbling bones of the chiefs of the age of Ossian.

But here we are at the river; we have passed two salt lagoons surrounded with banks of reeds, which are the haunts in winter of innumerable wild fowl, and even now are dotted over with broods of flappers which have been hatched among the flags. At the top of the farther of these we cross a bridge where the river enters it, for the wind is coming from the other side and is blowing three quarters of a gale. We follow the bank for half a mile, where the water is broken and shallow, and the salmon pass through without resting. Then turning the angle of a rock, we come to a pool a quarter of a mile long, terminating in a circular basin eighty yards across, out of which the water plunges through a narrow gorge.

The pool has been cut through a peat bog, and the greater part of it is twenty feet deep. A broad fringe of water-lilies lines the banks, leaving, however, an available space for throwing a fly upon between them. This is the great resting-place of the fish on their way to the lake and the upper river. The water is high, and almost flowing over on the bog. The wind catches it fairly,

tearing along the surface and sweeping up the crisp waves in white clouds of spray. The party from the yacht was before us, but they are on the wrong side, trying vainly to send their flies in the face of the south-wester, which whirls their casting lines back over their heads. They have caught a peal or two, and one of them reports that he was broken by a tremendous fish at the end of the round pool. Jack directs them to a bend higher up, where they will find a second pool as good as this one, with a more favorable slant of wind, while I put my rod together and turn over the leaves of my fly-book. Among the marvels of art and nature I know nothing equal to a salmon-fly. It resembles no insect, winged or unwinged, which the fish can have seen. A shrimp, perhaps, is the most like it, if there are degrees in utter dissimilarity. Yet every river is supposed to have its favorite flies. Size, color, shape, all are peculiar. Here vain tastes prevail for golden pheasant and blue and crimson parrot. There the salmon are as sober as Quakers, and will look at nothing but drabs and browns. Nine parts of this are fancy, but there is still a portion of truth in it. Bold hungry fish will take anything in any river; shy fish will undoubtedly rise and splash at a stranger's fly, while they will swallow what is offered them by any one who knows their ways. It may be something in the color of the water; it may be something in the color of the banks: experience is too uniform to allow the fact itself to be questioned. Under Jack's direction, I select small flies about the size of green drakes: one a sombre gray, with silver twist about him, a claret hackle, a mallard wing, streaked faintly on the lower side with red and blue. The drop fly is still darker, with purple legs and olive green wings and body.

We move to the head of the pool and begin to cast in the gravelly shallows, on which the fish lie to feed in a flood, a few yards above the deep water. A white trout or two rise, and presently I am fast in something which excites momentary hopes. The heavy rod bends to the butt. A yard or two of line runs out, but a few seconds show that it is only a large trout which has struck at the fly with his tail, and has been hooked

foul. He cannot break me, and I do not care if he escapes, so I bear hard upon him and drag him by main force to the side, where Harper slips the net under his head, and the next moment he is on the bank. Two pounds within an ounce or so, but clean run from the sea, brought up by last night's flood, and without a stain of the bog-water on the pure silver of his scales. He has disturbed the shallow, so we move a few steps down.

There is an alder bush on the opposite side, where the strength of the river is running. It is a long cast. The wind is blowing so hard that I can scarcely keep my footing, and the gusts whirl so unsteadily that I cannot hit the exact spot, where if there is a salmon in the neighborhood he is lying.

The line flies out straight at last, but I have now thrown a few inches too far; my tail fly is in the bush dangling across an overhanging bough. An impatient movement, a jerk, or a straight pull, and I am "hung up" as the phrase is, and delayed for half an hour at least. Happily there is a lull in the storm. I shake the point of the rod. The vibration runs along the line; the fly drops softly like a leaf upon the water—and as it floats away something turns heavily, and a huge brown back is visible for an instant through a rift in the surface. But the line comes home. He was an old stager, as we could see by his color, no longer ravenous as when fresh from the salt water. He was either lazy and missed the fly, or it was not entirely to his mind. He was not touched, and we drew back to consider. "Over him again while he is angry," is the saying in some rivers, and I have known it to answer where the fish feed greedily. But it will not do here; we must give him time; and we turn again to the fly book. When a salmon rises at a small fly as if he meant business yet fails to take it, the rule is to try another of the same pattern a size larger. This too however just now Jack thinks unfavorably of. The salmon is evidently a very large one, and will give us enough to do if we hook him. He therefore as one precaution takes off the drop fly lest it catch in the water-lilies. He next puts the knots of the casting line through a severe trial; replaces an un-

sound joint with a fresh link of gut, and finally produces out of his hat a "hook"—he will not call it a fly—of his own dressing. It is like a particolored father-long-legs, a thing which only some frantic specimen of orchid ever seriously approached, a creature whose wings were two strips of the fringe of a peacock's tail, whose legs descended from blue jay through red to brown, and terminated in a pair of pink trailers two inches long. Jack had found it do and he believed it would do for me. And so it did. I began to throw again six feet above the bush, for a salmon often shifts his ground after rising. One cast—a second—another trout rises which we receive with an anathema, and drag the fly out of his reach. The fourth throw there is a swirl like the wave which arises under the blade of an oar, a sharp sense of hard resistance, a pause, and then a rush for the dear life. The wheel shrieks, the line hisses through the rings, and thirty yards down the pool the great fish springs madly six feet into the air. The hook is firm in his upper jaw; he had not shaken its hold, for the hook had gone into the bone—pretty subject of delight for a reasonable man, an editor of a magazine, and a would-be philosopher, turned fifty! The enjoyments of the unreasoning part of us cannot be defended on grounds of reason, and experience shows that men who are all logic and morals, and have nothing of the animal left in them, are poor creatures after all.

Any way I defy philosophy with a twenty-pound salmon fast hooked and a pool right ahead four hundred yards long, and half full of water-lilies. "Keep him up the strame," shrieked a Paddy, who, on the screaming of the wheel, had flung down his spade in the turf bog and rushed up to see the sport. "Keep him up the strame, your honor—bloody wars! you'll lost him else." We were at fault Jack and I. We did not understand why down stream was particularly dangerous, and Pat was too eager and too busy swearing to explain himself. Alas, his meaning became soon but too intelligible. I had overtaken the fish on the bank and had wheeled in the line again, but he was only collecting himself for a fresh rush, and the next minute it seemed as if the bottom had been

knocked out of the pool and an opening made into infinity. Round flew the wheel again; fifty yards were gone in as many seconds, the rod was bending double, and the line pointed straight down; straight as if there was a lead at the end of it and unlimited space in which to sink. "Ah, didn't I tell ye so?" said Pat; "what will we do now?" Too late Jack remembered that fourteen feet down at the bottom of that pool lay the stem of a fallen oak, below which the water had made a clear channel. The fish had turned under it, and whether he was now up the river or down, or where he was, who could tell? He stopped at last. "Hold him hard," said Jack, hurling off his clothes, and while I was speculating whether it would be possible to drag him back the way that he had gone, his pink body flashed from behind me, bounded off the bank with a splendid header and disappeared. He was under for a quarter of a minute; when he rose he had the line in his hand between the fish and the tree.

"All right!" he sputtered, swimming with the other hand to the bank and scrambling up. "Run the rest of the line off the reel, and out through the rings." He had divined by a brilliant instinct the only remedy for our situation. The thing was done, fast as Pat and I could ply our fingers. The loose end was drawn round the log, and while Jack was humoring the fish with his hand and dancing up and down the bank regardless of proprieties, we had carried it back down the rings, replaced it on the wheel, wound in the slack, and had again command of the situation.

The salmon had played his best stroke. It had failed him, and he now surrendered like a gentleman. A mean-spirited fish will go to the bottom, bury himself in the weeds, and sulk. Ours set his head toward the sea, and sailed down the length of the pool in the open water without attempting any more plunges. As his strength failed he turned heavily on his back, and allowed himself to be drawn to the shore. The gaff was in his side, and he was ours. He was larger than we had guessed him. Clear run he would have weighed twenty-five pounds. The fresh water had reduced him to twenty-two, but without softening his muscle or touching his strength.

The fight had tired us all. If middle age does not impair the enjoyment of sport, it makes the appetite for it less voracious, and a little pleases more than a great deal. I delight in a mountain walk when I must work hard for my five brace of grouse. I see no amusement in dawdling over a lowland moor where the packs are as thick as chickens in a poultry-yard. I like better than most things a day with my own dogs in scattered covers, when I know not what may rise, a woodcock, an odd pheasant, a snipe in the outlying willow-bed, and perhaps a mallard or a teal. A hare or two falls in agreeably when the mistress of the house takes an interest in the bag. I detest battues and hot corners, and slaughter for slaughter's sake. I wish every tenant in England had his share in amusements, which in moderation are good for us all, and was allowed to shoot such birds or beasts as were bred on his own farm, any clause in his lease to the contrary notwithstanding.

Anyhow I had had enough of salmon fishing for the day. We gave the rod and the basket to Pat to carry home, the big fish which he was too proud to conceal flapping on his back. Jack and I ate our luncheon and smoked our pipes beside the fall, and Jack, before we went home, undertook to show me the lake. The river followed the bend of the valley. We took a shorter cut over a desolate and bare piece of mountain, and as we crossed the ridge we found ourselves suddenly in the luxuriant softness of a miniature Killarney. The lake was scarcely a mile in length, but either the wood-cutters had been less busy there, or nature had repaired the havoc that they had made. Half a dozen small islands were scattered on it, covered with arbutus and holly. The rocks on one side fell in grand precipices to the water. At the end was the opening of Glanmore valley, with its masses of forest, its emerald meadows and cooing wood-pigeons, and bright, limpid river reaches. For its size there is no more lovely spot in the south of Ireland than Glanmore. It winds among the mountains for six miles beyond the lake, closed in at the extremity with the huge mass of Hungry Hill, from the top of which you look down upon Berehaven. Here too the idea of sport pursued us—stray

deer wandered over now and then from Glengariff—and my companion had stories of mighty bags of woodcocks made sometimes there when the snow was on the hills. My eye however was rather caught by a singular ruin of modern, unvenerable kind on the largest of the islands. Some chieftain's castle had once stood there, as we could see from the remains of massive walls on the water-line; but this had been long destroyed, and in the place of it there had been a cottage of some pretensions, which in turn was now roofless. The story of it, so far as Jack could tell me, was this.

Forty years ago or thereabouts a Major —, who had difficulties with his creditors, came into these parts to hide himself, built the cottage on the island, and lived there; and when the bailiffs found him out held them at bay with pistol and blunderbuss. The people of the glen provided him with food. The Irish are good friends to any one who is on bad terms with the authorities. Like Goethe's elves—

Ob er heilig, ob er böse,
Jammert sie der Unglücksmann—

So here Major — fished and shot and laughed at the attempts to arrest him. His sin however found him out at last. You may break the English laws as you please in Ireland, but there are some laws which you may not break, as Major — found. In the farm-house which supplied him with his milk and eggs, was a girl who anywhere but in Glanmore would have been called exceptionally beautiful. Major — abused the confidence which was placed in him, and seduced her. He had to fly for his life. Such is the present legend, as true, perhaps, as much that passes by the name of history. Major — himself might tell another story.

My space has run out. My tale is still half told. The next day was Sunday. The day following was August 20, when Irish grouse-shooting begins. If the reader's patience is unexhausted he shall hear of the scratch-bag we made in a scramble of thirty miles; of the weird woman that we saw among the cliffs; of the "crass bull" that we fell in with, and the double murder in

Coomengoura. I have to tell him too how the grandson of Macfinnan Dhu was caught red-handed spearing salmon, and how the bloody Saxon had to stand between him and eviction. How we held a land court in the hall at Derreen, and settled a disputed inheritance. How we went to the Holy Lake and saw the pilgrims from America there, and how when mass was over they made a night of it with the whiskey-booths and the card-sharpers. How we had another sail upon the river, how we attended a tenant-right meeting at the board of guardians at Kenmare, and how the chairman floored the middle-man there,

to the delight of all his audience—the chairman, the brightest of companions, the most charming of men of business, the hero of the seal fight in Mr. Trench's *Realities of Irish Life*. All this the reader shall hear if his curiosity leads him to wish for it. If he is sick of this light fare and desires more solid pudding, we will dress our dishes to his mind, and the rest of my pleasant memories shall abide with myself, woven in bright colors in the web of my life by the fingers of the three sisters—my own, and never to be taken from me, let the future bring what fate it will.

J. A. F.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ON DESCARTES' "DISCOURSE TOUCHING THE METHOD OF USING ONE'S REASON RIGHTLY AND OF SEEKING SCIENTIFIC TRUTH."

An Address to the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY. 9

It has been well said that "all the thoughts of men, from the beginning of the world until now, are linked together into one great chain," but the conception of the intellectual filiation of mankind which is expressed in these words may, perhaps, be more fitly shadowed forth by a different metaphor. The thoughts of men seem rather to be comparable to the leaves, flowers, and fruit upon the innumerable branches of a few great stems, fed by commingled and hidden roots. These stems bear the names of the half-a-dozen men, endowed with intellects of heroic force and clearness, to whom we are led, at whatever point of the world of thought the attempt to trace its history commences; just as certainly as the following up the small twigs of a tree to the branchlets which bear them, and tracing the branchlets to their supporting branches, brings us, sooner or later, to the bole.

It seems to me that the thinker who, more than any other, stands in the relation of such a stem towards the philosophy and the science of the modern world is René Descartes. I mean, that if you lay hold of any characteristic product of modern ways of thinking,

either in the region of philosophy, or in that of science, you find the spirit of that thought, if not its form, to have been present in the mind of the great Frenchman.

There are some men who are counted great because they represent the actuality of their own age, and mirror it as it is. Such an one was Voltaire, of whom it was epigrammatically said, "he expressed everybody's thoughts better than anybody."* But there are other men who attain greatness because they embody the potentiality of their own day, and magically reflect the future. They express the thoughts which will be everybody's two or three centuries after them. Such an one was Descartes.

Born, in 1596, nearly three hundred years ago, of a noble family in Touraine, René Descartes grew up into a sickly and diminutive child, whose keen wit soon gained him that title of "the Philosopher," which, in the mouths of his noble kinsmen, was more than half a reproach. The best schoolmasters of the day, the Jesuits, educated him as well as a French boy of the seventeenth

* I forget who it was said of him: "Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a."

century could be educated. And they must have done their work honestly and well, for, before his schoolboy days were over, he had discovered that the most of what he had learned, except in mathematics, was devoid of solid and real value.

"Therefore," says he, in that "Discourse"* which I have taken as my text, as soon as I was old enough to be set free from the government of my teachers, I entirely forsook the study of letters; and determining to seek no other knowledge than that which I could discover within myself, or in the great book of the world, I spent the remainder of my youth in travelling; in seeing courts and armies; in the society of people of different humors and conditions; in gathering varied experience; in testing myself by the chances of fortune; and in always trying to profit by my reflections on what happened . . . And I always had an intense desire to learn how to distinguish truth from falsehood, in order to be clear about my actions, and to walk surefootedly in this life."

But "learn what is true, in order to do what is right," is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are unable to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority; and to those of us moderns who are in this position, it is one of Descartes' great claims to our reverence as a spiritual ancestor, that, at three-and-twenty, he saw clearly that this was his duty, and acted up to his conviction. At two-and-thirty, in fact, finding all other occupations incompatible with the search after the knowledge which leads to action, and being possessed of a modest competence, he withdrew into Holland; where he spent nine years in learning and thinking, in such privacy and retirement that only one or two trusted friends knew of his whereabouts.

In 1637 the first-fruits of these long meditations were given to the world in the famous "Discourse touching the Method of using Reason rightly, and of seeking Scientific Truth," which, at once an autobiography and a philosophy, clothes the deepest thought in lan-

guage of exquisite harmony, simplicity, and clearness.

The central propositions of the whole "Discourse" are these. There is a path which leads to truth so surely, that any one who will follow it must needs reach the goal, whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man may always find this path and keep himself from straying when he has found it. This golden rule is—give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted.

The enunciation of this great first commandment of science consecrated Doubt. It removed Doubt from the seat of penance among the grievous sins to which it had long been condemned, and enthroned it in that high place among the primary duties, which is assigned to it by the scientific conscience of these latter days. Descartes was the first among the moderns to obey this commandment deliberately; and, as a matter of religious duty, to strip off all his beliefs and reduce himself to a state of intellectual nakedness, until such time as he could satisfy himself which were fit to be worn. He thought a bare skin healthier than the most respectable and well-cut clothing of what might, possibly, be mere shoddy.

When I say that Descartes consecrated doubt, you must remember that it was that sort of doubt which Goethe has called "the active scepticism, whose whole aim is to conquer itself;" and not that other sort which is born of flippancy and ignorance, and whose aim is only to perpetuate itself, as an excuse for idleness and indifference. But it is impossible to define what is meant by scientific doubt better than by Descartes' own words. After describing the gradual progress of his negative criticism he tells us: "For all that, I did not imitate the sceptics, who doubt only for doubting's sake, and pretend to be always undecided; on the contrary, my whole intention was to arrive at certainty, and to dig away the drift and the sand until I reached the rock or the clay beneath."

And further, since no man of common sense, when he pulls down his house for the purpose of rebuilding it, fails to pro-

* "Discours de la Méthode pour bien conduire sa Raison et chercher la Vérité dans les Sciences."

vide himself with some shelter while the work is in progress; so, before demolishing the spacious, if not commodious, mansion of his old beliefs, Descartes thought it wise to equip himself with what he calls "*une morale par provision*," by which he resolved to govern his practical life until such time as he should be better instructed. The laws of this "provisional self-government" are embodied in four maxims, of which one binds our philosopher to submit himself to the laws and religion in which he was brought up; another, to act, on all those occasions which call for action, promptly and according to the best of his judgment, and to abide, without repining, by the result; a third rule is to seek happiness in limiting his desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them; while the last is to make the search after truth the business of his life.

Thus prepared to go on living while he doubted, Descartes proceeded to face his doubts like a man. One thing was clear to him, he would not lie to himself—would, under no penalties, say, "I am sure" of that of which he was not sure; but would go on digging and delving until he came to the solid adamant; or, at worst, made sure there was no adamant. As the record of his progress tells us, he was obliged to confess that life is full of delusions; that authority may err; that testimony may be false or mistaken; that reason lands us in endless fallacies; that memory is often as little trustworthy as hope; that the evidence of the very senses may be misunderstood; that dreams are real as long as they last, and that what we call reality may be a long and restless dream. Nay, it is conceivable that some powerful and malicious being may find his pleasure in deluding us, and in making us believe the thing which is not, every moment of our lives. What, then, is certain? What even, if such a being exists, is beyond the reach of his powers of delusion? Why, the fact that the thought, the present consciousness, exists. Our thoughts may be delusive, but they cannot be fictitious. As thoughts, they are real and existent, and the cleverest deceiver cannot make them otherwise.

Thus, thought is existence. More than that, so far as we are concerned,

existence is thought, all our conceptions of existence being some kind or other of thought. Do not for a moment suppose that these are mere paradoxes or subtleties. A little reflection upon the commonest facts proves them to be impregnable truths. For example, I take up a marble, and I find it to be a red, round, hard single body. We call the redness, the roundness, the hardness, and the singleness, "qualities" of the marble; and it sounds, at first, the height of absurdity to say that all these qualities are modes of our own consciousness, which cannot even be conceived to exist in the marble. But take the redness, for example. How does the sensation of redness arise? The waves of a certain very attenuated matter, the particles of which are vibrating with vast rapidity, but with very different velocities, strike upon the marble, and those which vibrate with one particular velocity are thrown off from its surface in all directions. The optical apparatus of the eye gathers some of these together, and gives them such a course that they strike upon the surface of the retina, which is a singularly delicate apparatus, connected with the termination of the fibres of the optic nerve. The impulses of the attenuated matter, or ether, affect this apparatus and the fibres of the optic nerve in a certain way; and the change in the fibres of the optic nerve produces yet other changes in the brain; and these, in some fashion unknown to us, give rise to the feeling of consciousness, of redness. If the marble could remain unchanged, and either the rate of vibration of the ether, or the nature of the retina, could be altered, the marble would seem not red, but some other color. There are many people who are what are called color-blind, being unable to distinguish one color from another. Such an one might declare our marble to be green; and he would be quite as right in saying that it is green, as we are in declaring it to be red. But then, as the marble cannot, in itself, be both green and red at the same time, this shows that the quality "redness" must be in our consciousness and not in the marble.

In like manner, it is easy to see that the roundness and the hardness are forms of our consciousness, belonging to

the groups which we call sensations of sight and touch. If the surface of the cornea were cylindrical, we should have a very different notion of a round body from that which we possess now; and if the strength of the fabric, and the force of the muscles, of the body were increased a hundredfold, our marble would seem to be as soft as a pellet of bread-crumbs.

Not only is it obvious that all these qualities are in us, but, if you will make the attempt, you will find it quite impossible to conceive of "blueness," "roundness," and "hardness" as existing without reference to some such consciousness as our own. It may seem strange to say that even the "singleness" of the marble is relative to us; but very simple experiments will show that such is veritably the case, and that our two most trustworthy senses may be made to contradict one another on this very point. Hold the marble between the finger and thumb, and look at it in the ordinary way. Sight and touch agree that it is single. Now squint, and sight tells you that there are two marbles, while touch asserts that there is only one. Next, return the eyes to their natural position, and having crossed the fore-finger and the middle finger, put the marble between their tips. Then touch will declare that there are two marbles, while sight says there is only one; and touch claims our belief, when we attend to it, just as imperatively as sight does.

But it may be said, the marble takes up a certain space which could not be occupied, at the same time, by anything else. In other words, the marble has the primary quality of matter, extension. Surely this quality must be in the thing, and not in our minds? But the reply must still be; whatever may, or may not, exist in the thing, all that we can know of these qualities is a state of consciousness. What we call extension is a consciousness of a relation between two, or more, affections of the sense of sight or of touch. And it is wholly inconceivable that what we call extension should exist independently of such consciousness as our own. Whether, notwithstanding this inconceivability, it does so exist, or not, is a point on which I offer no opinion.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XII., No. 1.

Thus, whatever our marble may be in itself, all that we can know of it is under the shape of a bundle of our own consciousnesses.

Nor is our knowledge of anything we know or feel, more, or less, than a knowledge of states of consciousness. And our whole life is made up of such states. Some of these states we refer to a cause we call "self;" others to a cause or causes which may be comprehended under the title of "not-self." But neither of the existence of "self," nor of that of "not-self," have we, or can we by any possibility have, any such unquestionable and immediate certainty as we have of the states of consciousness which we consider to be their effects. They are not immediately observed facts, but results of the application of the law of causation to those facts. Strictly speaking, the existence of a "self" and of a "not-self" are hypotheses by which we account for the facts of consciousness. They stand upon the same footing as the belief in the general trustworthiness of memory, and in the general constancy of the order of nature—as hypothetical assumptions which cannot be proved, or known with that highest degree of certainty which is given by immediate consciousness; but which, nevertheless, are of the highest practical value, inasmuch as the conclusions logically drawn from them are always verified by experience.

This, in my judgment, is the ultimate issue of Descartes' argument; but it is proper for me to point out that we have left Descartes himself some way behind us. He stopped at the famous formula, "I think, therefore I am." But a little consideration will show this formula to be full of snares and verbal entanglements. In the first place, the "therefore" has no business there. The "I am" is assumed in the "I think," which is simply another way of saying "I am thinking." And, in the second place, "I think" is not one simple proposition, but three distinct assertions rolled into one. The first of these is, "something called I exists;" the second is, "something called thought exists;" and the third is, "the thought is the result of the action of the I."

Now, it will be obvious to you, that the only one of these three propositions

which can stand the Cartesian test of certainty is the second. It cannot be doubted, for the very doubt is an existent thought. But the first and third, whether true or not, may be doubted, and have been doubted. For the assessor may be asked, How do you know that thought is not self-existence; or that a given thought is not the effect of its antecedent thought, or of some external power? and a diversity of other questions, much more easily put than answered. Descartes, determined as he was to strip off all the garments which the intellect weaves for itself, forgot this gossamer shirt of the "self;" to the great detriment, and indeed ruin, of his toilet when he began to clothe himself again.

But it is beside my purpose to dwell upon the minor peculiarities of the Cartesian philosophy. All I wish to put clearly before your minds thus far, is that Descartes, having commenced by declaring doubt to be a duty, found certainty in consciousness alone; and that the necessary outcome of his views is what may properly be termed Idealism; namely, the doctrine that, whatever the universe may be, all we can know of it is the picture presented to us by consciousness. This picture may be a true likeness—though how this can be is inconceivable; or it may have no more resemblance to its cause than one of Bach's fugues has to the person who is playing it; or than a piece of poetry has to the mouth and lips of a reciter. It is enough for all the practical purposes of human existence if we find that our trust in the representations of consciousness is verified by results; and that, by their help, we are enabled "to walk surefootedly in this life."

Thus the method, or path which leads to truth, indicated by Descartes, takes us straight to the Critical Idealism of his great successor Kant. It is that Idealism which declares the ultimate fact of all knowledge to be a consciousness, or, in other words, a mental phenomenon; and therefore affirms the highest of all certainties, and indeed the only absolute certainty, to be the existence of mind. But it is also that Idealism which refuses to make any assertions, either positive or negative, as to what lies beyond consciousness. It accuses the subtle Berkeley of stepping beyond

the limits of knowledge when he declared that a substance of matter does not exist; and of illogicality, for not seeing that the arguments which he supposed demolished the existence of matter were equally destructive to the existence of soul. And it equally refuses to listen to the jargon of more recent days about the Absolute, and all the other hypostatized adjectives, the initial letters of the names of which are generally printed in capital letters; just as you give a Grenadier a bearskin cap, to make him look more formidable than he is by nature.

I repeat, the path indicated and followed by Descartes which we have hitherto been treading, leads through doubt to that critical Idealism which lies at the heart of modern metaphysical thought. But the "Discourse" shows us another, and apparently very different, path, which leads, quite as definitely, to that correlation of all the phenomena of the universe with matter and motion, which lies at the heart of modern physical thought, and which most people call Materialism.

The early part of the seventeenth century, when Descartes reached manhood, is one of the great epochs of the intellectual life of mankind. At that time, physical science suddenly strode into the arena of public and familiar thought, and openly challenged, not only Philosophy and the Church, but that common ignorance which passes by the name of Common Sense. The assertion of the motion of the earth was a defiance to all three, and Physical Science threw down her glove by the hand of Galileo.

It is not pleasant to think of the immediate result of the combat; to see the champion of science, old, worn, and on his knees before the Cardinal Inquisitor, signing his name to what he knew to be a lie. And, no doubt, the Cardinals rubbed their hands as they thought how well they had silenced and discredited their adversary. But two hundred years have passed, and however feeble or faulty her soldiers, Physical Science sits crowned and enthroned as one of the legitimate rulers of the world of thought. Charity children would be ashamed not to know that the earth moves; while the Schoolmen are forgotten; and the Cardinals—well, the Cardinals are at

the Œcumenical Council, still at their old business of trying to stop the movement of the world.

As a ship, which having lain becalmed with every stitch of canvas set, bounds away before the breeze which springs up astern, so the mind of Descartes, poised in equilibrium of doubt, not only yielded to the full force of the impulse towards physical science and physical ways of thought, given by his great contemporaries, Galileo and Harvey, but shot beyond them; and anticipated, by bold speculation, the conclusions, which could only be placed upon a secure foundation by the labors of generations of workers.

Descartes saw that the discoveries of Galileo meant that the remotest parts of the universe were governed by mechanical laws; while those of Harvey meant that the same laws presided over the operations of that portion of the world which is nearest to us, namely, our own bodily frame. And crossing the interval between the centre and its vast circumference by one of the great strides of genius, Descartes sought to resolve all the phenomena of the universe into matter and motion, or forces operating according to law.* This grand conception, which is sketched in the "Discours," and more fully developed in the "Principes" and in the "Traité de l'Homme," he worked out with extraordinary power and knowledge, and with the effect of arriving, in the last-named essay, at that purely mechanical view of vital phenomena towards which modern physiology is striving.

Let us try to understand how Descartes got into this path, and why it led him where it did. The mechanism of the circulation of the blood had evidently taken a great hold of his mind, as he describes it several times, at much length. After giving a full account of it in the "Discours," and erroneously ascribing the motion of the blood, not to the contraction of the walls of the heart, but to the heat which he supposes

to be generated there, he adds: "This motion which I have just explained is as much the necessary result of the structure of the parts which one can see in the heart, and of the heat which one may feel there with one's fingers, and of the nature of the blood, which may be experimentally ascertained; as is that of a clock of the force, the situation, and the figure of its weight and of its wheels."

But if this apparently vital operation were explicable as a simple mechanism, might not other vital operations be reducible to the same category? Descartes replies without hesitation in the affirmative. "The animal spirits," says he, "resemble a very subtle fluid, or a very pure and vivid flame, and are continually generated in the heart, and ascend to the brain as to a sort of reservoir. Hence they pass into the nerves and are distributed to the muscles, causing contraction, or relaxation, according to their quantity."

Thus, according to Descartes, the animal body is an automaton, which is competent to perform all the animal functions in exactly the same way as a clock or any other piece of mechanism. As he puts the case himself: "In proportion as these spirits (the animal spirits) enter the cavities of the brain, they pass thence into the pores of its substance, and from these pores into the nerves; where, according as they enter, or even only tend to enter, more or less, into one than into another, they have the power of altering the figure of the muscles into which the nerves are inserted, and by this means of causing all the muscles to move. Thus, as you may have seen in the grottos and the fountains in royal gardens, the force with which the water issues from its reservoir is sufficient to move various machines, and even to make them play instruments, or pronounce words according to the different disposition of the pipes which lead the water."

"And, in truth, the nerves of the machine which I am describing may very well be compared to the pipes of these waterworks; its muscles and its tendons to the other various engines and springs which seem to move them; its animal spirits to the water which impels them, of which the heart is the spring; while

* "Au milieu de toutes ses erreurs, il ne faut pas méconnaître une grande idée, qui consiste à avoir tenté pour la première fois de ramener tous les phénomènes naturels à n'être qu'un simple développement des lois de la mécanique," is the weighty judgment of Biot, cited by Boullier (*Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne*, t. I. p. 196).

the cavities of the brain are the central office. Moreover, respiration and other such actions as are natural and usual in the body, and which depend on the course of the spirits, are like the movements of a clock, or of a mill, which may be kept up by the ordinary flow of water.

"The external objects which, by their mere presence, act upon the organs of the senses; and which, by this means, determine the corporal machine to move in many different ways, according as the parts of the brain are arranged, are like the strangers who, entering into some of the grottos of these waterworks, unconsciously cause the movements which take place in their presence. For they cannot enter without treading upon certain planks so arranged that, for example, if they approach a bathing Diana they cause her to hide among the reeds; and if they attempt to follow her, they see approaching a Neptune, who threatens them with his trident; or if they try some other way, they cause some monster who vomits water into their faces, to dart out; or like contrivances, according to the fancy of the engineers who have made them. And lastly, when the *rational soul* is lodged in this machine, it will have its principal seat in the brain and will take the place of the engineer, who ought to be in that part of the works with which all the pipes are connected, when he wishes to increase, or to slacken, or in some way to alter, their movements."*

And again still more strongly: "All the functions which I have attributed to this machine (the body), as the digestion of food, the pulsation of the heart and of the arteries; the nutrition and the growth of the limbs; respiration, wakefulness, and sleep; the reception of light, sounds, odors, flavors, heat, and such like qualities, in the organs of the external senses; the impression of the ideas of these in the organ of common sense and in the imagination; the retention or the impression of these ideas on the memory; the internal movements of the appetites and the passions; and lastly the external movements of all the limbs, which follow so aptly, as well the action

of the objects which are presented to the senses, as the impressions which meet in the memory, that they imitate as nearly as possible those of a real man; * I desire, I say, that you should consider that these functions in the machine naturally proceed from the mere arrangement of its organs, neither more nor less than do the movements of a clock or other automaton from that of its weights and its wheels; so that, so far as these are concerned, it is not necessary to conceive any other vegetative or sensitive soul, nor any other principle of motion, or of life, than the blood and the spirits agitated by the fire which burns continually in the heart, and which is nowise essentially different from all the fires which exist in inanimate bodies."†

The spirit of these passages is exactly that of the most advanced physiology of the present day; all that is necessary to make them coincide with our present physiology in form, is to represent the details of the working of the animal machinery in modern language, and by the aid of modern conceptions.

Most undoubtedly, the digestion of food in the human body is a purely chemical process; and the passage of the nutritive parts of that food into the blood, a physical operation. Beyond all question, the circulation of the blood is simply a matter of mechanism, and results from the structure and arrangement of the parts of the heart and vessels, from the contractility of those organs, and from the regulation of that contractility by an automatically acting nervous apparatus. The progress of physiology has further shown, that the contractility of the muscles and the irritability of the nerves is purely the result of the molecular mechanism of those organs; and that the regular movements of the respiratory, alimentary, and other internal organs are governed and guided, as mechanically, by their appropriate nervous centres. The even regularity of the breathing of every one of us, depends

* Descartes pretends that he does not apply his views to the human body, but only to an imaginary machine which, if it could be constructed, would do all that the human body does; throwing a sop to Cerberus unworthily; and uselessly, because Cerberus was by no means stupid enough to swallow it.

† "Traité de l'Homme," p. 427.

* "Traité de l'Homme" (Cousin's Edition), p. 347.

upon the structural integrity of a particular region of the medulla oblongata, as much as the ticking of a clock depends upon the integrity of the escapement. You may take away the hands of a clock and break up its striking machinery, but it will still tick; and a man may be unable to feel, speak, or move, and yet he will breathe.

Again, in entire accordance with Descartes' affirmation, it is certain that the modes of motion which constitute the physical basis of light, sound, and heat, are transmuted into affections of nervous matter by the sensory organs; and these affections are, so to speak, a kind of physical ideas, which are retained in the central organs, constituting what might be called physical memory, and may be combined in a manner which answers to association and imagination, or may give rise to muscular contractions, in those "reflex actions" which are the mechanical representatives of volitions.

Consider what happens when a blow is aimed at the eye.* Instantly, and without our knowledge or will, and even against the will, the eyelids close. What is it that happens? A picture of the rapidly advancing fist is made upon the retina at the back of the eye. The retina changes this picture into an affection of a number of the fibres of the optic nerve; the fibres of the optic nerve affect certain parts of the brain; the brain in consequence affects those particular fibres of the seventh nerve which go to the orbicular muscle of the eyelids; the change in these nerve-fibres causes the muscular fibres to change their dimensions, so as to become shorter and broader; and the result is the closing of the slit between the two lids, round which these fibres are disposed. Here is a pure mechanism, giving rise to a purposive action, and strictly comparable to that by which Descartes supposes his waterwork Diana to be moved. But we may go further and inquire whether our volition, in what we term voluntary action, ever plays any other part than that of Descartes' engineer, sitting in his office, and turning this tap or the other as he wishes to set one or another machine in motion, but exercising no direct

influence upon the movements of the whole.

Our voluntary acts consist of two parts: firstly, we desire to perform a certain action; and, secondly, we somehow set a-going a machinery which does what we desire. But, so little do we directly influence that machinery, that nine-tenths of us do not even know its existence.

Suppose one wills to raise one's arm and whirl it round. Nothing is easier. But the majority of us do not know that nerves and muscles are concerned in this process; and the best anatomist among us would be amazingly perplexed, if he had to direct the succession, and the relative strength, of the multitudinous nerve-changes, which are the actual causes of this very simple operation.

So again in speaking. How many of us know that the voice is produced in the larynx, and modified by the mouth? How many among these instructed persons understand how the voice is produced and modified? And what living man, if he had unlimited control over all the nerves supplying the mouth and larynx of another person, could make him pronounce a sentence? Yet, if one has anything to say, what is easier than to say it? We desire the utterance of certain words: we touch the spring of the word-machine, and they are spoken. Just as Descartes' engineer, when he wanted a particular hydraulic machine to play, had only to turn a tap, and what he wished was done. It is because the body is a machine that education is possible. Education is the formation of habits, a superinducing of an artificial organization upon the natural organization of the body; so that acts, which at first required a conscious effort, eventually become unconscious and mechanical. If the act which primarily requires a distinct consciousness and volition of its details, always needed the same effort, education would be an impossibility.

According to Descartes, then, all the functions which are common to man and animals are performed by the body as a mere mechanism, and he looks upon consciousness as the peculiar distinction of the "*chose pensante*," as the "rational soul," which in man (and in man only, in Descartes' opinion) is superadded to

* Compare "Traité des Passions," Art. XIII. and XVI.

the body. This rational soul he conceived to be lodged in the pineal gland, as in a sort of central office, and here by the intermediation of the animal spirits it became aware of what was going on in the body, or influenced the operations of the body. Modern physiologists do not ascribe so high a function to the little pineal gland, but, in a vague sort of way, they adopt Descartes' principle, and suppose that the soul is lodged in the cortical part of the brain—at least this is commonly regarded as the seat and instrument of consciousness.

Descartes has clearly defined what he conceived to be the difference between spirit and matter. Matter is substance which has extension, but does not think; spirit is substance which thinks, but has no extension. It is very hard to form a definite notion of what this phraseology means, when it is taken in connection with the location of the soul in the pineal gland; and I can only represent it to myself as signifying that the soul is a mathematical point, having place but not extension, within the limits of the pineal gland. Not only has it place, but it must exert force; for, according to the hypothesis, it is competent, when it wills, to change the course of the animal spirits, which consist of matter in motion. Thus the soul becomes a centre of force. But, at the same time, the distinction between spirit and matter vanishes; inasmuch as matter, according to a tenable hypothesis, may be nothing but a multitude of centres of force. The case is worse if we adopt the modern vague notion that consciousness is seated generally in the gray matter of the cerebrum; for, as the gray matter has extension, that which is lodged in it must also have extension. And thus we are led, in another way, to lose spirit in matter.

In truth, Descartes' physiology, like the modern physiology of which it anticipates the spirit, leads straight to Materialism, so far as that title is rightly applicable to the doctrine that we have no knowledge of any thinking substance apart from extended substance, and that thought is as much a function of matter as motion is. Thus we arrive at the singular result that, of the two paths opened up to us in the "Discourse upon Method," the one leads, by way of

Berkeley and Hume, to Kant and Idealism; while the other leads, by way of De La Mettrie and Priestley, to modern physiology and Materialism.* Our stem divides into two main branches, which grow in opposite ways, and bear flowers which look as different as they can well be. But each branch is sound and healthy, and has as much life and vigor as the other.

If a botanist found this state of things in a new plant, I imagine that he might be inclined to think that his tree was monœcious—that the flowers were of different sexes, and that, so far from setting up a barrier between the two branches of the tree, the only hope of fertility lay in bringing them together. I may be taking too much of a naturalist's view of the case, but I must confess that this is exactly my notion of what is to be done with metaphysics and physics. Their differences are complementary, not antagonistic; and thought will never be completely fruitful until the one unites with the other. Let me try to explain what I mean. I hold, with the Materialist, that the human body, like all living bodies, is a machine, all the operations of which will sooner or later be explained on physical principles. I believe that we shall, sooner or later, arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat. If a pound weight falling through a distance of a foot gives rise to a definite amount of heat, which may properly be said to be its equivalent; the same pound weight falling through a foot on a man's hand gives rise to a definite amount of feeling, which might with equal propriety be said to be its equivalent in consciousness.† And as we already know that there is a certain parity between the

* Bouillier, into whose excellent "History of the Cartesian Philosophy" I had not looked when this passage was written, says very justly that Descartes "a mérité le titre de père de la physique, aussi bien que celui de père de la métaphysique moderne" (i. i. p. 197). See also Kuno Fischer's "Geschichte der neuen Philosophie," Bd. i.; and the very remarkable work of Lange, "Geschichte des Materialismus."—A good translation of the latter would be a great service to philosophy in England.

† For all the qualifications which need to be made here, I refer the reader to the thorough discussion of the nature of the relation between

intensity of a pain and the strength of one's desire to get rid of that pain; and secondly, that there is a certain correspondence between the intensity of the heat, or mechanical violence, which gives rise to the pain, and the pain itself; the possibility of the establishment of a correlation between mechanical force and volition becomes apparent. And the same conclusion is suggested by the fact that, within certain limits, the intensity of the mechanical force we exert is proportioned to the intensity of our desire to exert it.

Thus I am prepared to go with the Materialists wherever the true pursuit of the path of Descartes may lead them; and I am glad, on all occasions, to declare my belief that their fearless development of the materialistic aspect of these matters has had an immense and a most beneficial influence upon physiology and psychology. Nay more, when they go farther than I think they are entitled to do—when they introduce Calvinism into science and declare that man is nothing but a machine, I do not see any particular harm in their doctrines, so long as they admit that which is a matter of experimental fact—namely, that it is a machine capable of adjusting itself within certain limits.

I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to anybody who will take it of me. But when the Materialists stray beyond the borders of their path and begin to talk about there being nothing else in the universe but Matter and Force and Necessary Laws, and all the rest of their "grenadiers," I decline to follow them. I go back to the point from which we started, and to the other path of Descartes. I remind you that we have already seen clearly and distinctly, and in a manner which admits of no doubt, that all our knowledge is a knowledge of states of

nerve-action and consciousness in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," p. 115 *et seq.*

consciousness. "Matter" and "Force" are, so far as we can know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness. "Necessary" means that we cannot conceive the contrary. "Law" means a rule which we have always found to hold good, and which we expect always will hold good. Thus it is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world; and as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body. If I say that impenetrability is a property of matter, all that I can really mean is that the consciousness I call extension, and the consciousness I call resistance, constantly accompany one another. Why and how they are thus related is a mystery. And if I say that thought is a property of matter, all that I can mean is that, actually or possibly, the consciousness of extension and that of resistance accompany all other sorts of consciousness. But, as in the former case, why they are thus associated is an insoluble mystery.

From all this it follows that what I may term legitimate materialism, that is, the extension of the conceptions and of the methods of physical science to the highest as well as the lowest phenomena of vitality, is neither more nor less than a sort of shorthand Idealism; and Descartes' two paths meet at the summit of the mountain, though they set out on opposite sides of it.

The reconciliation of physics and metaphysics lies in the acknowledgment of faults upon both sides; in the confession by physics that all the phenomena of nature are, in their ultimate analysis, known to us only as facts of consciousness; in the admission by metaphysics, that the facts of consciousness are practically interpretable only by the methods and the formulæ of physics: and, finally, in the observance by both metaphysical and physical thinkers of Descartes' maxim—assent to no proposition the matter of which is not so clear and distinct that it cannot be doubted.

When you did me the honor to ask me to deliver this address, I confess I was perplexed what topic to select. For you are emphatically and distinctly a *Christian* body; while science and

philosophy, within the range of which lie all the topics on which I could venture to speak, are neither Christian nor Unchristian, but are Extra-christian, and have a world of their own, which, to use language which will be very familiar to your ears just now, is not only "unsectarian," but is altogether "secular." The arguments which I have put before you to-night, for example, are not inconsistent, so far as I know, with any form of theology.

After much consideration, I thought that I might be most useful to you, if I attempted to give you some vision of this Extra-christian world as it appears to a person who lives a good deal in it; and if I tried to show you by what methods the dwellers therein try to distinguish truth from falsehood, in regard to some of the deepest and most difficult problems that beset humanity, "in order to be clear about their actions and to walk surefootedly in this life," as Descartes says.

It struck me that if the execution of my project came anywhere near the conception of it, you would become aware that the philosophers and the men of science are not exactly what they are sometimes represented to you to be; and that their methods and paths do not lead so perpendicularly downwards, as you are occasionally told they do. And I must admit, also, that a particular and personal motive weighed with me,—namely, the desire to show that a certain discourse which brought a great storm about my head some time ago contained nothing but the ultimate development of the views of the father of modern philosophy. I do not know if I have been quite wise in allowing this last motive to weigh with me. They say that the most dangerous thing one can do in a thunderstorm is to helter one's self under a great tree, and the history of Descartes' life shows how narrowly he escaped being riven by the lightnings, which were more destructive in his time than in ours.

Descartes lived and died a good Catholic, and prided himself upon having demonstrated the existence of God and of the soul of man. As a reward for his exertions, his old friends the Jesuits put his works upon the "Index," and called him an atheist; while

the Protestant divines of Holland declared him to be both a Jesuit and an atheist. His books narrowly escaped being burned by the hangman; the fate of Vanini was dangled before his eyes; and the misfortunes of Galileo so alarmed him that he well-nigh renounced the pursuits by which the world has so greatly benefited, and was driven into subterfuges and evasions which were not worthy of him.

"Very cowardly," you may say; and so it was. But you must make allowance for the fact that, in the seventeenth century, not only did heresy mean possible burning, or imprisonment, but the very suspicion of it destroyed a man's peace, and rendered the calm pursuit of truth difficult or impossible. I fancy that Descartes was a man to care more about being worried and disturbed, than about being burned outright; and, like many other men, sacrificed for the sake of peace and quietness, what he would have stubbornly maintained against downright violence.

However this may be, let those who are sure they would have done better throw stones at him. I have no feelings but those of gratitude and reverence for the man who did what he did, when he did; and a sort of shame that any one should repine against taking a fair share of such treatment as the world thought good enough for him.

Finally, it occurs to me that, such being my feeling about the matter, it may be useful to all of us if I ask you, What is yours? Do you think that the Christianity of the seventeenth century looks nobler and more attractive for such treatment of such a man? You will hardly reply that it does. But if it does not, may it not be well if all of you do what lies within your power to prevent the Christianity of the nineteenth century from repeating the scandal?

There are one or two living men who, a couple of centuries hence, will be remembered as Descartes is now, because they have produced great thoughts which will live and grow as long as mankind lasts.

If the twenty-first century studies their history, it will find that the Christianity of the middle of the nineteenth century recognized them only as objects of vilifi-

cation. It is for you and such as you, Christian young men, to say whether this shall be as true of the Christianity of the future as it is of that of the present. I appeal to you to say "No," in your own interest, and in that of the Christianity you profess.

In the interest of science, no appeal is needful; as Dante sings of Fortune—

"Quest' è colei, ch'è tanto posta in croce
Pur da color, che le dovrian dar lode
Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce.
Ma ella s' è beata, e ciò non ode.
Con l' altre prime creature lieta
Volve sua spera, e beata si gode;"*

so, whatever evil voices may rage,
Science, secure among the powers that
are eternal, will do her work and be
blessed.

Cornhill Magazine.

PRINCE MOLESKINE'S CONSPIRACY.

A RUSSIAN SOCIALIST BUBBLE.

I.

AND so it was announced in all the newspapers of Paris, that Prince Moleskine, having seen all that there was to see in the Capital of capitals, was about to return to his own country to accept a high post under Government.

The journal which first spread the tidings was the world-known and fashionable *Gazette des Boulevards*. Thence the news was copied into most of the London papers, one of which, in the letter of its Paris correspondent, added a few particulars which I may as well transcribe *verbatim* :—

Prince Moleskine, that elegant and accomplished cavalier, with whom more than one of my lady-readers has certainly danced at the Court Balls of the Tuileries, is one of the wealthiest landowners of the Muscovite Empire. We must go back in recollection to the magnificent era of the Grand Monarque to find in France anything approaching in splendor to the estate and château of Moleskine. I, who frequently dine with the Prince at his sumptuous mansion in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, can speak, from experience, of the exquisite urbanity of my noble host, of the delicate and *recherché* fare of his table, and of the never-ceasing flow of affability and wit, which makes the banquets of the Hôtel Moleskine recall the dazzling feasts of Alcibiades and Lucullus. But what pen can worthily describe the ancestral domain of the Moleskines, situated on the River Kama, in the Province of Tcheremiss, and extending so far in its fertile expanse of field and pasture, wood and hill, that it would need the swiftest horseman seven days to traverse it? Ah reader mine! let those who will rejoice over the Revolution of 1793 and gloat over the downfall of the fairest nobility in Europe, but suf-

fer—yes, suffer—one whom party prejudice has never blinded, nor republican fallacies deceived, to give a short sigh of regret to those courtly times when chivalrous France—the France of Saint Denis, the lilies, the oriflamme, and the white banner—was not obliged to look abroad to behold baronial castles and princely manors. Up, shades of Robespierre and Marat! Up, rabble sans-culottes! and chuckle over your work! What are the riches of the wealthiest of your nobles, now—of a Montmorency, of a Luynes, of a La-rochefoucauld—as compared with the wealth of Prince Moleskine? Like that scion of the House of Esterhazy, who, in reply to the British nobleman who had boasted of having three thousand sheep, answered calmly: "And I, my lord, have three thousand shepherds," so likewise could Monsieur de Moleskine say to the wealthiest of France's degenerate nobles: "For every acre of land you possess, I own a village; for every cottage, a farm; for every farm, a palace!" Ah! gentlemen of the nineteenth century! Ah! citizen-bourgeois! you have fallen upon fine times, when the state and luxury that were wont to find their homes on the banks of the Seine have taken refuge on the frozen shores of the Neva! No wonder the Boyard Moleskine should be impatient to return to his own land. No wonder he should yearn to be rid of our pinchbeck civilization, with its cheap restaurants, cheap politicians, cheap coats, and cheap talents! He must feel himself stifling in this paltry, middling atmosphere of ours. *Bon voyage*, Prince! my

* "And this is she who's put on cross so much,
Even by them who ought to give her praise,
Giving her wrongly ill repute and blame.
But she is blessed, and she hears not this:
She, with the other primal creatures, glad
Revolves her sphere, and blessed joys herself."
Inferno, vii. 90—95 (W. M. Rossetti's
Translation).

respectful sympathies are with you; my best, most deferential wishes will follow you.

This effusion was much relished by the readers of the paper in question, who almost felt as if they knew the Boyard themselves upon hearing him alluded to so familiarly. It is not very certain, by the bye, whether the versatile correspondent just quoted had really ever sat in person at Prince Moleskine's table; but, if he had not, it is of no great consequence. A writer whose occupations take him constantly into the *Grande Monde* is naturally too well bred to draw any distinction between the houses where he has actually dined and those where he would like to dine. His account of the Russian Prince was read by a countless number of good-natured folk, who imbibed it all as gospel truth, and fell to wondering naively whether the Prince's estate was as big as Yorkshire, or as big as Yorkshire and Lancashire both together. The women opined that it must be in size and beauty something like the Principality of Wales, and, though some of them marvelled that the high-toned journalist should call Paris a city of cheap restaurants, yet they thought it quite natural that a man who had such a prodigiously fine property as the Prince should find the French capital rather small, and should be in a hurry to get home again. Amongst those of the Paris public, however, who were not indebted for their acquaintance with Russia or with Prince Moleskine to imaginative "Own Correspondents," a quite different version prevailed as to the Prince's reasons for departing. It was pretty well known in the clubs and drawing-rooms which the Prince frequented, that he was in not the slightest haste to be off—nay, that, far from condemning our pinchbeck civilization with its cheap coats, cheap talents, &c., he had the highest opinion both of the civilization and of the coats, and would gladly have remained in Paris until the end of his days, but for the awkward fact that he had run through every rouble of his money, and could no longer afford to live in our atmosphere, paltry and middling though it might be.

As for the ancestral domain of the Moleskines situated on the river Kama, in the Province of Tcheremiss, and ex-

tending so wide that no horseman could cross it in seven days, the Prince himself was the first to laugh at it: "For," said he, ruefully, "it is true enough that it would take a horseman a week to ride through my estate, but the reason is, that there is not a road in the place, and that half the property is composed of quagmires. And as regards the farms and villages," added he more ruefully still, "I daresay something might be made of them in good hands, but up to the present I have never been able to persuade my tenants to pay their rents, so that I do not think I should be much the worse off without them."

"Then you mean to say you are entirely ruined, my poor Prince?" observed the young Count de Lamotte de Bœurre, examining his friend compassionately through his eyeglass.

"Very nearly," answered the Prince, twirling a cigarette with melancholy composure. "Six years of Paris, London, Baden, and Homburg have run through all my stock of ready money. My agent writes to say he can't raise another kopeck, so that unless I manage to get a place out of Government, I must shut myself up on my estate, and eke out an existence on our national *tatchi*, or cabbage-soup."

"That won't last long!" interposed the joyous Marquis de l'Aumelette-Soufflée: "you will point out to your tenantry the reciprocal advantages of Quarter Day, and, when you have enlightened their understanding and eased their purses, come back to us here in better spirits and stouter than ever."

"Mercury, the God of rent, hear you!" replied Prince Moleskine piously. "Though how to touch the understanding of a Russian peasant, now that our holy father the Czar has abolished the knout, I confess seems to me a mystery."

The foregoing conversation was being held in a saloon of the Café Anglais preparatory to one of the five or six farewell suppers which Prince Moleskine intended giving to different batches of his friends before bidding adieu to France. He was not in a particularly festive mood—no Russian ever is when about to return to his native land—but he did the honors of his table with a becoming show of unconcern, and towards 2 A.M.,

when the product of Madame Clicquot's vines had been round some ten or eleven times, rallied sufficiently to take a hopeful view of his position. He had an uncle who was Cabinet Minister at St. Petersburg, a statesman of the old Russian school, strong upon protocols, and devoted to the interests of his family. He had never kept up much intimacy with this relative, whom, to tell the truth, he had always considered a bore; but he resolved that, on the next day, he would despatch him a few Mayence hams, a Strasburg pie or two, and a case of *Château Lafite*. These delicacies would be sure to soften the Minister's heart, and might enable him to discover some snug sinecure where his nephew would be spared the humiliation of eating cabbage-soup and the painful necessity of retrenchment. Pleased enough with himself for having imagined this plan, Prince Moleskine adjourned with his friends to the club of the Rue Royale to finish the night—or, rather, to begin the morning—with a little *trente et quarante* at five napoleons the stake. When he returned home, precisely as the big bell of Notre Dame tolled six o'clock, he was still in a sanguine vein. He had lost three thousand francs, but this was a trifle. He remembered some fine sinecures under the Russian Government, which were worth ten or twelve thousand roubles a year, and he felt, no doubt, that his uncle would have the good taste to put him in possession of one of them.

A few hours later, however, when Prince Moleskine had slept, dreamed, got up, and breakfasted, he found himself out of sorts and despondent again. The morning's post had brought him a budget of letters from friends who had seen announced his departure in the papers, and wrote, some to condole with him and others to congratulate him on that high post under Government, which he was popularly supposed to have obtained. There were a good many tradesmen's bills, too, and these were not calculated to raise his spirits; for a man never sees so clearly how foolish a thing it is to ruin himself as when he contemplates the memoranda of his purveyors, and asks himself how much real enjoyment he has had for his money. As the Prince desired that his exit from Paris

should be as dignified as possible—in other words, as he had no wish to go off clandestinely with the reputation of being beggared, he had appointed a fixed date for settling his debts and leaving France; and, upon consulting his almanac, he now perceived that he had only six days left him. He took up a packet of visiting-cards and sat down to write in the corner of each of them, very moodily and reluctantly, the letters P. P. C. It is incredible how sorrowfully a Russian traces these letters when he is anywhere west of the Danube. And yet in Russia, as elsewhere, small boys are taught the virtue of patriotism; and Prince Moleskine, when at school, had been made to write from copy-book texts: "*Moscovia is the pearl of nations. Our Czar is the Father of his people.*"

Towards four o'clock, having dressed himself and filled his card-case, Prince Moleskine put a cigar into his mouth and went out on foot to take a turn down the Boulevards. The air of the Boulevards is the quintessence of that Parisian atmosphere which Russians so love, and which poor Prince Moleskine had but a week more to breathe. Besides, on this occasion he had a particular object in selecting this walk. He possessed a good many literary and artistic acquaintances whom he wished to invite to his farewell suppers; and the Boulevards are a place where every Parisian who holds a pen or a pencil may be seen on business or otherwise between four and six.

As the Prince debouched on to the Boulevard des Italiens, the pavements and cafés were teeming with bustle. It was just the hour when the evening papers come out, and when editors and journalists, delighted to have got their work over, desert the dozens of offices in the Rue du Croissant and the Rue Montmartre, and spread in thirsty hordes along the whole line of thoroughfare between the Théâtre des Variétés and the Grand Hôtel. It should be mentioned, by the way, that a wonderful amount of good-fellowship exists between French journalists, notwithstanding the spirit with which they abuse each other from the columns of their respective papers. The fact that the *Feuille de Chou* is at daggers drawn

with the *Feuille de Radis* does not prevent the writers of those interesting prints from fraternizing very amicably when they have wiped their pens. They sit cheek by jowl in the same cafés; and though the *Feuille de Chou* has frequently accused the *Feuille de Radis* of being supported out of the secret-service funds, and though the *Feuille de Radis* has retorted the accusation with bitter irony, yet the combatants seem to think none the worse of one another, and will often take their absinthe peacefully and like good Christians at the same table.

Prince Moleskine had not walked far when he ran almost into the arms of a small, dapper man, who was scurrying along at a racing speed with a glass in his left eye, and a large bundle of papers under his arm.

"I beg your pardon," said the latter rather testily, in the tone of one whose meaning is "Confound you!" and he was about to start off again when, catching sight of the Prince's face, his own features cleared, and he exclaimed, holding out his hand:—"Oh, it's you, Prince. How do you do? You see before you one of the most unlucky men in Christendom."

"Unlucky, my dear Monsieur Roquet!" answered the Prince, laughing. "I can hardly believe that; I always see you so cheerful. What's the matter?"

"Ah! yes, unlucky and indignant too," continued the little man, beginning to gesticulate. "Look here!" and he drew from amidst his papers a long proof-slip covered with corrections. "I declare it's infamous," he cried, "infamous and disgusting. There's no living in such a country as this any longer. But, stay, we shall be able to talk better in a café. Come along: here are two seats vacant."

And, without further ceremony, the little M. Roquet, who appeared very friendly with Prince Moleskine, pushed him towards one of the tables outside the *Café Riche*, and shouted to a waiter to bring two glasses of absinthe.

"We can talk at our ease here," he proceeded, laying down his papers, and gabbling so fast that his words appeared to jostle and run over each other in issuing from his mouth. "I've told you already it's infamous and disgusting, and

I repeat it. This is not a civilized country; we're worse off than you, Prince; Siberia's nothing to it. Ah! the brigands, with their press laws, and fines and imprisonments, and judges sold by the pack! Thought is fettered, sir; our tongues are padlocked, our pens loaded with chain-shot! You don't believe it? You smile! Look at this, then, and see. I've never written a better article than this in my whole life. It's brilliant, caustic, witty. Oh, yes, witty: for I know my merits, and I'm not ashamed to own them. It's the wittiest thing that's been printed for this many a day; for, betwixt you and me, there's not a man in France that can hold a candle to me in irony; and yet you perceive how the simpletons have hacked it about! And who do you imagine it is who has done this? Who, should you think, has been Vandal enough to run his pen through such passages as this, and this one again, and that one there? The Censorship? Not a bit of it; there is no censorship for papers. The editor? No, for I am the editor. Who then? Why, the proprietor, Prince, my own partner, my friend—hang him! Yes, you stare! No wonder, so did I. Isn't it enough to make one go mad and tear one's hair, and howl and emigrate to the end of the earth, and found a newspaper amongst the crabs and tadpoles?"

The little man stopped to take breath, gulped down a large draught of absinthe, and then started off again like an express train, his two eyes gleaming with the brightness of a couple of lanterns, and his voice growing shrill and sharp as an engine-whistle.

"But all this is just my luck, Prince. Fortune has played tricks with me ever since I was fool enough to buy an ink-pot, a pen, and a ream of paper. Never yet have I met with an editor whom I could convert to my views. Every one of them, without exception, has grown scared, shied, and finally thrown me over. The first I wrote under was poor Griffon—he's dead now, and I'm sorry for it, for I bear no malice. Before I had been a fortnight on his paper, I got him six months' imprisonment, and the printer two. They ought both to have been uncommonly grateful, for it established the success of their business, and made the paper sell like bread in famine

time. But they weren't. When Griffon was sentenced, he said: 'If it was you who had the imprisonment, Roquet, I should see no objection; but, you've got off with six days; and what with fine expenses, and fees for defence, this affair has cost the paper 20,000 francs. Try and see if you can't tone down a little.' Of course I made an effort to do what he called 'tone down,' but I couldn't manage it. He used to shred my articles into ribbons. 'That'll never do,' said I. 'I'm a Republican, and must speak plain.' 'So am I a Republican,' answered Griffon; 'but that's no reason why I should ram my head against a stone wall. Our press laws are too hard for us, man; you must keep clear of them. It's a suicidal plan to tilt headlong against them as you're doing.' Well, the upshot of it was, that Griffon and I parted, and I went over to a new paper that had just been founded. I remained there exactly six weeks, and then an article of mine got the paper suppressed. The proprietor and editor cursed as I've never heard men curse before or since; so that I got disgusted and sent them both a challenge. We fought with pistols. I winged the proprietor, but got winged by the editor, and we had a month's imprisonment all round for fighting. I don't believe they were true Republicans, though; I suspect they were subsidized by the police. The editor used to cut the most telling hits out of my papers, and the article that sent us into court would never have crept in at all, had he not been absent the day it appeared. After this, I went about from paper to paper, but it was everywhere the same. My style was too sharp for them. Egad! I was not the man to mince matters. If Government had a sore place anywhere, I laid my finger on it at once, and made them shriek. The Ministers hated me like pitch. They tried to buy me. They had a special and particular spy to dog me about. Ah! you don't know what are the persecutions that a man of genius has to suffer in spreading the holy light of truth! But dear Republic!" (here the little M. Roquet uncovered himself). "I bore it all for thy sake. Yes; one of these days when thou hast broken the sceptre of the usurper in thy strong fair hands; when thou hast shat-

tered the throne into faggots to make fire for the poor; when the palace of the tyrant has become an asylum for the homeless sick, and the drum of the prætorian no longer beats in our streets to remind us of our slavery; then—yes, then, thou wilt remember how thy devoted child endured affliction for thee, how he loved thee, how he proclaimed thee, even in the face of the myrmidons of oppression, to be ever sacred, beautiful, and peerless!"

M. Roquet delivered this apostrophe with the same volubility as if he had learned it all out of a book. A stranger hearing him for the first time might have fancied the honest little man's absinthe was too strong for him; but the Prince, who appeared to know him well, listened with quiet attention, and made no effort to interrupt him.

"And now," went on M. Roquet, taking a new gulp out of his glass, and catching up his mangled proof again—"And now you want to know what this is. Look at these erasures, Prince; look here, and look there, and tell me whether you don't think, upon your honor and conscience, that a man who could have marked out such passages must be sold to the police. The man who did it is Potiron, my partner; for I scorn now to call him my friend. Six months ago, seeing that the Government and all the editors together were in league against me, I went to Potiron, who was once a grocer, and has money, and proposed that we should found a paper together. He was to find the funds and I the talent. Said I, 'You'll be aiding in a glorious work, and you'll have tickets for all the theatres gratis; my name will soon raise the circulation to fifty thousand, and we'll share the profits.' Nothing could be fairer, and Potiron accepted. *La Carmagnole* came out, price three sous, and with me as editor. The first week we sold ten thousand, the next week twenty, the third week Potiron and I were in prison; but I edited the paper all the same at Sainte Pélagie, and the circulation went on rising and rising until we had reached fifty thousand, and the Government was half crazy. Well, would you believe it, Potiron was no sooner out of prison than he declared he had had enough of it? It is true we had had forty thou-

sand francs' worth of fines laid upon us in instalments; but what of that? weren't we suffering for the good cause? I put it in this light to Potiron, and appealed to his manliness. But he said, 'Damn the good cause! if it goes on in this way I shall be ruined.' And this morning, when I came down to the office, what should I see but a barrister, whom the poltroon had hired to revise my writings and see that there was nothing actionable in them? You observe what a fine hash the two between them have made of my article; there's not a sentence they've left untouched. By heaven! they've pared down my ideas until there's not so much as the rind remaining of them. But this was too much. I lost patience. I told Potiron to his face that I had found him out; that he was in the pay of the Rue de Jérusalem; and that he was playing into the hands of despotism. I threw down my keys—for I can no longer associate with venal individuals whom I despise—and here I am."

"And what are you going to do now?" asked the Prince.

"To-morrow morning, at six o'clock, I am going to fight Potiron in the Bois de Vincennes, with foils," answered M. Roquet, simply. "After that I think I shall go abroad for a year or two, and travel. France is not a country where a man of large views, like me, can live. The eternal truths of liberalism are trampled down on our shores. Genius writes its leading articles with a sergent-de-ville on its right hand and a gendarme on its left. I am sick of it; I must have change of scene. I must try and forget that my country has given birth to such men as Potiron."

"What do you say to coming with me to Russia?" asked Prince Moleskine, smiling.

"Ah!" exclaimed the little journalist, looking up enthusiastically, "that's an idea! Russia is a virgin soil—at least, virgin for such a purpose as mine. The seeds of liberty have never been scattered there; the whole intellect of the nation lies fallow. I might found a paper, title, *The Harbinger*—harbinger of truth, you know; price ten kopecks, published weekly in French, with cheap edition in Russian for the native workmen. You provide the funds and I furnish the talent."

"But," expostulated the Prince, who had not expected to be taken at his word, and was as much astonished as amused at the small man's earnestness—"But, my dear Monsieur Roquet, you will find gendarmes and police spies as plentiful in my country as here, and even more so: our press laws, too, are much less pleasant than yours."

"Ah, yes, but there will be the glory of apostleship. Do you count for nothing the triumphs of John Huss, of Savonarola, of Luther? the pride of being the first to spread light among a benighted people! I shall send my name down to posterity in the annals of your national history, Prince; and I shall write a book in three volumes on the social condition of Russia, octavo size, bound in red, price five francs, six editions in the first month."

He had already drawn a pencil from his pocket and was rapidly making an inventory of the things he was likely to want for his journey. M. Roquet was one of those men whose brains appear to be perpetually simmering, like the kettles of Cornish housewives. He bounced about with the restless activity of a fly in a drum. As soon as he had a scheme in his mind—and he had about twenty a day—he was for putting it into execution at once, and it cost him no more hesitation to set off for Russia at a week's notice than it would have done to go on a pleasure trip to St. Cloud or Asnières. There was no question about his being a man of talent; but his talent was of that peculiar sort which is always getting its possessor into trouble. All government would be impossible if there were many such good-natured, wayward, feather-brained subjects as he. Opposition to constituted authority was with him a creed, as well as an instinct. Had France been governed by a Royalty he would have been an Imperialist; as it happened to be ruled by an Emperor, he was a Republican. Very conscientious withal, he had fought half-a-dozen duels with brother journalists who had taunted him with having no settled convictions, and he would have fought half-a-dozen more had anybody ventured to insinuate that he was bigotedly devoted to any particular party. Everybody in Paris knew him, and most people liked him, for he was generous with his money,

wrote very drolly, and praised himself with so much naiveness that it was impossible to suspect his good faith. In his private conviction he esteemed himself not only the first journalist in France but the first in Europe; and the Government had done not a little to foster this opinion in his mind by the foolish way in which they had persecuted him. It was, perhaps, a failing in M. Roquet that he looked upon all who were not of his way of thinking as police spies; but we are none of us perfect. Taken all in all, he was a pleasant tempered, obstinate, kind-hearted fellow, and the fact that he always took the part of oppressed factions was proof enough that, whatever may have been his other defects, truckling to people in power was not one of them.

The Prince had frequently met him out, and thought him amusing and quaint; but the idea of taking a journey across Europe in the company of such a man was not one he seriously entertained, and he began to grow somewhat alarmed on observing how firmly the notion had seized hold of his excited friend's imagination. He tried to throw out a few hints as to the uncivilized character of the Russian police and the utter want of ceremony displayed by the Czar's Government in its relations with subversive prints; but this in nowise damped the little man's ardor. "Oh," said he, with a wave of the hand, "forewarned is forearmed. I know I shall be persecuted: so was Alexander Herzen, who founded the *Kolokol*, but after all what do I care? They won't suppress me at once; and before I am compelled to hold my tongue I shall have made my name as famous among your poor *moujiks* as it is among our own unfortunate, down-trodden proletaries."

(Proletary, by the way, was the word M. Roquet invariably employed in alluding to the working classes. His readers of the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Quartier Mouffetard felt rather flattered by it. They fancied it was a synonym for "injured innocents," and it is not very certain M. Roquet did not think so too; he found little time to consult dictionaries.)

"But I have an uncle who is a Minister," ejaculated the Prince, looking rather blank, "and I am afraid he would not

thank me, Monsieur Roquet, if he knew I was connected with an opposition paper."

"I am glad you've an uncle who is a Minister," rejoined the journalist, complacently; "for that will save us from flea-bite vexations. Open persecution I don't mind, but petty annoyances, such as the police heap upon one here, always puts me out of temper. It's well to have a friend in a high place; he acts as lightning conductor. As to your uncle not liking the opposition, that, of course, is prejudice; we'll write him out of it, we'll convert him to our side. By the way, where do you live?"

"In the most desolate spot of all Russia," groaned Prince Moleskine, hoping to disenchant his tenacious friend. "I am two hundred and fifty leagues from a railway station. The postman only comes near us once every ten days. There's not a man who can speak French within a week's journey of me."

"That's capital," exclaimed little M. Roquet, rubbing his hands. "To be sure, I should have been glad to publish *The Harbinger* at St. Petersburg, but I shall learn more of Russian life by being right in the centre of a peasant district. Besides, if we are so far away from a railway station, I shall be able to bring out a dozen numbers or so of the paper before the Government hears anything about it. I suppose there's a printing-press in one or other of the country towns near you? I'll write the paper and you shall translate it into Russian. A dozen numbers will be enough to revolutionize the whole district. Egad! we'll have a rising like those of Stenka-Razin and Pougatcheff. The other provinces will take fire. There will be some fighting, castle-burning, a general insurrection of the peasantry; the Government will be frightened into giving reform, and perhaps a constitution, and you and I shall both have a statue. Waiter! two more glasses of absinthe."

"You go and be hanged," Prince Moleskine felt tempted to say, but he refrained himself, and remarked grimly, "I see you are bent on it, my dear Monsieur Roquet; but I warn you it's a dreary hole, and the cookery is detestable; we shall have nothing to eat but cabbage-soup."

"Prince," rejoined the small journalist,

drawing himself up to his full height and laying his hand on his heart, "I am the son of my own works. My father sold shoestrings at a street corner, and many's the time when I've gone to bed without so much as a crust of bread under my waistcoat. Do you think the fact of being obliged to eat cabbage-soup would deter me from undertaking the regeneration of a country? The Spartans lived on rancid broth and black bread, and yet Sparta begat Lycurgus and Leonidas."

"But I'm not of your opinion in politics," protested Prince Moleskine, getting desperate; "I'm not a republican."

"No, I don't suppose you are," rejoined M. Roquet, indulgently, "for I don't suspect you've any political opinions at all as yet. You're a Prince, you're not thirty years old and you've been amusing yourself all your life; what can you possibly know of politics? But I'll instruct you. I'll prove you that my doctrines are the only ones compatible with common sense, and you'll soon fall in with my views, for I observe you've a fair amount of intelligence."

After this flattering prediction there was nothing for it but to give in. Prince Moleskine shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Well, I start on Thursday next," he said.

"I shall be ready," answered the journalist. "Here's the list of things I shall want; I am going to order them to-night."

"You seem to make very light of your duel with M. Potiron," observed the Prince, good-humoredly, as he rose to go. "Mind he doesn't run his foil through your plans!"

"No danger," answered M. Roquet. "He can't fence: we shan't hurt each other. By the way, I've not sent him my seconds yet: will you be one? And yet no," he added, quickly: "you're a nobleman—it wouldn't do. If my poor proletarians were to hear that I asked a Prince to second me, they'd fancy I had turned my coat."

"But what will they say, then, when they learn that you have gone to Russia with me?"

"Oh, in your country it doesn't matter, East of the Vistula every gentleman is a

prince. Besides, who knows? we may convert Russia into a republic. Masaniello turned Naples upside down, and he was less of a man than I am."

Upon this the small journalist shook hands confidentially with the Boyard, and hurried away in the direction of the Rue Montmartre to hunt up two seconds, whilst Prince Moleskine, considerably astonished at the results of his afternoon's walk, strolled off to Chevet's to order some Mayence hams and some Strasbourg pies for his uncle the Minister.

II.

A fortnight later the two fellow-travellers were at St. Petersburg. We have not wasted time by describing the farewell entertainments which the Prince gave his friends, nor the exemplary manner in which he paid all his bills, nor the regrets with which his tradesmen saw him depart, nor the graphic style in which the fashionable reporters descanted on his splendid estate in the province of Teheremiss, and the yet more splendid post which the Government of his country had begged him to accept. We have not dwelt, either, on the duel, in which M. Jean-Jacques Roquet wounded M. Théophile Potiron in the fleshy part of the leg, and was himself transfixed by that gentleman through the fleshy part of the right arm. All these events were duly chronicled by the *Gazettes*, most of which furthermore stated that M. Jean-Jacques Roquet had accompanied Prince Moleskine to Russia to enjoy the pastime of bear-hunting, a sport in which he was known to be proficient. Our friend, the Paris correspondent, wrote to his paper as follows:—

I see that some of your contemporaries edit an absurd rumor that the Russian Boyard Moleskine has been ruined, and is leaving Paris for economical reasons. You may deny this on my authority; there is not a word of truth in it. I was dining with the Prince last night, and he assured me that his crops had been excellent and that sales of his short-horns (the Prince is a great cattle-breeder) were better this year than they had ever been before. He also gave me some valuable information as to the policy of Russia in the Himalaya question, which I reserve for another letter. The Prince was very pressing in his invitation to me to come and take a

month's bear-shooting with him, but, of course, I was obliged to decline this. I am expected at the palace of Compiègne next week, and could not for the world disappoint my august Host and Hostess. You may insert confidently that the post to which Prince Moleskine has been appointed is that of High Archi-Chamberlain to H. I. H. the Grand Duchess Basilika-Petrowna; I have it from the Prince's own lips. Prince Moleskine is accompanied to Russia by a brilliant and distinguished circle of friends who are going to enjoy his hospitality. Amongst them, I quote from memory, the Duke de G—, the Duke de H—, the witty Count de X—, and my friend the celebrated journalist Jean-Jacques Roquet, who has promised me a bear-skin.

Whilst these veracious particulars were being set up in print, Prince Moleskine and his companion were being whirled across the Continent, dreaming very little of bear-shooting. The enterprising M. Roquet had set out on his journey with his arm in a sling, and with an imposing quantity of luggage. When once the train had started, he informed his friend that one of his boxes was full of works on political economy, and that another contained a small portable printing-machine, bought in case there should be any difficulty in finding a printer for *The Harbinger*. This said, he lost no time in beginning the political education of the Prince, and treated him to vivid running commentaries on the manners, customs, institutions, and future prospects of the different peoples through whose countries they were passing. He was not effectually silenced until the Polish frontier, where the custom-house officers, notwithstanding his indignant protests, confiscated his printing-machine, his box of works on political economy, a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which he carried in his hand for desultory reading, the manuscript of a novel of his three parts finished, and a copy of the *Journal des Débats*, discovered by one of the officials in the tail-pocket of his coat. As he made a good deal of noise at first, and talked of liberty, the rights of man, and other odd things, a functionary took down his name in a note-book, and telegraphed it to St. Petersburg; so that poor M. Roquet, who had been exceedingly glum during the last four-and-twenty hours of his journey, found a gentleman in a braided cap on the look-

out for him when he reached the capital, and was followed to his hotel by this attentive person, who was good enough to dog him wherever he went for the first few days after his arrival. As ill-luck would have it, the two travellers alighted in St. Petersburg on a day when there was a grand review of troops. The hotel where they put up was the best in the Newski Prospect; and M. Jean-Jacques Roquet, as he looked out of his window, beheld the entire length of that enormous thoroughfare, as well as the whole of the immense square of St. Isaac, filled with compact masses of soldiery marching in full uniform, and with a stiffness which only Russian warriors have, to the Imperial Park, where the reviews take place. There might have been fifty thousand soldiers or more, and very tough they looked. "Dear me!" muttered M. Roquet, "that's an amazing number of men, isn't it?" "Oh, that's nothing," answered Prince Moleskine, significantly. "It's not half the garrison of St. Petersburg." And upon this M. Roquet could not help thinking that he had perhaps made an unfortunate choice in selecting Russia as the birthplace of his *Harbinger*.

By the way of acquainting himself with the periodical literature of the country he asked for a native paper, and a waiter in red plush breeches and a laced coat brought him up on a silver tray the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, in the chief column of which he read this:—

The day before yesterday His Imperial Majesty the Czar deigned to go out shooting in the woods of Czarskoe-Selo, and met with an accident, the branch of a tree falling on his august head and prostrating him to the earth. Dr. Oiloff, the court physician, was at once on the spot, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to allow his head to be rubbed with an embrocation, after which he deigned to feel better, and by the end of the day was graciously pleased to feel no more pain at all.

Whilst the French journalist was occupied, very much to his stupefaction, in conning over this and other like paragraphs, Prince Moleskine was getting ready for a visit to his uncle. Out of courtesy he had sent to the Minister's mansion immediately on his arrival to beg the favor of an audience, and had received the verbal reply, that he might

come when he pleased. This seemed to him kind, for it does not take much to set a man hoping; and he started out rather cheerfully, attired in a dress-coat, white gloves, and a white cravat, as if he were going to the opera. The broad, empty, wind-swept streets of St. Petersburg had, however, an unconscionably bleak look to him as he rolled through them in the rumbling landau of his hotel. He mentally compared the shabby crazy *droschkis* plying for hire down the roadway, the dirty, howling, bearded *isvostshicks*, the small, greasy tea-shops, and the dumpy, hard-featured Russian tradeswomen, with the smart cabs, coachmen, cafés, and shopkeepers of the pleasant city he had just left, and he prayed from the depths of his heart that his powerful relative might have some lucrative post to dispose of which would enable him—Prince Moleskine—to live six or seven months a year out of his native land—pearl of nations though it was. At his uncle's mansion, in front of which were two mounted sentries armed to the teeth, Prince Moleskine was kept an hour and a half in an anteroom; after that twenty minutes in a corridor; and it was not until he had seen some two score petitioners of various degree file before him that his own turn came. An usher with a gold chain round his neck led him silently down a long succession of passages, and showed him into a large, warmly carpeted room, where a thin man with gold spectacles and a face wrinkled like a baked apple, was writing letters at a table, and looking uncommonly sour and sulky.

Prince Moleskine had not seen his uncle, Prince Shepskine, for seven or eight years, and was a few seconds recognizing the unaffectionate individual who did not so much as hold out a hand to him, but addressed him abruptly in a snappish tone without even looking up from his papers.

"So you've come back to Russia, have you, Paul-Petrowich,* and you've run through your last rouble of course, else I shouldn't see you here? I bet a

thousand ounces of gold to a brass kopeck that you've called to ask me for a place!"

This was as unsatisfactory a commencement as could have been imagined. Prince Moleskine had expected something quite different. He stammered, blushed red, and looked foolish.

"Don't try and tell a lie," pursued the statesman, taking a pinch of snuff. "Lies are in excessively bad taste, especially when they are useless. When I saw your Strasburg pies last week, I said Paul Petrowich will follow soon after, and sure enough here you are. Now, what is it you want me to do?"

Paul Petrowich, who had not been prepared for such a summary method of conducting the conversation, found nothing to answer, and gazed fixedly at his own hat.

The Minister eyed him with apparent curiosity for a moment or two, then took out a roll of parchment from a drawer in his table, and pushed it towards his nephew:

"There," said he: "I knew you'd be here soon, so I made out your appointment on the day the pies came. You will be good enough to start to-morrow, and alone, please, for you've brought a jackanapes of a Frenchman with you, who had better go back to his country without loss of time. Your place is a very good one: Deputy-governor of Leghis, in the Caucasus. The salary is not large, but the emoluments are worth five or six times the actual pay; and if you're clever,—which I don't believe you are, by the way, else you'd have married a girl with money, and not come back begging places of Government;—if you're clever, I say, you ought to build up your fortune again in a few years' time, and then we'll make a Governor of you."

"The Caucasus!" exclaimed Prince Moleskine, who had turned pale at the dreaded name and was staring blankly at the parchment. "But you really can't be in earnest, sir; it's as bad as sending me to Siberia!"

"Do you mean to say you refuse?" asked the Minister, in a tone of anger and surprise.

"I can never go to the Caucasus," said the young man doggedly; "your excellency knows you would never have gone

* Paul Petrowich means "Paul, son of Peter." Russians always address each other in this way, that is, by adding the name of a person's father to his, or her, own Christian name. In speaking to a woman, one would say, "Paulina-Petrowna," i. e. "Pauline, daughter of Peter."

there yourself, had you been in my place, and I in yours. What is the use of being born in the nineteenth century if one is to eke out one's days amongst a herd of cut-throat barbarians? Frankly, sir, I should not have troubled you if I had foreseen such an offer as this."

"Confound you, you forget to whom you're speaking!" shouted the little apple-faced statesman with indignation.

"No, I know I am speaking to my uncle," answered Prince Moleskine naively, "though I confess you have shown little feeling of kinship for me in this circumstance. All our other relatives have been enriched by you. It would have cost you nothing to give me a good place. It isn't out of your purse that the salaries are paid." The poor fellow's disappointment was so keen that he was uttering his thoughts with a frankness upon which he would never have ventured had he taken time to reflect what a very sorry helpmate is plain speaking.

"Hark you, my nephew," said the Minister, throwing a furious glance at the young man, "I advise you to keep a look-out over that tongue of yours, otherwise it will be getting you into trouble. What have you ever done for me, I should like to know, that I should take you in hand, and enrich you? I am not speaking here of affection, for affection is a commodity which we Ministers learn to dispense with. But you might have been of use to me. A man with the fortune and position which you had, can always make himself serviceable, even when he throws his money out of the window. You have been six years in Paris and have been spending at the rate of a million francs a year. What have you to show for your money? Have you a single friendship that can help either of us, have you acquired a grain of influence in diplomatic circles, have you taken a lead in French society and made yourself a name, have you secured any allies for me in the Paris press? God knows you could have coaxed half the journalists of the capital over to our side had you chosen to try! But no, you have made a fool of yourself, and that is all. I have watched you narrowly; you have never laid out a sou that can bring you in any

interest. You have stupidly frittered away every kopeck of a fortune that could have made you one of the most popular gentlemen of Europe had you invested it adroitly. Your habitual associates have been simpletons; you have never courted the society of respectable women, so that there is not a drawing-room in Paris where you can be said to have any footing. If I send you back to France as secretary of legation, or to one of the small courts of Germany as envoy, we should both of us be laughed at, for you enjoy the reputation of being a noodle. Here is this Himalaya question in which we are involved. Is there a single newspaper in Paris that would publish a leading article for you, taking our view of the case? No, the whole Paris press is dead against us; the only intimate acquaintance you seem to have amongst journalists is this crack-brained M. Roquet, who has so high an opinion of your intelligence that he hopes to make a red republican of you after a few weeks' intercourse."

"And what if he does? I don't think I have much inducement to be an Imperialist," muttered Prince Moleskine, bitterly, though he marvelled that his uncle should be so well informed as to the designs of the Frenchman. "Before this Emperor of ours emancipated the serfs, my estate was one of the most flourishing in the country. Now half my fields lie fallow; my tenants are emigrating to the south. The agent writes to say that he can get nobody to work, and not a kopeck of rent. I ought to be in the receipt of half a million roubles a year, and I am a beggar."

"Do you think any of us liked the emancipation of the serfs?" hissed the Minister, rising and speaking close to his nephew's ear. "I, too, should have been beggared if I had not been where I am. But the thing is done now, and neither you nor I can undo it. Don't be a fool, Paul Petrowich; take this place I offer you. There's many a man better off than you are who would go down on both knees to have it. In a few years, I tell you, it will make you rich, and then we can see and give you something better."

"I won't go to the Caucasus," replied Prince Moleskine, out of temper and unreasonable from his disappoint-

ment. "I'd rather go and live on my estate, hole as that is."

"Then go to your estate," said the Minister, in a rage. "Only, I will tell you what, my nephew. So long as you were cutting your capers in Paris you didn't hurt me. Here it is different. I've as many enemies as white hairs on my head; and if you were to play any tricks in this country, or talk liberal trash within earshot of anybody, some of the responsibility would be sure to fall upon your relatives, myself amongst the number. Now you've ruined yourself, but I'm determined you shan't ruin me. You can go back to your estate; but I shall have a sharp watch kept over your actions and speeches; and as for that M. Roquet, he shall be conducted back to the frontier this very day. He can mean no good by coming here, and we've enough Radicals of our own without being in need of foreign importations. That's all I've got to say. Good-morning."

"You can do your worst," said the Prince, defiantly. "I will do what I please, and say what I please, and have what friends I please."

The Minister shrugged his shoulders and rang the bell; and with this exchange of amenities the interview terminated.

III.

The Minister did his best to have M. Jean-Jacques Roquet conveyed under escort to the frontier, but it was much less easy than he had thought. M. Roquet screamed and barricaded himself in his room, and harangued the hotel waiters. Prince Shepskine was not so firmly rooted in the favor of the Court as to risk doing an arbitrary act without a shadow of pretext. His main objection to the Frenchman was, that, being a notorious republican, his intimacy with the nephew of a Minister might give rise to unpleasant gossip amongst the crowd of envious folk who lie in ambush round men in high places to traduce and supplant them. But when he saw what a noise the man of letters was disposed to make, he thought it prudent to let him alone, or, rather, to reserve the persecution of him for some more convenient opportunity. Prince Moleskine stuck valiantly by his friend,

though, in his heart of hearts,—having nothing but trouble to expect in his company,—he wished him at Kamtschatka. The police were instructed to offer an apology, and to declare that they had mistaken M. Roquet for somebody else—which they did with extraordinary good grace and civility. M. Roquet seized upon the occasion to ask for his printing-press, his works on political economy, his manuscript and his *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The police gave him a blank form of petition to fill up, and after driving to seven different Government offices and conversing with twenty-three clerks, the journalist was assured that inquiries would certainly be made, and that he might call for an answer in six or seven weeks' time.

Prince Moleskine, however, was in a hurry to be off, and hastened his preparations for that purpose. St. Petersburg is only supportable to those who have money. The Prince's ruin was better known among his own countrymen than it was in Paris, and it is never particularly agreeable to be stared at and pointed at, and even tittered at, as poor Prince Moleskine apprehended he would be, if he ventured to go into society. As for M. Roquet, the sedulous attentions of the man in the braided cap, who followed him closely wherever he went, had ended by giving him the nightmare. He, too, was anxious to be gone, and he heaved a sigh of relief when he found himself in the heavy landau that was to bear him away to the province of Tchoremis. In addition to the Prince's valet, groom, and cook, who journeyed everywhere with their master, the travellers were this time accompanied by a house-steward, who had been engaged at St. Petersburg. He was recommended by the landlord of the hotel, and was a Pole, with a shock of red hair, and a surprising talent for murdering every language in Europe. He talked to the Prince's valet in German; to his cook in Italian; to his groom in English, and completely ingratiated himself with M. Jean-Jacques Roquet, by declaring that though his—M. Stanislas Milkiewickz's—body was in Russia, yet his heart was in France, in the land of Danton and Roquet! The journey was as painful a pilgrimage as any man could

wish to his bitterest foe, as an expiation for a life of sin. Save in winter, when the roads are frozen, and one can ride in sledges, heaven help the bones of the Russian traveller! Ruts two feet deep; branches of trees lying across the roadway; huge flints as big as cannon-balls; and every couple of hours a breakdown, with no houses or light, no wheelwrights within twenty miles to set matters straight, and a fierce howling savage wind sweeping up clouds of dust to blind the horses, and choke the passengers. Here, the landau comes to a dead standstill, embedded up to the axletrees in slush, and the travellers have to get out and push and tug, and perspire until they are wet through, and covered from top to toe with mud. Further on, the harness breaks in two or three places at once, and has to be mended with bits of string, pocket-handkerchiefs, braces, or with one's necktie. One of the horses then lies down in the dirt, and refuses to move on. The Russian driver takes to coaxing: "My little father, my pigeon, my pretty cousin, don't lie down so and break the heart of your poor *isvostshick*." This occupies about half-an-hour, during which the travellers blow on their finger-tips, and flatten their noses against the window-panes, to see if there is a village within view. The roadside inns have nothing to offer one but a brick floor to sleep on. People take their own provisions with them; if not, they must put up with bread, a few shades darker than the *schwarz-brod* of Germany, and infinitely more sour. Perhaps also they may get a piece of raw ham, derived from a gaunt, thin pig, tough and stringy; but this is problematical. To crown the pleasures of the voyage, one must exhibit one's passport and road-bill five or six times a day at the posting-houses; and if one has let either of them drop in one of the numerous breakdowns, there is nothing for it but to go back all the way and get another. A Russian postmaster would allow himself to be hashed into mince-meat sooner than allow you to pass without the written official order.

It was exactly five weeks after setting out from St. Petersburg, that the Prince, his friend, and suite, drove up the moss-grown avenue, which led to Moleskine

Hall, or Moleskine Castle, eighty-three versts from the town of Oufa, and twenty from the River Kama. The house had an imposing appearance, and gave the beholder an idea of regal pomp, until he got inside and saw the faded furniture, damp walls, cracked ceilings, and general look of desertion and squalor that hung about the old place, which had not been inhabited by a Moleskine since the time of the Emperor Paul. It took the two friends a week to organize themselves comfortable quarters, by selecting the best of the chairs and tables, the carpets and curtains with fewest holes in them, and the rooms which had least suffered from decay. Prince Moleskine was evidently humiliated at showing himself so considerably reduced from his Parisian splendor; but he was no longer sorry that M. Jean-Jacques Roquet had accompanied him, for life would have been simply unbearable in such a place without a companion. The journalist on his side bore everything remarkably well. Before leaving Paris, he had obtained a commission as travelling correspondent to a daily paper, and he was no sooner settled in his new abode, than he fell to work writing astonishing letters upon the things he had seen and passed through. Editors were only afraid of M. Roquet when he took to handling French affairs. There was no objection to his abusing Russia, and the Russian Government, so that M. Roquet gave his pen and imagination full play. Unfortunately, as we shall see by and by, all his letters were stopped by the police; whence posterity has been deprived of the pleasure of reading many pleasant chapters, and doubtless of acquiring much novel information.

Three months passed in an uneventful manner, the days succeeding each other monotonously. Up to mid-day the Prince was generally busy with his agent, either riding about the estate, or going over accounts with him to see what could be made of his dilapidated budgets. M. Roquet during the same time wrote, with admirable care and zeal, the letters which were never to reach their destination, or busied himself about the first chapters of his work in three volumes on the *Social Regeneration of Russia*. In the afternoons the friends used often to go out shooting, the game on the estate being

as abundant as if a gun had never been fired in the district. However, there is the stuff of a conspirator in every radical Frenchman, and M. Roquet was not the man to confine himself to exploits entirely harmless and peaceful. He had not come to Russia to enjoy himself, he was bent on dabbling in political achievements of some sort, and he had by no means abandoned his idea of preaching what he called his doctrines of truth among the *moujiks*. Unfortunately, there was no possibility of starting the light-disseminating *Harbinger* in the district. In the first place there was no printer within four-and-twenty hours' journey, and in the next, none of the peasants, with the exception of the priest, the postmaster, and the tax-gatherer, could read.

M. Jean-Jacques Roquet was rather of the opinion of Cæsar, that it is better to be first at Moleskine than second at Rome. The little man could not do without his incense, and the homage of a posse of worshippers. He longed to see the honest, squab faces of the peasants gathered round him admiringly, and he cursed the difficulties of the Russian language which stood in the way of his addressing them on topics political and social, and awakening them to a sense of their degradation. He did not confide any of his sentiments on this point to his host, for he had noticed with chagrin that the Prince was less amenable than he had hoped to the language of truth and liberty; but he took into his confidence the excellent Pole, Milkiewickz, who appeared filially devoted to him and expressed his readiness to abet him in any schemes he might form for overturning anything or overthrowing anybody.

It was a great comfort to the zealous Frenchman to have this faithful Pole with him. M. Stanislas Milkiewickz agreed with everything he said, and was the person who always rode with his letters to the post, so that they might be in safe hands. When pressed to it by the journalist, M. Milkiewickz would tell a heart-rending tale of the afflictions which his family had endured at the hands of the Russians. At certain passages he used to tear his red hair out in large bunches, and run his head against the wall with avowed intention of putting an end to his miserable life. It took

M. Roquet an immense deal of bodily strength and oral persuasion to reconcile him with existence: on a certain occasion the two fell into one another's arms and wept. How not feel confidence in such a man? One day M. Roquet revealed to him a scheme for holding secret socialist meetings among the peasantry of a neighboring landholder, with an ulterior view to provoking an agrarian revolution.

The landholder upon whose tenants M. Roquet proposed to begin his work of enlightenment was a wealthy prince, who lived in St. Petersburg in winter, at Baden or Gastein in summer, and, like most Russian noblemen of fortune, never came near his estate save once in the course of every five years, to levy extra supplies of money. Of course M. Jean-Jacques Roquet could not do his friend Prince Moleskine the ill-service of exciting his peasantry to sedition, but he had no terms to keep with Prince Moleskine's neighbor, and it pleased him to think he might organize a rising by means of occult meetings held after nightfall in caverns or out-of-the-way barns, like the early Christians of yore, and the Albigenes. It was arranged that the Reformer should write his *Harbinger* in manuscript, and that Stanislas Milkiewickz should translate it into Russian, read it aloud to the peasants, and give copies of it to the two or three cultivated *moujiks* who could read.

It should be mentioned that the peasants were in as hopelessly miserable a condition as it is possible for human beings to be. The emancipation had not done them much good,—rather the contrary; for whilst they had been serfs they had always had food enough and clothes enough, whereas ever since they had been set free they had thought it better to remain idle than to work, and had borne the inevitable consequences. As far as it was possible to understand their ideal of a perfect social system, they expected their landlord to feed and clothe them for nothing, that is, without exacting labor or rent. They were very drunken, and, of course, servile beyond conception. On first arriving at Moleskine, M. Roquet had turned red with indignation on seeing that a peasant who brought him a letter knelt down in the mud on both knees to deliver it. He

had gesticulated to the peasant to rise, but the man, thinking he was going to be beaten, had crouched down and whined. "Just heaven!" exclaimed the apostle of liberty, "is this possible?" And his devoted friend, the Pole, answered, "Alas! it is. But we will enlighten them, Monsieur, and then they shall walk proudly like you and I——"

It was a grand day, therefore, for M. Jean-Jacques Roquet when, after six weeks of secret meetings in caverns and barns, he was set upon one afternoon by twenty *moujiks*, who carried him in triumph round a field, pawed him all over, kissed him, and then forced a pint of the national *vodka* (whiskey) down his throat as a token of their esteem. The cavern meetings had been a success. M. Roquet stood on a stool and preached in French, whilst M. Stanislas Milkiewicz translated his utterances into Russian. When any sentiment unusually fine left the lips of M. Milkiewicz, the peasants pounded their boots on the floor and threw up their hats. The passages best appreciated were those in which the iniquity of levying rent was exposed and reviled with bitter invective. "No landlords!" thundered M. Roquet. "No landlords!" echoed M. Milkiewicz, in a shrill falsetto. "No landlords!" roared the *moujiks*. "Every man earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow!" continued M. Roquet. "Yes, by the sweat of his brow!" clamored the overjoyed peasants; "and when the crops fail, then the landlords must nourish us!"

After every one of the meetings, and every week when the *Harbinger* appeared, M. Milkiewicz used to write a long letter to "a cousin" of his who lived at St. Petersburg. M. Roquet often wondered at the epistolary fervor of his confidant; but the Pole had such a good heart! He and his cousin had been brought up together, and the latter would be sure to fall ill, he said, if he did not receive four pages of close writing two or three times a week.

Things were at this juncture when throughout all the district it was rumored that Prince Moleskine's neighbor, the Prince Roubeloff, was going to pay a flying visit to his estate, to raise money as usual. On like occasions it had been the antique usage of the peas-

ants to groan, weep, and bury their earnings in the ground, whence they were only dragged out eventually by dint of menaces from the Prince's agent. On this occasion it struck M. Roquet that it would be a noble sight and a startling if the peasants, instead of groaning and hiding their money, were to gather boldly together in front of Prince Roubeloff's castle, to groan at that nobleman as he drove up to his door, to pelt him with a few stones, and obstinately to refuse paying rents. He consulted with M. Stanislas Milkiewicz, who waxed enthusiastic at the idea, and withdrew soon after to write a longer letter than ever to his cousin at St. Petersburg. The peasants were all sounded, and not a dastard heart found among them. The preaching of M. Roquet had given them courage. If he would only consent to head them, they, their wives, and their children would follow him wheresoever he chose to lead them, and break all the windows of Prince Roubeloff's castle if he liked. M. Roquet was transported. He began to feel like Tiberius Gracchus and Masaniello.

Meanwhile Prince Moleskine had been growing a little astonished at the numerous goings to and fro of his friend. M. Roquet would disappear at unaccountable times and return home excited and muddy at strange hours in the night. He never said anything to the Prince as to where he went nor how he busied himself, and when pressed very hard with questions would only answer mystically that he had the regeneration of a great people at heart. This alarmed Prince Moleskine, who had no great passion for regenerating, and one afternoon (it was on the eve of the day when Prince Roubeloff was expected) he asked his friend point-blank where on earth he spent his time when he went out of nights?

"Prince," answered the small man, who was flushed and looked unusually joyous—"Prince, there's no reason why I should conceal it from you any longer. If you come with me by-and-by you shall see."

This was all the Prince could extract until nightfall, but when dusk had set in M. Roquet took his host to a barn, at the door of which, to his considerable surprise, he made him swear eternal

secrecy. This done, he pushed open the door, and the mystified Prince found himself in a large place, lighted by two flickering rushlights, but with not a human being visible. "There are three hundred regenerated peasants there," exclaimed M. Roquet triumphantly, but saying this he stopped short and looked blankly round the deserted room.

"Hullo!" he shouted, "what's this? Hi! Milkiewickz, why are they not here?"

The faithful Milkiewickz had followed the two gentlemen to the door; but he had disappeared of a sudden and was not to be seen. The Frenchman went out to look into the dark, but as he set his foot on the threshold six men surrounded him with lanterns. "In the Czar's name I arrest you," cried one, stepping forward. And another walking up to the Prince said: "Prince Moleskine, you must come with us to St. Petersburg."

"To St. Petersburg!" exclaimed the Prince astonished. "What for?"

"To answer the charge of having organized a Socialist conspiracy with the aid of your accomplice, this Frenchman."

IV.

A few days later all the papers of Europe printed this telegram:—

A formidable Socialist conspiracy has just been discovered near Oufa, in the Province of Tcheremiss. Some thousands of peasants are said to be implicated in the affair, one of the objects of which was to assassinate the Senator Prince Roubeloff, to burn his castle, and then to provoke a general agrarian rising. The ringleader is Prince Moleskine, nephew of the Minister Shepskine; and it is supposed

that several leading members of the aristocracy are amongst his accomplices.

Soon after there was a trial, and the principal witness was the honest Milkiewickz, who turned out to be a police spy. His testimony was conclusive. M. Jean-Jacques Roquet and Prince Moleskine were, along with some two score of regenerate peasants, found guilty of conspiring to undermine society, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Prince Moleskine, however, as being a Minister's nephew, was secretly pardoned and ordered out of the country. On the "letters of mercy" which were delivered him in prison he found written, in his uncle's hand: "Paul-Petrovich, this is in acknowledgment of the Strasburg pies. I think you will agree with me, that you would have done as well to go to the Caucasus."

As for M. Roquet, on hearing that the Prince had been amnestied, he exclaimed at once: "Ah! I knew it. He was sold to the police, he and Milkiewickz together. When I get out of prison I shall send a challenge to them both. They have betrayed me; but, what is worse, they have betrayed their country." And with grave indignation he added: "And to think that if it had not been for them Russia might now have been a Republic!" Needless to say that amongst the general public Prince Moleskine was credited with having contrived and organized the whole affair, and that amongst journalists, historians, and all who plume themselves upon a knowledge of politics, the plot will be known to the end of time as "Prince Moleskine's Conspiracy."

Fraser's Magazine.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

SECOND LECTURE,

[Delivered at the Royal Institution, February 26, 1870.]

THERE is no lack of materials, and there is abundance of work for the student of the Science of Religion. It is true that, compared with the number

of languages which the comparative philologist has to deal with, the number of religions is small. In a comparative study of languages, however, we find

most of our materials ready for use; we possess grammars and dictionaries. But where are we to look for the grammars and dictionaries of the principal religions of the world? Not in the catechisms, or the articles, not even in the so-called creeds or confessions of faith which, if they do not give us an actual misrepresentation of the doctrines which they profess to epitomize, give us always the shadow only, and never the soul and substance of a religion. But how seldom do we find even such helps!

Among Eastern nations it is not unusual to distinguish between religions that are founded on a book, and others that have no such vouchers to produce. The former are considered more respectable, and, though they may contain false doctrine, they are looked upon as a kind of aristocracy among the vulgar and nondescript crowd of bookless or illiterate religions.

To the student of religion canonical books are, no doubt, of the utmost importance, though he ought never to forget that nearly all canonical books give the reflected image only of the real doctrines of the founder of a new religion, an image always blurred and distorted by the medium through which it had to pass. But how few are the religions which possess even a sacred canon, how small is the aristocracy of

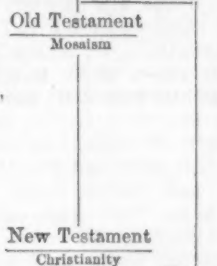
real book-religions in the history of the world! Let us look at the two families that have been the principal actors in that great drama which we call the history of the world, the *Aryan* and the *Semitic*, and we shall find that two members only of each family can claim the possession of a sacred code. Among the *Aryans*, the *Hindus* and the *Persians*; among the *Shemites*, the *Hebrews* and the *Arabs*. In the Aryan family the *Hindus*, in the Semitic family the *Hebrews*, have each produced two book-religions; the *Hindus* have given rise to Brahmanism and Buddhism; the *Hebrews* to Mosaism and Christianity. Nay, it is important to observe that in each family the third book-religion can hardly lay claim to an independent origin, but is only a weaker repetition of the first. Zoroastrianism has its sources in the same stratum which fed the deeper and broader stream of Vedic religion; Mohammedanism springs, as far as its most vital doctrines are concerned, from the ancient fountain-head of the religion of Abraham, the worshipper and the friend of the one true God. If you keep before your mind the following simple outline, you can see at one glance the river-system in which the religious thought of the Aryan and the Semitic nations has been running for centuries—of those, at least, who are in possession of sacred and canonical books.

ARYAN FAMILY.



TURANIAN _____

SEMITIC FAMILY.



ARYAN _____

While Buddhism is the direct offspring, and, at the same time, the antagonist of Brahmanism, Zoroastrianism is rather a deviation from the straight course of ancient Vedic faith, though it likewise contains a protest against some of the doctrines of the earliest worship-

pers of the Vedic gods. The same, or nearly the same relationship holds together the three principal religions of the Semitic stock, only that, chronologically, Mohammedanism is later than Christianity, while Zoroastrianism is earlier than Buddhism.

Observe also another, and, as we shall see, by no means accidental coincidence in the parallel ramifications of these two religious stems.

Buddhism, which is the offspring of, but at the same time marks a reaction against the ancient Brahmanism of India, withered away after a time on the soil from which it had sprung, and assumed its real importance only after it had been transplanted from India, and struck root among Turanian nations in the very centre of the Asiatic continent. Buddhism, being at its birth an Aryan religion, ended by becoming the principal religion of the Turanian world.

The same transference took place in the second stem. Christianity, being the offspring of Mosaism, was rejected by the Jews as Buddhism was by the Brahmins. It failed to fulfil its purpose as a mere reform of the ancient Jewish religion, and not till it had been transferred from Semitic to Aryan ground, from the Jews to the Gentiles, did it develop its real nature and assume its world-wide importance. Having been at its birth a Semitic religion, it became the principal religion of the Aryan world.

There is one other nation only, outside the pale of the Aryan and Semitic families, which can claim one, or even two book-religions as its own. China became the mother, at almost the same time, of two religions, each founded on a sacred code—the religion of Confucius, and the religion of Lao-tse, the former resting on the Five King and the Four Shu, the latter on the Tao-te-king.

With these eight religions the library of the Sacred Books of the whole human race is complete, and an accurate study of these eight codes, written in Sanskrit, Pāli, and Zend, in Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic, lastly in Chinese, might in itself not seem too formidable an undertaking for a single scholar. Yet, let us begin at home, and look at the enormous literature devoted to the interpretation of the Old Testament, at the number of books published every year on controverted points in the doctrine or the history of the Gospels, and you may then form an idea of what a theological library would be that should contain the necessary materials for an accurate and

scholar-like interpretation of the eight sacred codes. Even in so modern, and, in the beginning, at least, so illiterate a religion as that of Mohammed, the sources that have to be consulted for the history of the faith during the early centuries of its growth are so abundant, that few critical scholars could master them in their completeness.*

If we turn our eyes to the Aryan religions, the sacred writings of the Brahmins, in the narrowest acceptance of the word, might seem within easy grasp. The hymns of the Rig-Veda, which are the real bible of the ancient faith of the Vedic Rishis, are only 1,028 in number, consisting of about 10,580 verses.† The commentary, however, on these hymns, of which I have published four good-sized quarto volumes, is estimated at 100,000 lines, consisting of 32 syllables each, that is at 3,200,000 syllables. There are besides, the three minor Vedas, the Yagurveda, the Sāmaveda, the Atharvaveda, which, though of less importance for religious doctrines, are indispensable for a right appreciation of the sacrificial and ceremonial system of the worshippers of the ancient Vedic gods.

To each of these four Vedas belong collections of so-called *Brāhmanas*, scholastic treatises of a later time, it is true, but nevertheless written in archaic Sanskrit, and reckoned by every orthodox Hindu as part of his revealed literature. Their bulk is much larger than that of the ancient Vedic hymn-books.

And all this constitutes the text only for numberless treatises, essays, manuals, glosses, &c., forming an uninterrupted chain of theological literature, extending over more than three thousand years,

* Sprenger, *Das Leben des Mohammed*, vol. I. p. 9.

† Die Quellen, die ich benutzt habe, sind so zahlreich, und der Zustand der Gelehrsamkeit war unter den Moslimen in ihrer Urzeit von dem unsrigen so verschieden, dass die Materialien, die ich über die Quellen gesammelt habe, ein ziemlich beleibtes Bändchen bilden werden. Es ist in der That nothwendig, die Literaturgeschichte des Islām der ersten zwei Jahrhunderte zu schreiben, um den Leser in den Stand zu setzen, den hier gesammelten kritischen Apparat zu benutzen. Ich gedenke die Resultate meiner Forschungen als ein separates Werkchen nach der Prophetenbiographie herauszugeben."

† Max Müller, *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 220.

and receiving new links even at the present time. There are, besides, the inevitable parasites of theological literature, the controversial writings of different schools of thought and faith, all claiming to be orthodox, yet differing from each other like day and night; and lastly, the compositions of writers, professedly unorthodox, professedly at variance with the opinions of the majority, declared enemies of the Brahmanic faith and the Brahmanic priesthood, whose accusations and insinuations, whose sledge hammers of argument, and whose poisoned arrows of invective need fear no comparison with the weapons of theological warfare in any other country.

Nor can we exclude the sacred law-books, nor the ancient epic poems, the Mahābhārata and Rāmāyana, nor the more modern, yet sacred literature of India, the Purāṇas and Tantras, if we wish to gain an insight into the religious belief of millions of human beings, who though they all acknowledge the Veda as their supreme authority in matters of faith, yet are unable to understand one single line of it, and in their daily life depend entirely for spiritual food on the teaching conveyed to them by these more recent and more popular books. And even then our eye would not have reached many of the sacred recesses in which the Hindu mind has taken refuge, either to meditate on the great problem of life, or to free itself from the temptations and fetters of worldly existence by penances and mortifications of the most exquisite cruelty. India has always been teeming with religious sects, and as far as we can look back into the history of that marvellous country, its religious life has been broken up into countless local centres which it required all the ingenuity and perseverance of a priestly caste to hold together with a semblance of dogmatic uniformity. Some of these sects may almost claim the title of independent religions, as, for instance, the once famous sect of the Sikhs, possessing their own sacred code and their own priesthood, and threatening for a time to become a formidable rival of Brahmanism and Mohammedanism in India. Political circumstances gave to the sect of Nānak its historical prominence and more lasting fame. To the student of religion it is but one out of

many sects which took their origin in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and attempted to replace the corruptions of Hinduism and Mohammedanism by a purer and more spiritual worship. The Granth, i.e. the Volume, the sacred book of the Sikhs, is full of interest, full of really deep and poetical thought: and it is to be hoped that it will soon find an English translator. But there are other collections of religious poetry, more ancient and more original than the stanzas of Nānak; nay, many of the most beautiful verses of the Granth were borrowed from these earlier authorities, particularly from Kabir, the pupil of Rāmānand. Here there is enough to occupy the students of religion: an intellectual flora of greater variety and profuseness than even the natural flora of that fertile country.

And yet we have not said a word as yet of the second book-religion of India—of the religion of Buddha, originally one only out of numberless sects, but possessing a vitality which has made its branches to overshadow the largest portion of the inhabited globe. Who can say—I do not speak of European scholars only, but of the most learned members of the Buddhist fraternities—who can say that he has read the whole of the canonical books of the Buddhist Church, to say nothing of their commentaries or later treatises? The text and commentaries of the Buddhist canon contain, according to a statement in the Saddharma-aṅkāra,* 29,368,000 letters. Such statements do not convey to our mind any very definite idea, nor could any scholar vouch for their absolute correctness. But if we consider that the English Bible is said to contain about three millions and a half of letters † (and here vowels are counted separately from consonants), five or six times that amount would hardly seem enough, as a rough estimate of the bulk of the Buddhist scriptures. The Tibetan edition of the Buddhist canon, consisting of two collections, the Kanjur and Tanjur, numbers about 325 volumes folio, each weighing in the Pekin edition from four to five pounds. ‡

* Spence Hardy, *The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists*, p. 66.

† 3,567,180.

‡ *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 193.

Apparently within a smaller compass lies the sacred literature of the third of the Aryan book-religions, the so-called Zend-Avesta. But here the very scantiness of the ancient text increases the difficulty of its successful interpretation, and the absence of native commentaries has thrown nearly the whole burden of deciphering on the patience and ingenuity of European scholars.

If lastly we turn to China, we find that the religion of Confucius is founded on the Five King and the Four Shu—books in themselves of considerable extent, and surrounded by voluminous commentaries, without which even the most learned scholars would not venture to fathom the depth of their sacred canon.*

Lao-tse, the contemporary or rather the senior of Confucius, is reported to have written a large number of books:† no less than 930 on different questions of faith, morality, and worship, and 70 on magic. His principal work, however, the Tao-te-king, which represents the real scripture of his followers, the Tao-sse, consists only of about 5,000 words,‡ and fills no more than thirty pages. But here again we find that for that very reason the text is unintelligible without copious commentaries, so that M. Julien had to consult more than sixty commentators for the purpose of his translation, the earliest going back as far as the year 163 B.C.

There is a third established religion in China, that of Fo; but Fo is only the Chinese corruption of Buddha, and though the religion of Buddha, as transferred from India to China, has assumed a peculiar character and produced an enormous literature of its own, yet Chinese Buddhism cannot be called an independent religion, any more than Buddhism in Ceylon, Barmah, and Siam, or in Nepal, Tibet, and Mongolia.

But after we have collected this library of the sacred books of the world with their indispensable commentaries,

are we then in possession of the requisite materials for studying the growth and decay of the religious convictions of mankind at large? Far from it. The largest portion of mankind,—ay, and some of the most valiant champions in the religious and intellectual struggles of the world, would be unrepresented in our theological library. Think only of the Greeks and the Romans; think of the Teutonic, the Celtic and Slavonic nations! Where are we to gain an insight into what we may call their real religious convictions, previous to the comparatively recent period when their ancient temples were levelled to the ground to make room for new cathedrals; and their sacred oaks were felled to be changed into crosses, planted along every mountain pass and forest lane? Homer and Hesiod do not tell us what was the religion, the real heart-religion of the Greeks, nor were their own poems ever considered as sacred, or even as authoritative and binding, by the highest intellects among the Greeks. In Rome we have not even an Iliad or Odyssey; and when we ask for the religious worship of the Teutonic, the Celtic, or the Slavonic tribes, the very names of many of the deities in whom they believed are forgotten and lost forever, and the scattered notices of their faith have to be picked up and put together like the small stones of a broken mosaic that once formed the pavement in the ruined temples of Rome.

The same gaps, the same want of representative authorities, which we witness among the Aryan, we meet again among the Semitic nations, as soon as we step out of the circle of their book-religions. The Babylonians, the Phenicians and Carthaginians, the Arabs, before their conversion to Mohammedanism, all are without canonical books, and a knowledge of their religion has to be gathered, as well as may be, from monuments, inscriptions, traditions, from proper names, from proverbs, from curses, and other stray notices which require the greatest care before they can be properly sifted and successfully fitted together.

But now let us go on further. The two beds in which the stream of Aryan and Semitic thought has been rolling on for centuries from south-east to north-west, from the Indus to the Thames, from the Euphrates to the Jordan and

* *The Chinese Classics*, with a Translation, Notes, Prolegomena, and Indexes. By James Legge, D.D.: 7 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

† Stan. Julien, *Tao te king*, p. xxvii.

‡ Julien, *Tao te king*, p. xxxi, xxxv. The texts vary from 5,610, 5,630, 5,638, to 5,722 words. The text published by M. Stan. Julien consists of 5,320 words.

the Mediterranean, cover but a narrow tract of country compared with the vastness of our globe. As we rise higher, our horizon expands on every side, and wherever there are traces of human life there are traces also of religion. Along the shores of the ancient Nile we see still standing the Pyramids, and the ruins of temples and labyrinths, their walls covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, and with the strange pictures of gods and goddesses. On rolls of papyrus, which seem to defy the ravages of time, we have even fragments of what may be called the sacred books of the Egyptians. Yet though much has been deciphered in the ancient records of that mysterious race, the main spring of the religion of Egypt and the original intention of its ceremonial worship are far from being fully disclosed to us. As we follow the sacred stream to its distant sources the whole continent of Africa opens before us, and wherever we now see kraals and cattle-pens, depend upon it there was to be seen once, or there is to be seen even now, the smoke of sacrifices rising up from earth to heaven. The ancient relics of African faith are rapidly disappearing at the approach of Mohammedan and Christian missionaries; but what has been preserved of it, chiefly through the exertions of learned missionaries, is full of interest to the student of religion, with its strange worship of snakes and ancestors, its vague hope of a future life, and its not altogether faded reminiscence of a Supreme God, the Father of the black as well as of the white man.

From the eastern coast of Africa our eye is carried across the sea where, from Madagascar to Hawaii, island after island stands out like so many pillars of a sunken bridge that once spanned the Indian and Pacific oceans. Everywhere, whether among the dark Papuan or the yellowish Malay, or the brown Polynesian races scattered on these islands, even among the lowest of the low in the scale of humanity, there are, if we will but listen, whisperings about divine beings, imaginings of a future life; there are prayers and sacrifices which, even in their most degraded and degrading form, still bear witness to that old and ineradicable faith that everywhere there is a God to hear our prayers, if we will but

call on Him, and to accept our offerings, if they are offered as a ransom for sin or as a token of a grateful heart.

Still farther east the double continent of America becomes visible, and in spite of the unchristian vandalism of its first discoverers and conquerors, there, too, we find materials for the study of an ancient, and, it would seem, independent faith. Unfortunately, the religious and mythological traditions, collected by the first Europeans who came in contact with the natives of America, reach back but a short distance beyond the time when they were written down, and they seem in several cases to reflect the thoughts of the Spanish listeners as much as those of the native narrators. The quaint hieroglyphic manuscripts of Mexico and Guatemala have as yet told us very little, and the accounts written by natives in their native language have to be used with great caution. Still the ancient religion of the Aztecs of Mexico and of the Incas of Peru is full of interesting problems. As we advance towards the north and its red-skinned inhabitants our information becomes more meagre still, and after what happened some years ago, no *Livre des Sauvages* is likely to come to our assistance again. Yet there are wild and home-grown specimens of religious faith to be studied even now among the receding and gradually perishing tribes of the Red Indians, and, in their languages as well as in their religions, traces may possibly still be found, before it is too late, of pre-historic migrations of men from the primitive Asiatic to the American continent, either across the stepping-stones of the Aleutic bridge in the north, or lower south by drifting with favorable winds from island to island till the hardy canoe was landed or wrecked on the American coast, never to return again to the Asiatic home from which it had started.

And when in our religious survey we finally come back again to the Asiatic continent, we find here too, although nearly the whole of its area is now occupied by one or the other of the eight book-religions, by Mosaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, by Brahmanism, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, and in China by the religions of Confucius and Lao-tse, that nevertheless partly below the surface, and in some places still on

the surface, more primitive forms of worship have maintained themselves. I mean the Shamanism of the Mongolian race, and the beautiful half-Homeric mythology of the Finnish and Esthonian tribes.

And now that I have displayed this world-wide panorama before your eyes, you will share, I think, the feeling of dismay with which the student of the science of religion looks around, and asks himself where to begin and how to proceed. That there are materials in abundance, capable of scientific treatment, no one would venture to deny. But how are they to be held together? How are we to discover what all these religions share in common? How they differ? How they rise and how they decline? What they are and what they mean?

Let us take the old saying, *Divide et impera*, and translate it somewhat freely by "Classify and conquer," and I believe we shall then lay hold of the old thread of Ariadne which has led the students of many a science through darker labyrinths even than the labyrinth of the religions of the world. All real science rests on classification, and only in case we cannot succeed in classifying the various dialects of faith shall we have to confess that a science of religion is really an impossibility. If the ground before us has once been properly surveyed and carefully parcelled out, each scholar may then cultivate his own glebe, without wasting his energies and without losing sight of the general purposes to which all special researches must be subservient.

How, then, is the vast domain of religion to be parcelled out? How are religions to be classified, or, we ought rather to ask first, how have they been classified before now? The simplest classification, and one which we find adopted in almost every country, is that into *true* and *false* religions. It is very much like the first classification of languages into one's own language and the languages of the rest of the world; as the Greeks would say, into the languages of the Greeks and the Barbarians; or, as the Jews would say, into the languages of the Jews and the Gentiles; or, as the Hindus would say, into the languages of the *Âryas* and *Mlekkhas*;

or, as the Chinese would say, into the languages of the Middle Empire and that of the Outer Barbarians. I need not say why that sort of classification is useless for scientific purposes.

There is another classification, apparently of a more scientific character, but if examined more closely, equally worthless to the student of religion. I mean the well-known division into *revealed* and *natural* religions.

I have first to say a few words on the meaning attached to natural religion. That word is constantly used in very different acceptations. It is applied by several writers to certain historical forms of religion, which are looked upon as not resting on the authority of revelation, in whatever sense that word may be hereafter interpreted. Thus Buddhism would be a natural religion in the eyes of the Brahmans, Brahmanism would be a natural religion in the eyes of the Mohammedans. With us, all religions except Christianity and, though in a lesser degree, Mosaism, would be classed as merely natural; and though natural does not imply false, yet it distinctly implies the absence of any sanction beyond the sense of truth, or the voice of conscience that is within us.

But Natural Religion is also used in a very different sense, particularly by the philosophers of the last century. When people began to subject the principal historical religions to a critical analysis, they found that after removing what was peculiar to each, there remained certain principles which they all shared in common. These were supposed to be the principles of Natural Religion. Again, when everything that seemed supernatural, miraculous, and irrational, had been removed from the pages of the New Testament, there still remained a kind of skeleton of religion, and this too was passed off under the name of Natural Religion. During the last century, philosophers who were opposing the spread of scepticism and infidelity, thought that this kind of natural, or, as it was also called, rational religion, might serve as a breakwater against utter unbelief, but they soon found out that a mere philosophical system, however true, can never take the place of religious faith. When Diderot said that all revealed religions were the heresies of Natural Religion,

he meant by Natural Religion a body of truths implanted in human nature, to be discovered by the eye of reason alone, and independent of any such historical or local influences as give to each religion its peculiar character and local aspect. The existence of a deity, the nature of his attributes, such as Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence, Eternity, Self-existence, Spirituality, the Goodness also of the Deity, and, connected with it, the admission of a distinction between Good and Evil, between Virtue and Vice, all this, and according to some writers, the Unity and Personality also of the Deity, were included in the domain of Natural Religion. The scientific treatment of this so-called Natural Religion received the name of Natural Theology, a title rendered famous in the beginning of our century by the much praised and much abused work of Paley. Natural Religion corresponds in the science of religion to what in the science of language used to be called *Grammaire générale*, a collection of fundamental rules which are supposed to be self-evident, without which no grammar would be possible, but which, strange to say, never exist in their purity and completeness in any language that is or ever has been spoken by human beings. It is the same with religion. There never has been any real religion, consisting exclusively of the pure and simple tenets of Natural Religion, though there have been certain philosophers who brought themselves to believe that their religion was entirely rational, was, in fact, pure and simple Deism.

If we speak, therefore, of a classification of all historical religions into revealed and natural, what is meant by natural is simply the negation of revealed, and if we tried to carry out the classification practically, we should find the same result as before. We should have on one side Christianity alone, or, according to some theologians, Christianity and Judaism; on the other, all the remaining religions of the world.

This classification, therefore, whatever may be its practical value, is perfectly useless for scientific purposes. A more extended study shows us very soon that the claim of revelation is set up by the founders, or if not by them, at all events by the later preachers and

advocates of most religions; and would therefore be declined by all but ourselves as a distinguishing feature of Christianity and Judaism. We shall see, in fact, that the claims to a revealed authority are urged far more strongly and elaborately by the believers in the Veda, than by the apologetical theologians among the Jews and Christians. Even Buddha, originally the most thoroughly human and self-dependent among the founders of religion, is by a strange kind of inconsistency represented, in later controversial writings, as in possession of revealed truth.* He himself could not, like Numa or Zoroaster, or Mohammed,† claim communication with higher spirits; still less could he, like the poets of the Veda, speak of divine inspirations and god-given utterances: for according to him there was none among the spirits greater or wiser than himself, and the gods of the Veda had become his servants and worshippers. Buddha himself appeals only to what we should call the inner light.‡ When he delivered for the first time the four fundamental doctrines of his system, he said, "Mendicants, for the attainment of these previously unknown doctrines, the eye, the knowledge, the wisdom, the clear perception, the light were developed within me." He was called Sarvagña or omniscient by his earliest pupils; but when in later times, it was seen that on several points Buddha had but spoken the language of his age, and had shared the errors current among his contemporaries with regard to the shape of the earth and the movement of the heavenly bodies, an important concession was made by Buddhist theologians. They limited the meaning of the word "omniscient," as applied to Buddha, to a knowledge of the principal doctrines of his system, and concerning these, but these only, they declared him to have been infallible. This may seem to be a modern kind of view, but whether modern or ancient, it certainly reflects great credit on the Buddhist theologians. In the *Milinda Prasna*, however,

* *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, by Max Müller, p. 83.

† Sprenger, *Mohammed*, vol. ii. p. 426.

‡ Gogorly, *The Evidences and Doctrines of Christian Religion*. Colombo, 1862. Part I.

which is a canonical book, we see that the same idea was already rising in the mind of the great Nāgasena. Being asked by King Milinda whether Buddha is omniscient, he replies: "Yes, Great King, the blessed Buddha is omniscient. But Buddha does not at all times exercise his omniscience. By meditation he knows all things; meditating he knows everything he desires to know." In this reply a distinction is evidently intended between subjects that may be known by sense and reason, and subjects that can be known by meditation only. Within the domain of sense and reason, Nāgasena does not claim omniscience or infallibility for Buddha, but he claims for him both omniscience and infallibility in all that is to be perceived by meditation only, or, as we should say, in matters of faith.

I shall have to explain to you hereafter the extraordinary contrivances by which the Brahmans endeavored to eliminate every human element from the hymns of the Veda, and to establish, not only the revealed, but the pre-historic or even ante-mundane character of their scriptures. No apologetic writings have ever carried the theory of revelation to greater extremes.

In the present stage of our inquiries, all that I wish to point out is this,—that when the founders or defenders of nearly all the religions of the world appeal to some kind of revelation in support of the truth of their doctrines, it could answer no useful purpose were we to attempt any classification on such disputed ground. Whether the claim of a natural or preternatural revelation, put forward by different religions, is well founded or not, is not the question at present. It falls to the province of Theoretic Theology to explain the true meaning of revelation, for few words have been used so vaguely and in so many different senses. It falls to its province to explain, not only how the veil was withdrawn that intercepted for a time the rays of divine truth, but, what is a far more difficult problem, how there could ever have been a veil between truth and the seeker of truth, between the adoring heart and the object of the highest adoration, between the Father and his children.

In Comparative Theology our task is different: we have simply to deal with the facts such as we find them. If people regard their religion as revealed, it is to them a revealed religion, and has to be treated as such by an impartial historian. We cannot determine a question by adopting, without discussion, the claims of one party, and ignoring those of the other.

But this principle of classification into revealed and natural religions appears still more faulty, when we look at it from another point of view. Even if we granted that all religions, except Christianity and Mosaism, derived their origin from those faculties of the mind only which, according to Paley, are sufficient by themselves for calling into life the fundamental tenets of what we explained before as natural religion, the classification of Christianity and Judaism on one side as *revealed*, and of the other religions as *natural*, would still be defective, for the simple reason that no religion, though founded on revelation, can ever be entirely separated from natural religion. The tenets of natural religion, though by themselves they never constituted a real historical religion, supply the only ground on which revealed religion can stand, the only soil where it can strike root, and from which it can receive nourishment and life. If we took away that soil, or if we supposed that it, too, had to be supplied by revelation, we should not only run counter to the letter and spirit of the Old and the New Testament, but we should degrade revealed religion by changing it into a mere formula, to be accepted by a recipient incapable of questioning, weighing, and appreciating its truth; we should indeed have the germ, but we should have thrown away the congenial soil in which alone that germ of true religion can live and grow.

Christianity, addressing itself not only to the Jews, but also to the Gentiles, not only to the ignorant, but also to the learned, not only to the believers, but in the first instance, to the unbeliever, presupposed in all of them the elements of natural religion, and with them the power of choosing between truth and untruth. Thus only could St. Paul say: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." (1 Thess. v. 21.)

The same is true with regard to the Old Testament. There, too, the belief in a Deity, and in some at least of its indefeasible attributes, is taken for granted, and the prophets who call the wayward Jews back to the worship of Jehovah, appeal to them as competent by the truth-testing power that is within them, to choose between Jehovah and the gods of the Gentiles, between truth and untruth. Remember only the important chapter in the earliest history of the Jews, when Joshua gathered all the tribes of Israel to Shechem, and called for the elders of Israel, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers; and they presented themselves before God.

"And Joshua said unto all the people: Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor: and they served other gods."

And then, after reminding them of all that God has done for them, he concludes by saying:—

"Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt, and serve ye the Lord.

"And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites in whose lands ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

In order to choose between different gods and different forms of faith, a man must possess the faculty of choosing, the instruments of testing truth and untruth, whether revealed or not: he must know that certain fundamental tenets cannot be absent in any true religion, and that there are doctrines against which his rational or moral conscience revolts as incompatible with truth. In short, there must be the foundation of religion, there must be the solid rock before it is possible to erect an altar, a temple, or a church: and if we call that foundation natural religion, it is clear that no revealed religion can be thought of which does not rest more or less firmly on natural religion.

These difficulties have been felt distinctly by some of our most learned divines, who have attempted a classification of religions from their own point of view.* New definitions of natural religion have therefore been proposed in order to avoid the overlapping of the two definitions of natural and revealed religion. Natural religion has, for instance, been explained as the religion of nature before revelation, such as may be supposed to have existed among the patriarchs, or to exist still among primitive people who have not yet been enlightened by Christianity or debased by idolatry.

According to this view we should have to distinguish not two, but three classes of religion: the primitive or natural, the debased or idolatrous, and the revealed. But, as pointed out before, the first, the so-called primitive or natural religion, exists in the minds of modern philosophers rather than of ancient poets and prophets. History never tells us of any race with whom the simple feeling of reverence for higher powers was not hidden under mythological disguises. Nor would it be possible even thus to separate the three classes of religion by sharp and definite lines of demarkation, because both the debased or idolatrous and the purified or revealed religions would of necessity include within themselves the elements of natural religion. Nor do we diminish these difficulties in the classificatory stage of our science if, in the place of this simple natural religion, we admit with other theologians and philosophers, a universal primeval revelation. This universal primeval revelation is only another name for natural religion, and it rests on no authority but the speculations of philosophers. The same class of philosophers, considering that language was too wonderful an achievement for the human mind, insisted on the necessity of admitting a universal primeval language revealed directly by God to man, or rather to mute beings; while the more thoughtful and the more reverent among the Fathers of the Church and among the founders of modern philosophy pointed out that it was more consonant with the general working of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator that he should have

* See Professor Jowett's *Essay on Natural Religion*, p. 458.

endowed human nature with germinant faculties of speech, instead of presenting mute beings with grammars and dictionaries ready-made. Is an infant less wonderful than a man? an acorn less wonderful than an oak tree? a cell, if you like, or a protoplasm, including potentially within itself all that it has to become hereafter, less wonderful than all the moving creatures that have life? The same applies to religion. A universal primeval religion revealed direct by God to man, or rather to a crowd of atheists, may, to our human wisdom, seem the best solution of all difficulties; but a higher wisdom speaks to us from out the realities of history, and teaches us, if we will but learn, that "we have all to seek the Lord, if haply we may feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us."

Of the hypothesis of a universal primeval revelation and all its self-created difficulties we shall have to speak again: for the present it must suffice if we have shown that the problem of a scientific classification of religion is not brought nearer to its solution by the additional assumption of another purely hypothetical class of religion.

We have not finished yet. A very important, and, for certain purposes, very useful classification, has been that into polytheistic, dualistic, and monotheistic religions. If religion rests chiefly on a belief in a Higher Power, then the nature of that Higher Power would seem to supply a very characteristic feature by which to classify the religions of the world. Nor do I deny that for certain purposes such a classification has proved useful: all I maintain is that we should thus have to class together religions most heterogeneous in other respects, though agreeing in the number of their deities. Besides, it would certainly be necessary to add two other classes—the *henotheistic* and the *atheistic*. Henotheistic religions differ from polytheistic because, although they recognise the existence of various deities, or names of

deities, they represent each deity as independent of all the rest, as the only deity present in the mind of the worshipper at the time of his worship and prayer. This character is very prominent in the religion of the Vedic poets. Although many gods are invoked in different hymns, sometimes also in the same hymn, yet there is no rule of precedence established among them; and, according to the varying aspects of nature, and the varying cravings of the human heart, it is sometimes Indra, the god of the blue sky, sometimes Agni, the god of fire, sometimes Varuna, the ancient god of the firmament, who are praised as supreme without any suspicion of rivalry, or any idea of subordination. This peculiar phase of religion, this worship of single gods, forms probably everywhere the first stage in the growth of polytheism, and deserves therefore a separate name.

As to atheistic religions, they might seem to be perfectly impossible; and yet the fact cannot be disputed away that the religion of Buddha was from the beginning purely atheistic. The idea of the Godhead, after it had been degraded by endless mythological absurdities which struck and repelled the heart of Buddha, was, for a time at least, entirely expelled from the sanctuary of the human mind: and the highest morality that was ever taught before the rise of Christianity was taught by men with whom the gods had become mere phantoms, and who had no altars, not even an altar to the Unknown God.

It will be the object of my next lecture to show that the only scientific and truly genetic classification of religions is the same as the classification of languages, and that, particularly in the early history of the human intellect, there exists the most intimate relationship between language, religion, and nationality—a relationship quite independent of those physical elements, the blood, the skull, or the hair, on which ethnologists have attempted to found their classification of the human race.

St. Paul's.

COLORS OF THE PLANETS.

It is not commonly known that when the celestial depths are scanned with instruments of adequate power, a variety of beautiful and well-marked colors

can be recognized. Amongst the fixed stars, indeed, there is scarcely a tint missing from the full scale of the prismatic colors, while a variety of hues not belonging to that scale,—as gray, lilac, fawn-colored, and buff,—may be seen among the members of those multiple systems of stars which form so interesting a subject of study to the telescopicist. But the planets are the only objects in the heavens which are actually variegated in color—that is, which present, side by side and in actual contact, streaks and patches of differently colored surface. It is, indeed, only recently that the diversities of tint thus presented have been recognized to their full extent. The observation of colors so delicate as those we refer to, or rather of colors which, however well-marked in reality, are so easily lost sight of through the effects of the enormous distances separating us from these outer worlds, is one of extreme difficulty. It is only under very favorable circumstances that the colors can be seen at all; and the mode of observation which alone serves to exhibit them is altogether different from that which is best calculated to reveal other planetary features. The results which have rewarded some recent studies, specially directed to the detection of color, are so interesting and instructive, that we need offer no excuse for presenting them at some length. It is precisely such studies as these, apparently directed to trivial relations, which, when carefully weighed, have been found to afford the most suggestive evidence respecting the economy of the solar system.

It may not be amiss to give some account, in the first place, of the colors which the planets exhibit to the unaided eye. These colors, though not in all cases very marked, are quite sufficient to enable any one to distinguish one planet from another. Jupiter, to the naked eye, appears perfectly white. His brilliancy so far surpasses that of any fixed star, that there is no mistaking him when he is shining in full glory on the dark background of the midnight sky. But when he is an evening or a morning star, he may be mistaken for Venus. To distinguish between the two it should be noticed that Venus is much the more brilliant under such circumstances, while

her light is somewhat less snowily white. The peculiar creamy-white of the planet of love, can never be mistaken by those who have once had their attention attracted to it. Mercury cannot be mistaken for either of the two other white planets. Owing to his proximity to the sun, he shines with a peculiar sparkling light which distinguishes him from every other object in the heavens. The ancients, accordingly, called this little planet "the sparkler." When seen side by side with Jupiter or Venus, the inferiority of his light,—in quantity,—is as remarkable as its singular intrinsic brilliancy.

Mars and Saturn, however, are the two planets whose colors, as seen by the naked eye, are the most readily distinguishable. The former shines with an unmistakably ruddy light, which acquired for it among the Greeks the title of *πυρρός*, the Fiery One. Sometimes this color is more marked than at others, and it used to be thought that the difference was caused by changes in our own atmosphere. This idea has now, however, been shown to be a mistaken one, and astronomers recognize in the strange variations of color presented by this interesting object, the occurrence of changes taking place on the planet itself. He has been known to shine with so deep and ominous a hue that popular fears have pictured him as some new orb sent to forewarn mankind of strife and bloodshed.

Saturn shines with a dull yellow, and somewhat dismal, hue, a circumstance which, taken in combination with his sluggish motions, may be held to account for the gloomy auguries which the astrologers drew in old times from the "predominance" of this planet. Our readers may remember, for instance, the lines of Chaucer, in which, with a strange mixture of mythological and astrological lore, he describes the malevolent influence of the yellow planet. Saturn,—the god, be it remembered,—is addressing Venus, and thus assumes to himself the qualities ascribed to the planet:—

"My dere doughter Venus, quod Saturne,
My cours, that hath so wide for to turne
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,

Min is the strangel, and hanging by the throte,
 The murmure and the cherles rebelling,
 The groyning, and the prive empysoning.
 I do vengeance and pleine correction,
 While I dwell in the signe of the Leon.
 Min is the ruine of the high halles,
 The falling of the toures and of the walles
 Upon the minour or the carpenter:
 I slew Samson in shaking the piler.
 Min ben also the maladies colde,
 The derke treons, and the castes olde:
 My loking is the fader of pestilence."

All evils, in fact, to which the human race is subject, save only open war,—which was the property of fiery Mars,—were fathered upon the planet which astronomers now recognize as the most beautiful of all the celestial objects.

We turn, however, to the peculiarities of color which the telescope has revealed in several of the principal planets.

It is impossible to observe either Venus or Mercury under circumstances favorable for the detection of color. And, indeed, the brilliancy of both these planets is so great that to observe them properly colored glasses must be commonly used; and it need hardly be said that no dependence could be placed on indications of color presented through such a medium. It may be remarked, however, in passing, that gray and reddish patches of light have been seen by some observers on the dark part of these planets, a circumstance which has been referred to the probable occurrence of auroral displays in these distant orbs. If we were to accept this conclusion, and it is far from being improbable, we should be led to infer that the auroras which are to be witnessed by the inhabitants of Mercury and Venus must be much more splendid than any which have ever been visible on our own earth. For certainly the brightest auroral displays ever seen by man, could not possibly be discernible by the inhabitants of other worlds. We know that the flashes of the aurora can no longer be traced as the day begins to dawn; and we may therefore assume with confidence that an observer who should see our earth as we commonly see Venus, with a part of its surface in the full light of the sun, and a part in darkness, would be prevented by the brilliancy of the illuminated part from discerning the faint light of an auroral display in progress on the darker

part. But physicists have learnt to associate auroras with solar action, and therefore it may well be that on Venus and Mercury, which are so much nearer to the sun than the earth is, auroral phenomena may be exhibited with enhanced splendor.

It is when we pass beyond the bounds of the earth's orbit that we obtain the first well-marked indications of color in the planetary system.

Mars stands prominent among the planets for the distinctness and variety of the colors which his disc exhibits. When a telescope of adequate power is turned towards this miniature world, we are struck in the first place by the singular brilliancy of the two white spots, which have long since been recognized as "the snowy poles of moonless Mars." They stand out so conspicuously from the rest of the disc, that often when a mist passes over the surface of the planet, they may be distinctly recognized, like two faint stars, while all the rest of the planet is totally hidden from view.

Next we notice the delicately-tinted border of white light which surrounds the rest of the disc, and forms a sort of frame, within which the true features of the planet's surface are to be recognized. This border is supposed to be due to light cumulus clouds in the Martial atmosphere. Such clouds, if formed like those in our own air, would only become perceptible to us where, through the effect of foreshortening near the edge of the disc, they were crowded together—in appearance—and thus concealed the true surface of the planet from our view. Occasionally they exhibit a greenish tint of exquisite delicacy.

But it is within this boundary that the true colors of Mars are to be seen. The body of the planet, or what may be assumed to be its true surface, is of a ruddy or ochreish tint, here and there somewhat yellowish. There are also to be seen occasionally spots of salmon-colored light, brownish patches, and even black spots of small size. We may not unreasonably look upon all these portions of the planet as consisting of earthy substances, resembling those which constitute our own lands and continents. Next, covering an extent of the disc very little less than that occupied by the

ruddy regions, we have spaces which some observers consider to be green, while to others they appear of an indigo-gray or neutral color. Like the red parts, the grayish or greenish spaces are not uniformly dark. In some places they are so faintly tinted as to appear almost white; in others they seem tinged with a purplish hue. We cannot doubt that these portions are in reality seas, and not fresh-water seas, but seas like our own, colored by the salts which they contain. The varieties of color correspond indeed quite closely with those observed in our own oceans, from the light-green hues of the polar seas to that strange deep hue which Homer has described as "wine-colored."

A French astronomer was led by the singular contrasts of color observable on Mars to form a very strange theory respecting the physical conditions which prevail upon his surface. Noticing that the ruddy tints always appear most clearly during the Martial summer, he came to the conclusion that vegetation is of a different nature on Mars than on our own earth. In place of green leaves the trees on that distant world put forth red leaves, he argued; as spring progresses, the fields recover from the effects of the long Martial winter, but in place of what we term verdure they are clothed with rubescence. If this theory be true, the Martial poets might say of spring, more truthfully than our own have done, that

"She cometh, blushing like a maid."

But we have no great reason for supposing that the theory is true. Certainly our earth would not appear green if her continents could be viewed from afar off, as we see Mars. Nay, even our forests, supposing them large enough to be separately visible, would scarcely exhibit a discernible green tint. A very eminent landscape-painter used to deride the notion that trees are green; "leaves are green, if you will," he used to say, "but trees,—they are any color but green; black, white, yellow, red, but never green." And, making allowance for the requirements of paradox, the assertion is not far from the truth. No one ever saw out of a picture-book, and that a bad one, a really green forest. And by parity of reasoning we may assume that

if vegetation on Mars were red, yet seen in large masses the red tints would be lost.

The fact seems to be that we have a reasonable explanation of the ruddy tint of the Martial continents in the fact that the principal part of the soil of the planet resembles those red and ochreish soils which appear in various parts of our own earth. A geologist may suppose, if he will, that the Martialists are passing through the old Red Sandstone period; and possibly some thousands of years hence-observers of Mars may see with wonder the signs of a soil wholly different from that now visible to us.

When we turn to the planet Jupiter, we are struck with the immense contrast he presents to Mars, not merely in the arrangement of the colors, which tint his disc, but in every feature. Mars is one of the least of the planets, much less, in fact, than our own earth. Jupiter is thirteen hundred times larger than the globe we live on. Mars has a day only half an hour or so longer than ours. Jupiter's day lasts but nine or ten hours. Mars is without attendants. Jupiter has four noble satellites, each scarcely inferior to the planet Mercury.

When Jupiter is observed under ordinary circumstances, we can detect scarcely any signs of color. But no one who has ever seen Jupiter in a powerful telescope, under really favorable atmospheric conditions, can fail to be struck with the wonderful splendor of his coloring. One need not be an enthusiast in matters astronomical to be so enchanted with the spectacle as to find it almost impossible to leave the telescope. A friend of ours, who rejoices in a noble equatorial, accurately driven by clock-work, so as to keep an object always in view, finds that on such a night as we have described, the friends whom he invites occasionally to enjoy the glories of the heavens, will take no hint to limit their enjoyment of the spectacle. "I have nothing for it, as a rule," he complains, "but to stop the clock, so that Jupiter withdraws himself from their too eager gaze."

And now to describe the colors of the noble planet. The poles are of a singularly beautiful color, resembling what is termed by painters ultramarine-ash. What is sometimes called the body of

Jupiter as distinguished from the dark belts, which are doubtless, however, the true surface of the planet, is of a rich creamy white, slightly less brilliant, near the edge of the disc. No one can doubt that we look here upon the "silver linings" of clouds suspended in the deep atmosphere of the giant planet. It is the dark belts which exhibit the most remarkable coloring. Those nearest to the gray-blue poles are slate-colored. Somewhat farther from the poles a tinge of red is discernible in the gray. In fact, we have a realization of the gris-rouge color which amuses us in Molière's comedy. Still farther from the poles the belts appear of a delicate chocolate color, somewhat ruddy; while the two dark belts on either side of the great equatorial bright zone exhibit an appearance as though light of a singularly beautiful garnet hue were shining through a chocolate-tinted medium.

But the most remarkable circumstance in connection with the coloring of Jupiter remains to be mentioned. The bright equatorial belt, usually white, has recently been observed to exhibit the most remarkable peculiarities and variations of color. Mr. Browning, the optician, using a fine reflector of his own construction, discovered last autumn that the equatorial belt had assumed a greenish-yellow tint. Then later it became of a bright ochreish-yellow. And since the beginning of the present year it has changed through a variety of tints of yellow, ranging from Roman orange to yellow-lake. We shall presently comment further on the significance of this striking series of phenomena.

It remains to be mentioned here that occasionally spots of almost inky blackness can be seen upon the belts of Jupiter. The fact that they are not always visible, shows that, if the belts belong to the real surface of the planet, they must yet be more or less obscured from our view by a veil of vapor. It is only when this vapor is wholly or almost wholly removed from some region, that the black spots we have referred to become visible.

Beautiful as Jupiter is, and grand as is the system which attends upon him, Saturn presents a yet more charming and impressive spectacle to the telescopicist. The wonderful ring-system is alone suf-

ficient to render him the most interesting of all the planets. But the scheme of attendant orbs, circling outside the rings, raises Saturn almost to the dignity of a sun. His family of satellites is as large in number as the sun's family of planets, and as the sun, besides his planet family, has a ring of small bodies,—the asteroids,—attending upon him, so Saturn has a yet more compact ring, composed, so say the astronomers, of myriads of minute satellites, circling in ever intertwining orbits around the great centre of the Saturnian system.

Although Saturn is so much farther from us than Jupiter, he presents colors of equal beauty. The chief difference between the planets in this respect, lies in the fact that the belts of Saturn are not dark and rugged like those of Jupiter, but faint and smooth. "This uniformity," says an observer whom we shall presently have occasion to quote more at length, "though it detracts somewhat from the interest with which the belts are examined, adds greatly to the unique beauty of the planet."

Before proceeding to describe the beauties of this most lovely of all the members of the solar system, we must make a few remarks on the subject of the rings, otherwise our description would seem unintelligible to those who are unfamiliar with the progress of recent discoveries in the Saturnian system.

It had long been known that what is termed for brevity Saturn's ring, is divided by a wide circular gap some two thousand miles across into two concentric rings, of which the inner is the wider and the brighter. More recently it had been discovered that several other divisions exist in the ring-system, of which one, dividing the outer ring almost along the middle of its breadth, appears to be permanent. But these divisions are not black; moreover, careful observers had come to the conclusion that even the great dark division is not black. Captain Jacob, an eminent observer, had noticed that when the shadow of the planet falls across this division, the contrast between the intense blackness of the shadow and the merely dark color of the division was very marked. This showed that some material or other occupied the great division between the rings.

The discovery of a dark ring within the innermost bright one seems less remarkable after this recognition of the fact that the great division is in reality but a darker part of the ring-system. Still the actual proof that such a thing as a dark ring has existence within the bounds of our solar system, cannot but be looked upon as striking. The discovery that where it crosses Saturn the planet can be seen through the dark ring was, however, much more so. It was the first demonstrated case of a transparent substance within the solar scheme,—of a substance, at least, in this sense transparent, that its materials are so arranged that vision through it is possible. We now have reason to believe that the actual matter composing the dark ring is no more transparent than the moon is. It is supposed that minute satellites, somewhat more widely separated than in the case of the bright rings, compose the dark ring also, and that between these satellites we can see through to the planet. The appearance actually presented is as though the dark ring were composed of crape, veiling, but not altogether hiding the planet from us. On this account the ring is often called the crape-ring.

When seen under ordinary circumstances,—that is, when the atmospheric conditions are not unusually favorable,—the only colors which can be recognized on Saturn are the white of the cloud-zones and the yellow of the belts. But on one of those few fine nights which are the delight of the telescopicist, we suddenly find the pale faint colors of the distant planet changed into well-marked hues of great distinctness. The following description is from the pen of Mr. Browning, the optician. The observation was made with a fine twelve-inch reflector, by means of which Mr. Browning, in the few leisure hours at his disposal, has already made many important contributions to observational astronomy. Speaking of a colored drawing which accompanied a paper of his on Saturn in the "Student,"—"The following colors," he says, "were used to represent the parts indicated. The rings, yellow ochre,—shaded with the same,—and sepia. The globe, yellow ochre and brown madder, orange and purple, shaded with sepia. The great division

in the rings, sepia,"—not black, be it noticed. "The pole, and the narrow belts situated near it on the globe, pale cobalt-blue."

It will be observed how largely our conceptions of the beauty of the Saturnian scheme are enhanced by the knowledge that colors so varied and so well marked are exhibited on the planet's disc, and in the noble rings which circle around it. But in reality no description, nay no painting, can afford any adequate conception of the planet's exceeding loveliness on such a night as we have mentioned. Mr. Browning's picture is perhaps the most beautiful representation of Saturn which has ever been produced. Yet no one would admit more readily than himself that it conveys but an inadequate idea of the ringed planet when seen in its full glory. "The tints I have used," he says, "are the nearest I could find to those seen on the planet, but there is a muddiness about all terrestrial colors when compared with the colors of the objects seen in the heavens. These colors could not be represented in all their brilliancy and purity, unless we could dip our pencil in a rainbow, and transfer the prismatic tints to our paper."

On account of the heavy masses of clouds which cover Jupiter and Saturn, we only obtain partial and indistinct views of their real surface; it is not easy to form any conception of the arrangement of continents and oceans which may exist upon these planets. There are many of our earths which might be supposed to present some such tints as we see on Saturn and Jupiter, if only our planet could be viewed under somewhat similar circumstances. But there are some difficulties which it is not very easy to get over. It is certain that whenever we get a real glimpse of the Saturnian and Jovian surfaces we see various shades of brown, red, purple, and yellow; nothing,—except near the poles,—which can reasonably be supposed to represent seas or oceans. But we are compelled to believe that there must be seas and oceans elsewhere than near the poles. For the great equatorial white belts which surround both planets must consist of masses of cloud or mist, raised by evaporation from widely-expanded oceans. Yet, as we have said, there is

no trace on the ruddy, dark belts near the equator of any oceanic masses existing in the neighborhood of the equator.

Another circumstance very difficult to comprehend is the existence of the vaporous masses which form the cloud-belts. Jupiter and Saturn are so much farther from the sun than we are that one would imagine the solar rays would scarcely be able to evaporate such enormous quantities of water as must in reality be held suspended in these cloud-belts,—if they are rightly so called. In the dense atmospheres surrounding Saturn and Jupiter evaporation would require a much higher temperature than in our own air. And though this same density would tend, as Tyndall and Hopkins have shown, to preserve a higher temperature than would exist were the atmosphere rarer, yet, as Jupiter is more than five times, and Saturn more than nine times, farther from the sun than we are, those planets would require all that effect, and more, to secure for them the same warmth that we enjoy. This warmth would be altogether insufficient to account for the enormous masses of vapor which hang suspended over the two giant planets of the solar scheme.

We believe that when these circumstances are properly weighed, the only conclusion which can be arrived at is, that there exists both in Saturn and Jupiter a vast fund of internal heat.

The enormous volumes of these planets suggested the same view to a thoughtful student of nature of the last century. He argued that our earth still retains a large share of the heat which it had in those far off ages when tropical trees thrived in the arctic regions. Had her mass been much smaller than it is she would have long since parted with nearly all her internal heat. The moon, on the other hand, which is so much smaller than the earth, exhibits signs of refrigeration as obvious as the signs her face presents that she was once the seat of an intensely active heat. We may judge therefore by analogy, he reasoned, that the giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, retain a far larger share of their original internal heat than our earth does. He even constructed a number of earthen globes, which he heated to a red heat, and then placed in the open air to cool, and he deduced the law according

to which globes of different dimensions lose their heat. As might be imagined, the larger globes in all cases retained their heat the longest.

Now without accepting these experiments of the ingenious Buffon as necessarily corresponding with the conditions presented in the solar system, we may yet not unfairly combine their results with those to which we have been led by the consideration of the colors of the two largest planets of the solar system. This being done, the conclusion presents itself as highly probable that the enormous masses of vapor which certainly surround these planets are raised by the action of the planet's internal heat. We might even reverse Dr. Whewell's famous argument against the habitability of Saturn and Jupiter, and deduce the same conclusion from the consideration of the intense heat probably prevailing upon their surface, which he deduced from the theory that these planets probably consist of snow and ice, "with perhaps a cindery nucleus." But if we thus robbed the two noblest planets in the solar system of their inhabitants, it would be to recognize in the satellites which attend upon those orbs the abodes of living creatures, as well provided for, perhaps, as the inhabitants of our own earth.

Leaving these speculations, which our readers may be disposed to look upon as more fanciful than instructive, we have a few remarks to offer, in conclusion, as to the methods best adapted for observing the colors which have been described above.

It should be noticed, in the first place, that the air must be steady enough to enable the telescopicist to use the highest powers his telescope will bear. Contrary to what might be supposed by those unfamiliar with telescopic observation, a rather misty night is commonly to be preferred for observations of color. And not only must the night be suitable for high powers, but high powers must be used. For most observations, the practised astronomer commonly prefers moderate powers as giving brighter light. But to bring out color we have to subdue the light as much as possible, otherwise the glare conceals all traces of the delicate tints we wish to detect. Reflectors are, on the whole, much more

favorable for the detection of color than refractors; indeed, the only accounts of Saturn's colors which we can at present recall were published by observers who used reflecting telescopes. They add a slight yellowish tinge to all objects, it is true; but the fact that the blue tint of Saturn's polar regions is clearly perceptible with them shows how little this affects their work. The reason of their superiority doubtless lies in their freedom

from what is called the chromatic aberration, that is, the formation of prismatic colors around the image produced by a telescope. With a large instrument, on a good night, and with other circumstances favorable, the observation of the colors of Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter, is one of the most pleasing of all the pleasing sights which the possessor of a good telescope can enjoy.

St. Paul's.

MADAME LAFAYETTE.

THERE are special phases both in history and in fiction that are invested with an undying interest,—about the French revolution especially, we never can read enough. The spasmodic episodes of political life; the dramatic lustre with which events precipitated themselves; the extraordinary power, variety, and spontaneity displayed by the leaders; the revelations of wickedness and of virtue, of selfish ambition and heroic self-sacrifice, of lofty dreamers and degraded workers, come to us most vividly in memoirs and family records. Through every stage of the revolution women were extraordinarily predominant.

Whether as transcendental republicans, like Madame Roland, or cruel, greedy democrats, like Thérigne de Mericourt; as lovely Aspasia, like Madame Tallien; as murderous Judiths, like Charlotte Corday; as haughty, but high-souled sovereigns, like Marie Antoinette; or sweet, prayerful martyrs, clinging to the falling throne from great love to him who sat upon it, like Madame Elizabeth,—typical women of all ages, stations, and capacities stand foremost in the hottest fury of the Revolution.

Women are generally in extremes, and these strange, disjointed times brought out their salient points, both for good and for bad, in undue and inordinate relief. The floating, indeterminate theories on liberty,—as freeing men and women from every law; and on equality,—as placing the sexes on a level; entire emancipation from social conventionalities, hitherto so irksome to women; a universal contagion of mock heroism and

declamatory vehemence; an incessant excitement and unrest,—were all elements recommending themselves, more or less, to the female mind, and affording occasion for supremacy, quite impossible in the ordinary course of events.

The men of the Revolution were all young and enthusiastic, equally possessed by a sort of fury of novelty, both in government and ideas; wildly rejecting the old-world rules and restraints, embittered by the traditions of a detested court; eager to inaugurate an entirely new phase of life in which women were assigned an avowed place beside themselves. The extraordinary beauty, fascination, talent, and courage of the women of that day may either serve as the excuse, or explain the cause. At all events, the fact cannot be denied, and we may fairly look to the writings and the lives of women, as trustworthy and eloquent exponents of that most singular period. If the men were heroes, the women were heroines, and seconded them with a zeal and headstrong valor akin to the legends of chivalry.

Foremost among the young patriots of that day was Lafayette, a sincere, though moderate republican, the friend of Mirabeau and of the people. His career belongs to legitimate history, and only concerns us as far as it bears upon the fortunes of his wife, a domestic saint, living apart, enshrined in the sanctuary of her home, and hallowed by her husband's love, until called forth by the course of events into the full glare of historical prominence.

While literature has been inundated with notices concerning brilliant women

who preferred the notoriety of a public career, it has taken more than half a century to unveil the details of this beautiful life,—the domestic side, so to say, of the Revolution, a melancholy episode of what happened within the home, that republican France might triumph. The book in question contains two biographies,—the first written by Madame Lafayette herself, when a prisoner at Olmütz, of her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen; the second by Madame de Lastayrie, daughter of Madame Lafayette, recounting her mother's life. The extraordinary fortitude, self-sacrifice, and resignation, the grace and beauty of these ladies of the Noailles family,—in whose veins flowed the noblest blood of the *vielle roche*,—hardly needed their unparalleled misfortunes to give most life-like interest to these pages.

We must begin with the Duchesse d'Ayen, the wife of a powerful nobleman, holding high office at the court of Louis XVI., the mother of five daughters, all closely identified with the Revolution. Married early in life, she would appear to have repulsed her husband by a too rigid sense of duty,—too uncompromising a piety, qualities little acceptable at any time in married life, but specially so at this dissipated, free-thinking period. Neglected by the husband she had wearied by her mental superiority, she lived much in solitude, and with her children, who clung to her throughout their lives with a love and a veneration we may admire, but certainly little imitate, in these days of juvenile emancipation, when the young are so much more considered than the old. She was brought into close collision with the agitations of the times, through her two sons-in-law, General Lafayette and the Viscount de Noailles, who both advocated republican principles, became members of the National Assembly, and were partisans of American independence.

At first the duchess sympathized with them, but as the political horizon darkened, and organized murder, anarchy, and infidelity usurped the place of law, justice, and religion, her own principles, as well as anxiety for her husband and relatives, opened her eyes to the approaching crisis. Then came the terrible 10th of August, when every doubt as to the tendency of the Revolution vanished. The duke, who

was captain of the king's guard in attendance at the Tuileries, narrowly escaped death, and was forced to fly from France.

The duchess, with her aged mother, the Maréchale de Noailles, and her daughter, the favorite sister of Madame Lafayette,—all the other members of her family being in prison or exile,—lived unmolested until after the execution of the king and queen, when their high rank and close connection with the court constituted them criminals in the eyes of the revolutionary tribunals. These unhappy ladies were among the last victims of the Reign of Terror, being guillotined four days previous to the 10th Thermidor, that blessed day of general amnesty, which opened the prisons and saved such crowds of innocent victims.

Madame Lafayette traces her mother's life with a tender sympathy that reveals to us her passionate nature. Within her heart were depths of love so inexhaustible, that to every call upon her sympathies, whether as daughter, mother, or wife, she responded by an unquestioning devotion and absolute self-abandonment. Educated by such a mother, it is not surprising that extreme reserve, and an almost exaggerated conscientiousness marked her character. At twelve years old she questioned herself on religion so constantly that her young mind grew confused, and taught itself to doubt, so that when desired to prepare for her first communion she imagined herself an unbeliever, and declined. One year after Lafayette was proposed to her as a husband. His extreme youth, being then only fourteen, his unfinished education, and the vast fortune he possessed, would seem to have been considered especial recommendations.

So thought the Duke d'Ayen, a courtier and a man of the world. So did not think his duchess, who, exaggerated in her ideas of duty and responsibility, viewed these worldly advantages, especially the possession of large fortune, as so many dangerous snares and temptations. She positively refused her consent, until the charming disposition, fascinating manners, and general goodness of the young Lafayette, added to the indignant remonstrances of her husband, prevailed. Consoled by the promise that the marriage should be delayed two years, and that the child-pair should for

some time reside under her roof, she gave her consent, and the marriage took place. Young as she was, Lafayette had entirely possessed himself of her heart: that constant heart which was his, and his only, to its last beat. "I already felt," says she, "that profound attachment which has united us so many years in the tenderest bonds, through all the vicissitudes of our adventurous lives." Not only did this girl of fourteen love, but she loved with a delicacy and a passionate ardor peculiar to herself.

In 1777 came the American war of independence, and Lafayette's resolve to fight in the republican armies, a decision that taught her practically what personal sacrifices the wives of heroes are called upon to make,—and what bitter tears wet the laurels of victory.

When Lafayette's project was first broached, the Duke d'Ayen, considering his daughter's happiness only, was furious; but the duchess, with a juster mind, appreciated the magnanimity of her son-in-law, and fortified her daughter in bearing the separation. Society in those days of unquestioning republicanism applauded Lafayette and blamed the duke. "Indeed," says Lord Stormont, then English Ambassador at Paris, "if the duke had prevented Lafayette's departure, no one would have been found to marry his other daughters."

Madame Lafayette, young and enthusiastic, sympathizing in the cause, and proud of his brilliant achievements, bore this first parting almost joyfully. His charming letters sustained her,—letters so lover-like and full of ardor that they bring to us, even now, a perfect atmosphere of love. Like Henry VIII. writing to Anne Boleyn, he always addresses her as "Dearest heart."

"What fears," says he, "what sorrow, what agitation I feel in parting from you. How will you take this voluntary absence? Will you forgive me? or will you love me less? Must I, added to the pang of separation, fear that? Alas, it would be too cruel! I already pass the weary hours in thinking of my return. Ah, what a heavenly moment! How I shall rush to embrace you,—to take you by surprise? Will you be alone, or with our children?"

After being wounded at the battle of Brandywine he hears of her confine-

ment. "How happy your safety has made me. Dearest heart, I must speak of it all through my letter, for I can think of nothing else. What rapture to embrace you all,—the mother and the two dear little girls,—to make them intercede with you for their truant father.

"Do you imagine I am such a fool as to care for the sex of our new child? We are young enough to have more without a miracle, and I have every intention of living, and bearing the honors of my own name."

He returned, and for a time her joy was complete. But she came to find that these transient seasons of bliss were to be bought by long intervals of agonized suspense. Plan after plan engaged his attention; indeed, his whole life was at this time employed in arranging fresh campaigns to further the republican cause at home and abroad.

Thus even in his presence there was pain. Her fortitude and submission never failed; but, at last, overcome by past emotions and present fears, she fell ill, and her life was despaired of. A son was now born to them, and soon afterwards Lafayette returned to America.

She was now nineteen. Fresh from the charm of his society, debilitated by recent illness, with increased experience of the world and clearer knowledge of the dangers to which he was exposed, this second parting was to her far more intolerable than the first. Nor could her worst anticipations have realized the agony of her suspense when no letters, no report of the campaign,—that of Virginia,—reached her for many months. Still, ever brave and unselfish, she concealed her alarm, as much as possible, from her mother, even when hourly expecting to hear of his death.

After the capture of Lord Cornwallis, when victory declared for the Americans, and Lafayette suddenly returned, the intensity of her joy was positively dangerous. He could not leave her without causing actual illness, a weakness she tried as much as possible to conceal, lest such excessive sensibility might annoy him. But Lafayette, who read her with the eyes of love, observed and pitied the commotion of her spirit, and soothed her with all the tenderness of his manly nature.

Fortunately the peace of 1782 brought some quiet days at a time when nature most required repose, and she could for a while enjoy the assurance of his beloved presence.

In the mean time, the political horizon grew darker and more threatening; the Revolution was at hand, and these quiet days were but the awful lull before the tempest. The States-General had assembled, and Lafayette, ever foremost in the cause of liberty, accepted the command of the national guard. From this moment his life, and that of his wife, became identified with public events. Entirely sympathizing in his liberal opinions, she went with him hand-in-hand; admiring and approving his conduct, and sharing his patriotic enthusiasm. Of a naturally reserved and gentle disposition, increased and fostered by an almost monastic education, she never assumed more than a purely domestic position. As the wife of the popular general, the idol of the Parisians, she might have rivalled Madame Roland or Madame Tallien in public favor, but she instinctively shrank from such noisy triumphs, and contented herself by appearing at her husband's side at great ceremonies, and in daily doing the honors of his open table. Precisely, however, because she kept aloof from the contagion of the times, she early perceived their dangerous tendency, drifting no one knew whither. She tells us with touching simplicity "that although she gloried in all he did, her husband never left the house without her feeling that perhaps she had kissed him for the last time."

These pages, dedicated to the memory of a domestic saint, do not profess to recount the progress of the Revolution except in so far as absolutely needful to the due appreciation of her character.

After the return of the king and queen from Varennes, martial law was proclaimed, and the once popular general came to be as much hated by the fickle mob as he had previously been beloved. On the Champs de Mars these wretches swore that they would assassinate his wife and bear her head in triumph through Paris. He laid down his command and retired into Auvergne with his family.

They were joined by her mother. For a time, the tranquillity of the country, and

the delight of re-union, blinded them to the gravity of passing events. For a little time,—and again the deadly Revolution clamored at the door, and broke up that happy household. Lafayette left Chavaniac to command one of the armies of defence; and the duchess, suspected and tracked as an aristocrat, was obliged to return to Paris. Immediate civil war, the terror of accumulating and more cruel personal danger to Lafayette, fears for her children, and utter solitude, all united to overwhelm her. But for those children, of whom she was the only guardian, she would have yielded to his prayers, followed Lafayette, and shared life or death with him, as he, less heroic and self-denying, entreated her at once to do. Yet, exceeding as was the temptation, she sacrificed her longings to his ultimate advantage, and stayed to watch over their children, to pay his debts, and to afford no handle for his enemies to proclaim that Lafayette had betrayed the republican cause by removing his family from France. That she did this, and remained alone to stand the brunt of the Revolution, has made her, spite of herself, a heroine.

And now she learned that at Sedan a price was put upon his head, and that her Lafayette was to be taken, dead or alive, by order of the National Assembly!

As long as she could think of him safe and unhurt all other trials were endurable; or but painful details through which she could confidently tread with cautious yet firm footsteps. That she loved her children is testified by the love they bore her; but to suppose that they ever rivalled their father in her heart is to misapprehend the whole bent of her character.

On the 10th of September, 1792, Chavaniac was invested by troops, and she was summoned by decree of the Committee of Public Safety to proceed with her children to Paris. While reading the letter from Roland, Minister of the Interior, urging the immediate execution of these orders, her eldest daughter, Anastasie, escaping from the room where she with her young sisters had been shut up for safety, came to where her mother stood surrounded by the commissioners, and throwing herself into her arms declared "that she would

neither be hidden nor would she leave her."

A prisoner in the midst of soldiers who made the murder of aristocrats their boast, Madame Lafayette and Anastasie arrived at Puy, the capital of the department.

From one moment to another they might be massacred as other prisoners had been a few hours before; but no idea of fear seems to have troubled either the mother or the child. They only thought of Lafayette. "If your father," said she to Anastasie, "knew where we were, he would be very uneasy; but he would praise you."

A few stones were thrown at them as they entered the town, otherwise they arrived unmolested. The authorities immediately assembled to interrogate them, and Madame Lafayette, with the calm of genuine courage, thus addressed them:—

"You gentlemen are acting on the orders of M. Roland; I, on the contrary, submit myself to yours, and constitute myself your prisoner. Let the letters of my husband in your possession be read aloud. I entirely agree with them, and they constitute my best defence. To hear these letters read will fortify and console me. Let me also entreat you to have them copied, and allow me to retain the copies, for the truth is not always spoken at the National Assembly."

So ably did she plead her cause that the authorities transmitted her petition to be a prisoner on parole at Chavaniac to Paris. Roland, after some delay, consented. But the department proposed that six soldiers should maintain a constant surveillance. "If soldiers are placed at my door," said Madame Lafayette, "I withdraw my parole. Choose between them and my word. I do not blame you for doubting me. I have not, like my husband, had the opportunities of publicly proving that I am as good a patriot as he; but you must at least allow me to believe in my own loyalty, and not ask me to barter it with bayonets."

Subsequent intelligence led her to repent the pertinacity with which she had insisted on a parole being accepted. Lafayette's position was most alarming. Far from being safe and free, as she had

imagined, he was a prisoner of the allied powers at Spandau. "Let me on my knees," she wrote to Roland at this time, "implore you to free me from parole, and let me join my husband. I will not enter into the general question of the barbarity of making women hostages, but I ask you to consider its utter futility." She also addressed a passionate appeal to Washington to use his influence to allow Lafayette to go to America:—"If his family may accompany him his joy will be unspeakable; but, if we should raise any obstacle to his freedom, we implore you to think only of him."

No immediate result followed these applications; but Roland,—at heart a humane man,—touched by her letters, liberated her from parole. Still,—as a *ci-devant* noble,—she was under the closest surveillance.

Although Lafayette was a prisoner of the enemies of France, the revolutionary committee, with illogical cruelty, persisted in considering him as a voluntary emigrant, and applying to his wife and family the penalties of that position. On the 18th Brumaire, Madame Lafayette received certain information of her immediate arrest. On the evening of the next day the officers of the revolutionary tribunal arrived at the Château of Chavaniac.

All her family gathered round her while the arrest was read.

"Citizen," said that same Anastasie, worthy daughter of an heroic race, "are daughters prevented from following their mother?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," replied the commissioner, "they are." Anastasie was then sixteen.

At this moment of inevitable separation the mother forgot herself in care for her children. She affected to treat the whole as a mistake, and assured them that she should soon be released. And so they parted.

Arrived at the prisons of Brioude, she learnt the arrest of her grandmother, the aged Maréchale de Noailles; of her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen; and of her sister, Madame de Noailles. An order came almost immediately for her transfer to Paris. A last interview with her children was permitted, when she solemnly charged them, in case of her

execution. She wrote afterwards to her children:—"My life and my reason were preserved to me. Do not regret that I was alone. God kept me from rebellion against him, but I could not have borne any human consolation." So absorbed was she in grief, that, for the first and only time in her life, Lafayette was forgotten. "I longed," said she, "to die. To have followed those dear footsteps to the grave would have turned into sweetness each ghastly detail of final agony."

From La Force she was sent to Plessis. All the other prisoners had been immediately liberated, but difficulties arose respecting herself. For a time she was too utterly overwhelmed to make any effort for freedom. But when the deputies, Bourdon and Legendre, visited Plessis, and the name of Lafayette,—"a traitor to his country,"—was forbidden to be uttered, and his wife, as bearing so dangerous a patronymic, was condemned to remain a prisoner, the public insult to her husband roused her from this mental torpor. Once more her heart glowed within her at the thought of liberty, and of Lafayette; and she remembered her children, utterly dependent on her energy and affection.

Meanwhile, friends were working for her release; and through the interest of Monroe, the American minister, she was set free. Her first act was to endeavor to obtain a passport to join Lafayette. She committed her son, George, to Monroe's care, to be sent to America for education, under the guardianship of Washington, Lafayette's warmest and oldest friend. This done, she started for Chavaniae. Her daughters, with the valiant Anastasie, met her at Clermont, and received her as one miraculously rescued from the grave. A few days were spent arranging necessary affairs, after which the whole party started for Paris. To fly to Lafayette was their sole desire. Surely, in the annals of all history, never was man so adored!

Time and interest were needed to gain permission to emigrate; and the energetic wife, thoroughly awake from her trance of sorrow, set herself to arrange her inheritance at Fontenoy and Lagrange,—their ultimate home,—fallen to her by the death of her relatives. Her

activity of mind and body was incredible. She went and came incessantly, superintended everything, overcame all difficulties. Each obstacle removed was a step on the road to Lafayette, and hope and joy urged and sustained her.

"It was not alone her following me to the fortress of Olmütz," said Lafayette, speaking of this period after her death, "'on the wings of love and duty,' as Charles Fox said; but it was her indomitable courage in not leaving France until she had settled everything,—paid my debts, and arranged my affairs, as well as sending our son George to America. It was her noble imprudence in thus remaining in France, the only woman compromised by her name who did not change it. Never did she, ordinarily so indulgent to party feelings and prejudices,—standing, as she did, so long under the shadow of the scaffold,—allow a hostile remark upon me to remain unanswered. She never lost an opportunity of declaring that my principles were her own. Never did she present a petition or make a declaration that she did not glory in signing it with my name, as 'La femme Lafayette.'"

At length the much-longed-for passport was obtained, made out for Vienna, under an assumed name. Powerful interest procured her an audience of the emperor, who received her so graciously that he not only gave her permission to join Lafayette at Olmütz, but assured her that every indulgence she might require would be granted at once, by personal application to himself. Alas! poor loving woman! how soon she came to know the truth of the words, "Put not thy trust in princes."

On the 1st October, 1795, they first saw the walls of Olmütz. Madame Lafayette fainted from excessive emotion, then broke forth in a solemn thanksgiving that her fondest hopes and constant prayers had been mercifully realized. Soon the massive fortress doors opened to receive them,—they traversed the long damp galleries leading to the cell of the husband and the father.

Within sat Lafayette, utterly unconscious of their arrival. He had been three years a prisoner, and had received neither letter nor message. The door was unbarred, and wife and children flung themselves into his arms!

In the first transports, all was forgotten save the ecstasy of actual tangible presence. Some hours passed thus; but when night closed in, and the girls were laid in their little prison beds in an adjoining cell, the husband and wife, sitting side by side, began to question the past. Lafayette was frightfully changed. He knew that there had been massacres,—a Reign of Terror in France: he dared ask no question. Little by little his wife broke each horrible incident to him, and the violent deaths of her family, whom he had loved as his own.

And now the prison life began. The mother and young daughters, voluntary prisoners, spite of the gracious promises of the emperor, were allowed no exercise; they could write no letters, save under the eye of the gaolers; their money was taken from them, and they were forbidden to attend mass. All the household work was done by themselves; they swept their rooms, made the beds, mended their clothes, and eat with their fingers.

"My mother," says her daughter, Madame de Lastayrie, "was supremely happy. If it be remembered that from the age of fourteen her passion for my father had absorbed her life, what she had suffered from his long and frequent absence, his incessant occupations, the dangers to which he was continually exposed, how she had passed the last three years without hope of ever seeing him again, to possess and to hold the object of so much love anywhere was to her a daily and hourly bliss no surroundings could diminish. She marvelled at her own capacity for happiness; she reproached herself for the fullness of her content, he being a prisoner."

But in spite of this "supreme content" with the husband of her love,—the hero of her life,—nature rebelled, and her health failed. After her previous life of motion and excitement, without exercise or wholesome food, illness came, alas! to remind her that she was mortal. All possibility of consulting a physician at Vienna was denied her. "If she left Olmütz she could never return!" so to live or to die she stayed. Her illness rapidly increased; she could neither move her hands nor her feet. Low fever set in. For eleven months did she thus suffer; yet so serene and happy

was she, that it was impossible to believe in any danger. In the breaks of this illness she wrote on the margin of some books they had brought, with a tooth-pick, in Indian ink, the account of her mother's life, now published with her own.

When the household work was done, and the cell swept and garnished by the loving girls, Anastasie made shoes for her father, who read aloud to them in the evening with that musical voice that had so often stilled and fascinated the Parisian mob. Thus passed twenty months' captivity.

Bonaparte, at the peace of Campo Formio, insisted on the freedom of the prisoners of Olmütz. After five years Lafayette was free. Madame Lafayette, too, began to rally as soon as they were free, and established in the house of a friend at Witmold, near Hamburg. Here her husband's friends and partisans rallied round him, George arrived from America, and, after years of long and patient endurance, she possessed all her treasures.

One more act of public life remained to be done by this unconscious heroine. Lafayette was still proscribed, and she must liberate him. Leaving him in Holland, she set out for Paris, in order to observe the political feeling in the capital after the 18th Brumaire. From what she saw she advised him to join her without waiting for any permission, and, confiding in her judgment, he came to Paris. This unauthorized act gravely offended the First Consul. He was so incensed, that he would not allow himself to be addressed on the subject. In this moment of alarm, Madame Lafayette solicited and obtained an audience. She pleaded her husband's cause, arguing that he could not justly be considered either as an exile or an emigrant, and was not therefore subject to the laws affecting them. She recalled his patriotism, his valor, his sincerity: she spoke warmly, but with discretion. Bonaparte listened attentively; he was favorably impressed. Detesting the doctrinaire woman of the period, political intrigantes like Madame de Staël, he respected and admired this legitimate display of feminine eloquence and courage. "Madame," said he, "I am charmed to have made your acquaintance. You

have spoken admirably; but you are entirely ignorant of public affairs."

Lafayette was, however, permitted to remain in France, and the reunited family settled at Lagrange, near Brie. Here the permanent repose Madame Lafayette so much needed was granted. Here she could unreservedly indulge the supreme passion of her life. She sought nothing beyond,—transported into ideal scenes created by her fancy. But the last scene was at hand.

"We soon felt that her summons had come, and that no skill could save her," wrote Lafayette, after her death. "The evening that she became delirious she said to me, 'If I am going to another home, you know I shall only think of you. Whatever it may cost me to leave you, I would gladly sacrifice my life to insure your eternal happiness.' It seemed as if love for me was stronger than disease,—that it conquered it. Even when this angelic creature was, as it were, already dead, when the coldness of death had frozen her limbs, some warmth and conscientiousness still remained in the hand I clasped in mine. Perhaps had she been conscious, her passionate love might not have found such abundant utterance.

"She had no fear of death; her religion was all faith and hope; she had fulfilled every duty of religion; she believed the sincere and virtuous of all creeds would be saved. 'I know not,' she used to say, 'what will happen at their death; but God will provide. They will be saved.'

"During an interval of reason she exclaimed, 'How I thank God that my ardent love to you was a duty! How happy I have been! What a privilege to have been your wife!'

"When I spoke of my own tenderness

for her,—'Yes; it is true; yes. Repeat that once more. It is delightful. If you think I did not love you enough in return, it is because God gave me no greater power of love. I love you!' she repeated; 'I love you passionately!—as a woman,—as a Christian,—body and soul!'

"All the scenes of her life passed before her. She repeated with infinite emotion the Canticle of Tobias she had recited on first seeing the towers of Olmütz; she recalled her secret tears at my departure for America,—hid that her parents might not blame me. 'Ah!' cried she, 'for six more such years at Lagrange! But I am dying. Have I ever offended you? Have I been a loving wife?' 'Yes, yes, surely.' 'Then bless me, and promise ever while you live to think of me as you do now.' 'Bless me also,' said I; and she did so, for the first and last time.

"The day of her death we trembled to hear her say, 'To-day I shall see my mother.' When her sister for a few moments seated herself beside her, I own that I felt my conjugal affection crossed by a sentiment of jealousy for the only time. I passionately longed to occupy her exclusively. I wanted all her looks, all her thoughts. She also seemed impatient for me to take my old place again. When I had done so, she took my hand in hers, and softly whispered to me, 'I am all yours.'

"Those were her last words.

"We stood about her bed, moved in to the centre of the room,—we all knelt round it, watching each breath she drew. Without any suffering, with a heavenly smile on her face, still holding my hand, this angel of tenderness and love ceased to live."

British Quarterly Review.

THE PLACE WHERE LIGHT DWELLETH.

(Concluded from page 725.)

BUT besides the maculæ, the sun's surface sometimes exhibits shining spots known as faculæ. They are more brilliant even than the surrounding luminous matter. That there is some association between these and the black specks is undeniable: frequently they appear on

the outer border of the penumbra, and occasionally they take the form of resplendent ridges or ravines converging towards a central gulf. When the ordinary dark spots vanish they are often succeeded by bright ones, and when the faculæ present themselves alone, this

circumstance probably indicates that they will shortly be followed by the appearance of some of the black brotherhood on the same site.

There are other curious features also on the sun's countenance. Far from possessing a smooth uniform surface, variegated only with a few beauty-spots, like the ladies of a past generation, his visage is mottled all over in such a way that it has been compared to the dotting or grain-ing of an engraving. "It looks," says Father Secchi, "like a tissue strewn with white points more or less elongated in form and separated by a net-work, at the crossings of which little black holes appear." In the penumbra, these white bodies seem to arrange themselves in lines like filaments converging towards the nucleus, as if striving to shoot across the dark abyss, and then interlacing with each other, as if eager to fill up some gash, or coat over some wound in the photosphere. These peculiar appearances have been compared to rice-grains by Mr. Stone, to chipped blades of straw by Mr. Dawes, and to willow leaves by Mr. Nasmyth. The latter gentleman even hinted that they might consist of solid bodies; and Sir W. Armstrong, in his address to the British Association at Newcastle (1863), observed: "The forms are so regular in size and shape as to have led to a suggestion from one of our profoundest philosophers of their being organisms, possibly even partaking of the nature of life, but at all events closely connected with the heating and vivifying influences of the sun. Upon the strength of this statement, it was forthwith announced by some imaginative individuals that living beings had been descried in the orb, floating like leviathans in a luminous sea, and measuring a thousand miles in length by a hundred in breadth! Most probably, the peculiarities in question are due in a great measure to the same causes which lead to the production of the spots.

On all these points, however, much uncertainty must exist, for want of a clear knowledge of the sun's atmosphere. Sir William Herschel assumed the existence of two envelopes only; the lower consisting of gaseous matter in a non-luminous state; the upper composed of gaseous matter also, but in a flaming or resplendent condition. It is from this

superior layer we derive our light and heat; the other was supposed to shield the surface of the sun from the scorching rays of the photosphere. But a third investing ocean at least must also be admitted. The corona which encompasses the body of the orb during total eclipses, like the glory round the head of old saints, shows that there is an exterior envelope mounted upon the photosphere. Mr. Norman Lockyer also concluded, from his spectroscopic researches, that the "red protuberances" were due to the heaping up of hydrogen gas, which formed a continuous layer round the sun.*

Amongst other interesting questions which have been propounded respecting the sun, it has been asked whether this body does not act as a huge magnet, and produce, in that capacity, all the various magnetic phenomena which are manifest upon our earth?

That the "king of day" plays the part of a great loadstone, and keeps all the planets in charmed subjection to his authority, is of course a very poetical version of things, and many a fanciful mind has conjured up a vision of an orrery moved, or at least maintained, entirely by magnetism. But without displacing the power or principle, whatever it may be, which we call attraction, does the sun, by his direct action, excite those magnetic currents which are perpetually streaming over our planet, or stir up those magnetic storms which sometimes break out suddenly and rage over whole continents, though insensible to our human organs except so far as they are disclosed by the convulsive quiverings of the needle?

This point has been carefully investigated, and the conclusion drawn that such terrestrial disturbances are not caused by variations in the magnetism of the sun. The mode in which that body affects the magnetic condition of the earth, says Mr. G. Chambers, "is not analogous to the action of a magnet upon

* In a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1869 (Part 159), Mr. Lockyer has very handsomely disclaimed the honor of being the first to announce the continuous character of the envelope known as the chromosphere, and has assigned to Professor Grant, Professor Swann, M. Liis, and others, their share in the merit of this discovery.

a mass of soft iron placed at a great distance from it," but the influences proceeding from the great luminary do so in a "form different from that of magnetic force, and are converted into the latter form of force probably by their action upon the matter of the earth or its atmosphere." And this conclusion is confirmed by Professor W. Thomson, who says that no effect of the sun's action as a magnet is sensible at the earth.*

Upon another point connected with the central orb, a very valuable result may be noted. Until recently, if we had asked any school girl what was the distance of the earth from the sun, she would have answered, with the confidence of an itinerant lecturer on the universe, and with the promptitude of a flash of lightning, "95,000,000 of miles." This, in her case, would have been one of the principal fruits of the charge of so many guineas per annum for the use of the globes. If the same question had been propounded to a philosopher, he would have returned the same reply, with a hint as to some odd fractional miles, but with a caution that the calculation was only provisional, and must be taken, like a merchant's account, with a clause of "errors excepted." Putting the matter in professional language, he would have intimated that the sun's parallax (or the angle subtended by the earth's radius when seen from the sun) was set down as something more than eight seconds and a-half ($8''\cdot57$), but that there were grounds for supposing that it really amounted to nearly nine seconds ($8''\cdot95$). The difference between these two estimates would bring our globe between three and four millions of miles nearer to the Giver of Light. Now, the peculiarity of the case is, that astronomers have arrived at this amended result by separate routes, and for the most part without any definite expectation of correcting the error in question. When experimenting, for instance, upon the velocity of light, Fou-

cault found that its accredited speed must be lowered, and this rendered it necessary to reduce the distance of the sun by the amount just mentioned. In studying the moon's motions, Hansen showed that the disturbing influence of the sun upon our satellite must be revised to an extent which would involve an alteration to nearly the same amount. The planet Mars has been called upon to furnish further evidence, and Venus, on whose testimony philosophers long relied, has again been put into the witness-box, and agrees with the other deponents almost to the letter. It was, in fact, upon her depositions, taken on the occurrence of the celebrated transit of 1769, when commissioners were sent to examine her in the southern hemisphere, that the standard valuation of the sun's distance was based; and when Mr. Stone went over the calculations, the rectified result indicated a parallax of $8''\cdot9$, instead of the old one of $8''\cdot57$. From this striking coincidence, it may be safely assumed that the distance of the sun from the earth is little more than ninety-one millions of miles (91,300,000, in reality); and when we consider how much astronomical science depends upon the accuracy of its data, it will be admitted that the elucidation of this point by methods so thoroughly independent is a curious as well as a creditable feature in the doings of the age.

But whilst the relative distance of the two globes is preserved, it must not be forgotten that the sun is ever in progressive motion through the heavens, as if he were bent upon some errand of life or death. That he—lord, as he is, of the system—should be subject to the same law of axial rotation as his satellites, may excite no surprise; but that he should be posting headlong through space, encircled by a troop of worlds, some with their worldlings around them, and all engaged in performing their mazy evolutions, is a conception which the mind cannot readily realize. Still more, if all the orbs which we have been accustomed to regard as "fixed in their everlasting seats," should partake of the same erratic habits, can we repress the thought that, wide as the celestial plains may be, and spacious as they may appear for purposes of parade

* "Philosophical Transactions," vol. ciii. p. 503, Mr. G. Chambers on "The Nature of the Sun's Magnetic Action upon the Earth." The reader will doubtless perceive that the question here raised is not as to the influence which the orb exerts upon our magnetism by means of its heat or otherwise, but whether it operates as a great loadstone simply.

merely, yet, sooner or later, fearful collisions must ensue, if the whole starry host is perpetually on the wing? Now, theoretically, a movement of translation in space may be inferred from the fact that the sun possesses a movement of rotation. Practically, the question has been put upon a footing of reasonable certainty by Sir W. Herschel, Argelander, Struve, Mädler, and others. Broadly stated, the principle upon which the inquiry was based by the first of these philosophers is familiar to every town pedestrian in the lamps in the streets, and to every country traveller in the trees of an avenue, or the telegraph posts on a railway. These objects, as we approach them, appear to recede from each other—as we retire, to run together into a cluster. Upon the supposition of the sun's motion there must, therefore, be some quarter in the heavens where the stars will seem to be opening out their ranks, and to this we must consequently be speeding; whilst in the opposite region the reverse effect will appear; for there the bright ones will seem to be closing up their array. Such a region was found. Out of fifty-six stars examined by Sir W. Herschel, forty-four showed an apparent proper motion, which could only be explained on the assumption that the sun was journeying towards a given point (γ) in the constellation Hercules. Subsequent researches have placed the fact of a translatory movement beyond dispute. This splendid gallop is conducted at the rate of nearly five miles per second, or 18,000 per hour!

But to what end? This question involves another. Is the orb travelling in a straight line, or in a curve of prodigious sweep? Is his motion the result of some primitive impulse, or of the combined attraction of the celestial bodies, or of a resistless summons from some distant master-masses; or is the entire host of heaven in ceaseless circuit around some mysterious centre of gravity? For it is an obvious inference that if our sun is thus in movement, the other stars may be nomadic as well. Indeed, the spectroscopic determination of the flight of Sirius by Mr. Huggins affords positive demonstration on this point. But to say whether the path of the sun is rectilinear or orbital surpasses the present powers

of the astronomer. Not that it is necessary to assume in the latter case the existence of any central body of surpassing bulk and dignity. The exact point round which millions of stars may revolve may not only be destitute of all signs of imperial importance, but it may not even be indicated by a single handful of matter. Nature does not always set up a memorial to indicate the spots where the most momentous actions are performed: the earth's surface is not pierced by any visible object where the axle of rotation might be supposed to protrude; nor is there any external peculiarity to denote the places where the magnetic poles are to be found; and as little is there any furrow or ridge in the ocean to represent the equatorial belt which divides the two hemispheres.

This focal point, however (if such it be), was considered by Struve to lie between the stars ϵ and μ in the group Hercules: Argelander fixed upon Perseus as the empire-constellation of our astral system, whilst Mädler hoisted the royal standard upon the most brilliant of the Pleiads, Alcyone. Here, then, is one of those stupendous facts which seem every now and then to drop down upon us from the firmament with such overpowering effect. Nothing can appear more placid and motionless than yonder silent stars. Let the astronomer gaze at them till he grows gray, and yet he can detect no symptom of disorder in their ranks. But this vast army of worlds is perpetually on the march, its shining battalions never bivouacking for a single night, but steadily pursuing their way across the celestial fields, without waking a single echo throughout the universe.

But, figuratively speaking, there is a dark side as well as a bright side to the sun. The very properties which enable it to fill our planet with life appear to deprive it of the privilege of cherishing life upon its own surface. Since spectroscopic research has shown that the body of the orb may be charged with heat of extreme ferocity, it is impossible that organized creatures, even of the most salamandrine qualities, could breathe its scorching atmosphere, or tread its burning marl. It is precisely this hypothesis of an obscure and unheated nucleus, says M. Guillemin, which is no longer admissible.

"L'interposition d'un écran opaque ou doué d'un très-faible pouvoir absorbant pour la lumière et la chaleur, à supposer que l'existence en soit démontrée ne prouverait qu'une chose, à savoir, que la noyau intérieur ne s'échauffe point par rayonnement. Mais du moment que la photosphère est en contact avec la couche de nuages des pénombres elle lui communique forcément sa chaleur par voie de conductibilité; l'enveloppant de toutes parts, elle l'échauffe à la fois par tous les points de sa surface et l'on comprend que le pouvoir de conductibilité fût-il très-faible à la longue l'équilibre de température ne peut être moindre que celle de la fusion. Les gaz sont de très-mauvais conducteurs de la chaleur, il est vrai; mais leur conductibilité n'est pas nulle, et en accumulant les siècles on comprend qu'un certain équilibre s'établisse, par cette seule voie, entre la photosphère et le noyau. N'oublions pas d'ailleurs que les masses gazeuses s'échauffent par convection ou transport, et qu'à moins de supposer l'immobilité dans les couches sous-jacentes la chaleur doit se propager avec rapidité. Or les phénomènes des taches, leurs transformations rapides, les mouvements que ces transformations supposent, soit dans les couches de la photosphère soit dans les couches plus profondes, mettent hors de doute, selon nous, la réalité d'un mélange incessant de ces couches diverses, et par suite d'un échange continuuel de la chaleur dont elles sont douées. Il est donc tout à fait probable que le globe entier du soleil est à une très-haute température dans toute sa masse, à une température qui dépasse celle de la fusion de la plupart des corps simples dont l'analyse spectrale a révélé l'existence dans son atmosphère."

In the fact, therefore, of a glowing nucleus, many a fine philosophical dream has received its death-blow. More than one speculator has calculated the prodigious population which our sun could accommodate, and has pictured to himself the wonderful activities of which that globe must be the scene, if everything there were conducted upon a scale of metropolitan magnificence. And verily there are men to whom it will seem a discredit to the system that its noblest orb should be a desert, so far as life is concerned, that its central mass, surpassing in volume the entire troop of planets and satellites not less than 600 times, should be incapable of harboring any manifestation of that great property which is the glory of our nether world. Let not such good souls despair, however. The sun's turn will doubtless come. Its first forms of life have yet to be born, but the birthday of organization

will assuredly arrive; and when its little Oldhamia or Lingula, or whatever character its opening animal productions may assume, shall creep into existence, there will doubtless be great rejoicing amongst the sons of the morning.

Upon what premises, however, can we base such a presumptuous speculation? Chiefly upon the fact that the system exhibits bodies in different stages of development. Take our own globe, for example. It is clear, from the story told by its rocks, and in particular from the igneous character of those which have been ejected from below, that our earth was once in a state of intense heat, as its core may be to the present hour; that it was shrouded in a dense atmosphere of vapor and aerial fluids, and that consequently it was utterly unfit to accommodate the organisms which now swarm upon its surface. It was then, we may assume, what the sun is now. But having cooled down more rapidly than the latter, as it necessarily would—having passed through fire and water, in its stormy apprenticeship, and eventually acquired a firm consolidated crust—it opened its doors to life, and creatures came tramping in as they did into the diluvial ark. So it may fare with the solar orb. Finding as we do the same elementary substances there as here, and compelled as we are to believe from the movements of the whole system in one plane and one direction, that there has been a unity of origin and of primitive experience, if we may so speak, it is difficult to suppose that processes which have transpired, or are transpiring in one member of the family may not apply to the rest. The moon, so far as observation extends, is an untenanted orb. In all probability its inherited caloric has been mostly expended, or at least the superficial portion has been dissipated, and the residue lies hid in its interior. Consequently its day of life may have closed, and our beautiful satellite may be but a shining sepulchre and a worn-out world. Perhaps it was only an ephemeron amongst stars? Our turn, also, may come; and when life is waking up in the sun it may be dying out on the earth. Let us not, however, think dolefully of the universe, if we find proofs of change or even symptoms of "decay," for in nature nothing is lost, and life is ever

born of death. True Science, like true Philosophy, always gives us more than she takes; and with the same breath that she tells us worlds may cease to palpitate, she tells us also that the forces which gave them all their vitality can never be crushed into nothingness except by the hand of Him from whom they emanated.

There are several other points connected with this "soul of surrounding worlds" upon which it would have been pleasant to touch, but narrowing space warns us to conclude, particularly as we devoted some attention to solar phenomena in a recent article on the Language of Light. Before parting, however, from the great luminary, we cannot forbear to remind the reader that we are indebted to this generous orb for light by night as well as by day, for warmth within doors as well as without. We are accustomed to speak of the sun's light and heat as forces actually garnered up in the vegetation of ancient epochs. We look upon our coal strata as cellars in which sunbeams have been locked up for unnumbered ages, in order that they might ultimately be reissued for the benefit of the intelligent tenantry for whom the world was intended. In a certain qualified sense this is perfectly true: coal is unquestionably invested sunshine. The gentle warmth we draw from our domestic fires, the fiercer heat which cooks our food or melts our metals, are the product of the sun's energy exercised upon the earth during some of those silent centuries when the globe was in preparation for man. Strolling through a town lit up by innumerable lamps, or whirled along at the heels of a locomotive, it is a pleasant thought that the emanations of suns which rose and set millions of years ago—which rose and set in seeming idleness, and to all appearance in wasted splendor—are now reproduced to enable us to cope with darkness, or to conquer space without moving a muscle. There is something captivating in the thought that the great *reitor mundi* was working for us when as yet there was no sign of man—indeed, no promise of his coming, and with quiet patient labor laying up from day to day those treasures of light and heat which are infinitely more valuable to us than all the gold and dia-

monds we possess. No one who has studied geological processes can repress a feeling of surprise, perhaps of impatience, at the slow deliberate step with which Nature ever marches up to her goal; but when we think of the sun toiling in lonely splendor to store our planet with fuel—we had almost said with his own embodied beams—it seems to reconcile us in some degree to the august and awful chronology of the universe.

A passing analogy may not be unacceptable. If, in a modified sense, the light of ancient suns may be boarded up for ages, so may the odor of ancient seas. Some years ago, a writer pointed out to the Academy of Sciences at Paris that the shells of the *teredo* found in the fossil-wood about Brussels gave out, when scratched, or when newly extracted from the soil, a strong scent of the ocean. But of what ocean? Clearly of one on which no human sail had ever been spread, for it belonged to the distant æocene era. After countless centuries had elapsed, the subtle aroma of that pre-historic sea was released from its imprisonment, and played upon nostrils fashioned in this our nineteenth century, as if it were the perfume of a flower plucked yesterday. It brings the ages together to find that from a fossil comes forth fragrance which has been impounded for millions of years, and that from our coal measures we can draw matter which may be called the solidified sunshine of the world's youth.

In conclusion, let us add that the greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly and more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary,—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere, as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest sigh would set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sun-

beams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and "blesses the useful light." Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snow upon the hills, or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one

place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is, that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a guise. It is as great a wonder as if the cannon-balls which were to batter down a fortress danced through the air on their mission of death, like motes in the sunbeam, or as if shrapnel shells were bred in the atmosphere like drops of dew, and demeaned themselves as meekly, too, until they exploded.

Temple Bar.

A BIT OF TUSCAN LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

It was the year 1633. Ferdinand II., the fifth Grand Duke of the Medicean line, was reigning in Tuscany, which was the scene of the facts to be related; Charles I. was in the midst of his troubles in England; Louis XIII. was consolidating monarchical and despotic power in France; and Urban VIII., the *Barberini* Pope, who did at Rome worse vandalisms than the *barbari* ever did, was sitting in St. Peter's seat. Gustavus Adolphus had just fallen at the Battle of Lützen, to the great delight of all the princes and princelings in Italy; Wallenstein is very shortly about to come to a worse end, in the following year; and Galileo is being judged and condemned by the Jesuits at Rome, and is declaring, despite their condemnation, that "the world went round for all that!"

Tuscany was in a very deplorable condition in those days. Cosmo II., the father of Ferdinand II., had not been altogether a bad prince, as far as the material prosperity of the mass of his subjects was concerned. Nor could Ferdinand, looked at from the same point of view, be accused of much worse than deplorable and mischievous weakness. But circumstances were all against him. The extinction of the elder branch of the family of Gonzaga, dukes of Mantua, in the person of the Duke of Vincenzo, in 1626, had led, as usual, to war in Italy, and the passing of the Alps by the

armies of the French king and the Emperor, whose rapacity was excited by the hope of appropriating an heritage to which there was no immediate heir. The Grand Duke of Tuscany did his best to observe an evenhanded neutrality between the rival claimants, but it was impossible to prevent Tuscany from suffering greatly from the war. Then the old Florentine commerce, especially that in woollen goods, which had for so long a period made the prosperity of the duchy, was being very rapidly ruined by the progress of English industry; and bad political economy, ill-advised measures of relief, an immensely numerous and outrageously greedy clergy, a large and very costly grand-ducal family, and increasing habits of idleness, had exhausted the huge masses of wealth which the earlier Grand Dukes had hoarded, and were rapidly making the little duchy, which had been for its size the richest community in Europe, one of the poorest.

In the midst of all her other misfortunes the plague appeared in Tuscany. It was many years since that dreaded visitor, once no stranger in Florence, had been seen there, and the terror and dismay were immense. The most violent methods—efficacious if it had been possible to carry them out, but which, in the absolute impossibility of doing so, made the confusion worse confounded, and increased the general anarchy of the

time—were ordered to be adopted. Lazar-houses were appointed in the city, and every person attacked by the malady, without distinction, was compulsorily removed thither. But the result was so horrible, that it was found impossible to persist in carrying out the plan. To have summarily put to death everybody as soon as the fatal symptoms manifested themselves would have been more merciful and less shockingly appalling. The insides of those magazines of concentrated pestilence, raving suffering, and inevitable death were something too horrible to be contemplated! It was absolutely necessary to relax, and indeed abandon the rule.

Then the usual moral results, which have ever been observed in all lands and in all times so strangely to accompany pestilence, or any other condition of things causing death to be abnormally imminent and frequent, soon followed. The preacher enforces his lesson by reminding men that in the midst of life they are in death. But no sooner are men placed in circumstances which realize the truth to their imaginations in an unmistakable manner, than the anti-moralist's exhortation, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die," is found to appeal to them with overpoweringly victorious force. A general relaxation of all the ordinary rules of life, and a universal dissoluteness and recklessness, prevailed in all classes throughout the city.

The Grand Duke and his family behaved admirably on this occasion, going everywhere among the people, risking their lives unsparingly, and draining the Medicean hoards for the relief of the sufferers. The troubles arising from this last-mentioned source were most inopportunistly augmented by the incredibly selfish avarice of the religious orders. When the general lazaret-houses had to be abandoned, many nobles gave up their palaces to be turned into receiving-houses for the suffering poor, and the religious orders were required to allow the vast buildings of their convents to be utilized for the same purpose; and it was deemed all the more reasonable that they should do so, inasmuch as the members of the mendicant orders had to be maintained as poor out of the public resources. But the outcry against this measure raised throughout the ecclesiastical

world was tremendous. It was sacrilege!—it was robbing the Church!—it was defrauding God! The holy men complained to Rome, and Rome at once decreed the major excommunication against all who had been concerned in this act of *spoliation*! Eventually the Pope ordered his legate to admit the sinners to absolution, but on condition of a heavy indemnity (accompanied by a humble request for pardon) being paid to the monastic communities.

It was in the midst of all this miserable state of things that the following events occurred. The story is specially interesting as giving a glimpse of essentially *bourgeois* life. We have stories enough of crime and lawlessness referring to those times, but they almost invariably deal with a *dramatis persona* belonging to the upper ten thousand.

In the district of the Lower Val d'Arno, a little to the south of the line of rail which now runs from Florence to Leghorn, and about halfway between San Miniato and Pontedera, there is an obscure little commune called Stibbio. The little stream of the Evola, which, coming from the bleak and barren hills around Volterra, crosses the line of rail, and falls into the Arno near the little station of San Romano, passes by it. The lands that lie in the bottom of the great valley of the Arno are rich, but the uplands around Stibbio are poor and hungry; and though they are now all brought under cultivation, that was far from being the case at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is a region of rolling hill and dale, much broken up by ravines and miniature precipices; for every little watercourse, dry as a bone in summer, when its water would be invaluable, turns itself into a torrent in the winter, and carries away the light and friable soil in enormous quantities—actively busy in the secular task of carrying it out into the Mediterranean, to add future plains and cornfields to those which have already, within the period of history, been similarly prepared between Pisa and the coast. The country is still a good deal diversified by coppice, and was much more covered at the time of our story.

There, in the first decade of the seventeenth century, lived on their own ancestral fragment of poor hungry land, a couple who had much ado to keep body

and soul together for themselves and their one only child—a daughter. The little bit of farm would apparently have been insufficient to enable them to do that much unassisted; for the man exercised the profession of a notary or scrivener, or something of that sort. Perhaps he found some employment in writing love-letters for the lads, or in keeping the accounts of the neighboring *fattori*; for surely there could have been but little to do in a notarial capacity at Stibbio.

Enough was, however, picked up somehow to enable the poor writer and his wife and daughter to live; and their poverty was not so great as to prevent Giulia from growing into the prettiest girl for many a mile round. The young beauty was just fifteen when her mother died, about the same time that the Grand Duke Cosmo II. died—that is to say, in the spring of 1621. And it was then that her father determined to leave his native place and his starved ancestral farm to try his fortune in the metropolis. It may have been that the change of government offered some prospect to him. It may have been that the remarkable beauty of his peerless Giulia, then just budding into the early womanhood of the precocious South, prompted him to bethink himself that it was a thousand pities that such a treasure should be thrown away upon the not unappreciative but still unworthy bores of her native hills. And this latter motive would be very much in accord with the habits of thought that would have been likely to prevail then and there in such a case. The poor scrivener accordingly, in the spring of 1621, buried his wife, and journeyed with his lovely Giulia painfully to Florence, sleeping the first night at Empoli.

It will be observed that the name of the poor Stibbio scrivener has not been mentioned. The fact is, that we find him to have been known at Florence only by the name of Stibbio—Francesco Stibbio. If he were so called among his own hills, it would have been an indication that the family, however poor, was a remnant of an old territorial aristocracy. If he were merely nicknamed Stibbio when he came to Florence—a very common Italian practice—it would indicate that Francesco from Stibbio was as good a name as any other for a man

who had little claim to family distinction of any kind. It matters little how the case may have been. It is certain that the scrivener was only known at Florence as Francesco Stibbio, and his daughter as Giulia Stibbio.

Francesco Stibbio fell upon his feet in Florence. He found employment at once in the chancery of the Papal legate. What recommendation or influence procured him such preferment there remains nothing to show. But similar positions are not and were not given, save to such as are sealed as Rome's own in some manner very recognizable by Rome's own. And it is probable that Francesco Stibbio came to Florence with warm recommendations from the ecclesiastical authorities of his own district.

His employment was a very humble one, and no doubt the salary attached to it was humbler still. One can picture to oneself the pinched writer sitting in a grimy little office, at an ink-stained desk covered with the sand used for the purpose of blotting-paper, with black calico sleeves on his arms to protect his threadbare coat, surrounded by forms printed on coarse gray paper, and dirty, greasy stamps engraved with the apostolical cross-keys, solacing himself in winter with a *scaldino*, or small earthenware pot filled with hot ashes, and held between his knees.

But though the salary drawn from the apostolical treasury was no doubt a very modest one, and though the appearance and bearing of the legate's poor clerk were more than modest, Francesco found, and Giulia found at the end of the year, that the place was very far from a bad one. There was no human pie of any sort in those days into which Rome did not put its finger, and every smallest touch of that holy finger had to be well paid for. Fees abounded in the legate's office, and the clerk had his share, which—inasmuch as all applicants had to speak first to him, and very soon found out that they had to call again oftener or less often in proportion to their liberality—was likely to be not a small one.

In short, at the end of ten years of sitting in the little grimy office, the poor clerk found that he had scraped together a very tidy bit of money for his Giulia.

Whether, during these years, the

beautiful Giulia had grown "as in stature, so in favor with God and man," as the old college prayer has it, or whether she had grown in favor with the latter only, certain it is that she had grown in stature and in beauty. She was a superb blonde, with a wealth of naturally-curling locks of the true Titian-loved auburn tint, large wide-opened blue eyes, rich lips, and a figure that might have been a model for a Judith. And at the end of the ten years it will be observed she was in her twenty-fifth year, and she was still Giulia Stibbio. Whether it were that, as times went then, it was not altogether good for a very beautiful girl, with sun-tinted auburn hair and rich lips, to be left absolute mistress of herself and of the house, while her father and sole protector was away all day stamping dirty documents with greasy dies and gathering in fees—or whether it were that the lovely Giulia would not "to a party give up what was meant for mankind," so it was, that at five-and-twenty the clerk's daughter was still unmarried. And in Italy that begins at five-and-twenty to be a very serious consideration.

It was then that Francesco bethought him of a nephew he had left behind him at Stibbio. Whether he began to feel that he wanted some one near him on whose arm he could lean, or whether it struck him for the first time that Giulia needed some more efficient protector than himself; or whether he wished that the sequins he had put together should be inherited by one of his own name, and should go to the aggrandizement of the family acres and the family name in his native place—a very Italian wish; so it was, that he determined on calling unto him his nephew Pietro, at that time a young man of about the same age as his cousin Giulia.

What this young man's employment had been at his native Stibbio, or whether he had had any, or, as is more likely, had led a sauntering, half-starved, poaching life, eating such food as could be got off the bit of poor land, nothing remains to tell. Nor is it exactly clear what his uncle had intended to make of him, further than to make him his heir at Florence; nor is it plain whether the latter intention involved a scheme of making him his son-in-law. But it is

certain that, if such were the old scrivener's intention, his nephew showed himself very dutifully inclined to comply with his wishes upon that point, for he lost no time in falling head over ears in love with his beautiful cousin. Nor did Giulia appear by any means insensible to his attentions. He was not without his share of the family good looks, stood six feet odd inches in his stockings, and was altogether much the sort of youngster that such auburn-haired, rich-lipped lasses as the Signorina Giulia are wont to approve of.

Nevertheless, it did not seem as if all was likely to progress quite smoothly towards the happy union of the cousins. It was a bad time in Florence. The pestilence had just then made its appearance there, coming across the Apennine forests from Bologna, despite every effort to keep it out. And the strange kind of lawless confusion which resulted from this in Florence, as has been said, may have in some degree contributed to lead the young provincial, who found himself in the streets of the capital with more money in his pocket than he had ever had before, into evil courses. It is certain that the life led by his nephew Pietro during that sad time was by no means such as the old scrivener could have wished it.

Yet it is probable that this was not the obstacle that stood in his way with his cousin. The inhabitants of Florence met the pestilence and the terror it occasioned in two ways mainly. The timid, the pious, and the meek-spirited secluded themselves as much as possible, haunted the churches, and redoubled their practices of devotional observance and asceticism. The bold, the reckless, and especially the young, defied and dared the monster, met in festive gathering more frequently than in ordinary times, and pushed their conviviality to excesses unusual in the commonly sober and thrifty city. Pietro Stibbio belonged very unmistakably to the latter of these categories. As far as the chances of escaping the plague went, the jovial roysterers were perhaps better off, or, at all events, no worse off, than the terrified devotees who trusted to the saints to help them. And as for finding favor in Giulia's eyes, all the glimpses of her character which the old record permits

us to catch would lead us to conclude that she liked her cousin none the worse for his devil-may-care mood.

And yet his wooing did not proceed prosperously. Giulia would flirt with him to any extent, and evidently liked the occupation, and one would have said liked him well. But . . . there was something in the way. She would not come to the point. Nothing definitive could be got from her. The old scrivener meanwhile stuck to his work, and was making money. The times, which were so bad everywhere else, were good in the office of the apostolical legate. The trade that Rome drives is sure to be brisk in all its branches in times of mortal terror and consequent penitence. Besides, all the complaints about the occupation of the monasteries and the consequent thunders of Rome, the submission and excuses following thereupon, and the subsequent admission of the offenders to pardon, all brought grist to the clerk's mill—all more or less caused a multiplication of documents on the coarse gray paper which needed the imposition of the greasy impress of St. Peter's keys. Old Francesco was early and late at his grimy office, like an old spider in the centre of his net, and the flies or fees fell in fast. Doubtless he imagined that all was going as he would have had it between his daughter and his nephew, though he did not fail to hear various reports that made him somewhat uneasy respecting the life that the latter was leading.

Matters, however, had not continued long in this position before Pietro Stibbio began to think that he had discovered the obstacle that made the course of his love (the wonted epithet might as well, perhaps, be left out) run less smoothly than it might otherwise have done. Jovial gatherings were liable to sudden interruptions in those days; and it had twice occurred that Pietro, returning to his uncle's house at an earlier hour than his cousin had had reason to expect him, had found a visitor there—a young man of his own age—very pleasantly engaged in amusing the brilliant Giulia with *l'été-à-été* chat, while her father was busy earning money and her cousin spending it.

It must be understood that such a *l'été-à-été* could not have been considered

an altogether proper and permissible thing according to the conventional proprieties of the place and time. But all such rules were much relaxed during that time of general distress. And, besides that, it is to be feared that Giulia Stibbio was not altogether a model "girl of the period."

The visitor, however, who was thus surprised by Pietro in his uncle's house was not entirely unknown to him, and was one who might be supposed to have some sort of excuse for a certain degree of intimacy with Giulia. He was one Carlo Marti, the son of a rich *fattore* in the neighborhood of Stibbio. It was probable enough, therefore, that he might be an old acquaintance of Francesco Stibbio and of his family. Pietro knew him by sight, though he was but very slightly acquainted with him. As a pretendant to Giulia's hand, he could hardly be considered such an one as the old clerk would have approved; for though he was the son of a *fattore* well known to be rich, he was the fourth of a large family of brothers, and as such could expect but little from his father.

Of course the two young men snarled and growled at each other; and of course the fair Giulia, when her more authorized lover would have taken her to task for her intimacy with the *fattore's* son, fired up, and tossed her auburn locks, and did not know what right he had, &c., &c.—and was not going to submit to it, &c., &c.; and of course she took care, before her cousin left her, to drop a word or two, and give him a glance or two, which sufficed to keep alive in him the hope that, after all, she cared more for him than for anybody else in the world.

What the beautiful Giulia really wanted, what was at the bottom of her heart, it is difficult to say. Do we find it easy to say, in similar cases, when the heart to be pronounced on, or at least the pretty form that covers it, is under the immediate observation of our eyes? And if that is generally too difficult a task, how shall we hope to decipher the inscrutable across the mists of more than two hundred years? Whether Giulia desired prudently to have two strings to her bow, or whether she were imprudently minded to have two beaux to her string, there is nothing to show. Certain it is that she continued to behave in the

distressing manner in which too provokingly bewitching members of her sex will still occasionally conduct themselves, when they still could be happy with either "were t'other dear charmer away."

But at last one day, when his uncle had been lecturing Pietro upon his course of life, expressing his discontent with him generally, and throwing in his teeth the fact that he had not adopted, and apparently would not adopt, any line of life by which he might earn his salt, it would seem that Giulia, alone with him afterwards, had let some word fall of a similar tendency. The taunt brought a very ugly and dangerous-looking scowl to her cousin's brow; and the next morning he told her that he was not going to be made a fool of by her any longer—that he had made up his mind to seek service on one side or other (he little cared which) of the war in Lombardy—and he hoped she might find Carlo Marti a suitor to her liking.

Giulia turned first very red, and in the next instant very pale; and perhaps, if he had given her time to speak, the upshot of this narrative might have been a different one. But he turned on his heel and left her as he spoke the above words. Still Giulia did not believe, when she came to reflect, that he would really do what he said. She supposed that he would speak to her father, and that he would assuredly find some means or other to prevent such a catastrophe.

But Pietro never went near his uncle, or communicated his purpose to him in any way. He did exactly as he said he would do, and accordingly Pietro Stibbio was heard of no more in Florence for the next two years.

And then—in the year 1633, that is to say—the old scrivener died.

And here the old seventeenth-century chronicler pauses in his narrative to inveigh against the dreadful tendencies of the trade of soldiering. It is, he declares, the school of all wickedness—the devil's own academy! There is no sort of atrocity which may not be expected at the hands of men hired to cut each other's throats in quarrels none of their own or their country's. And it must be confessed that all the records of the time in question go to show that, as regarded

the mercenary bands which were then ravaging the North of Italy, the statement was not an undeserved or exaggerated one.

It would seem however that, being such as they were, Pietro Stibbio very soon showed himself to be the sort of man who was wanted among them; for he rapidly rose to the rank of standard-bearer, and during the rest of his story is always styled accordingly "L'alfiere."

On hearing of his uncle's death the Alfieri Pietro returned to Florence, bringing with him a comrade named Giovanni Borna. The object of his return was to see whether, despite the past, he might not yet be the heir to some part of his uncle's savings, and to look after that portion of the heritage at Stibbio which it would seem was certainly to come to him.

Arrived in Florence, he lost no time in swaggering, in company with his friend Borna, into the quiet little house which his uncle and Giulia had inhabited, and which the latter, accompanied only by an old female servant, now tenanted alone. This Borna was a man of higher birth and more culture than his friend the Alfieri, and had been, like him, led to adopt the profession of a mercenary man-at-arms by the results of a disorderly and reckless life. Though not of the magnificent stature of the Alfieri, he was a remarkably handsome man, and despite the guard-room swagger of his manners had in the midst of it sufficient remains of the bearing of a gentleman to make him appear a veritable Mars in person to such a girl as Giulia Stibbio. Her cousin, it would seem, had boasted much of the beauty of the young relative to whom he would introduce him when they should reach Florence, and Borna came to the little house prepared with all his most practised wiles and conquering airs for the meeting.

He came—he saw—he conquered, and apparently was himself as entirely conquered in his turn. In less heroic terms, it appears that Giulia and the stranger were smitten with mutual admiration. It was on both sides one of those knock-down passions which were all the more violent in proportion to the smallness of the reasonable or spiritual element in them, and to which Southern natures,

and especially such natures as those of the handsome man-at-arms and the Signorina Giulia, are especially liable.

Both the lady and gentleman, however, were sensible of the expediency of concealing the nature of their sentiments from the Alfieri. Borna knew that his friend had by no means relinquished his pretensions to his cousin's hand; and whatever Giulia's feelings may have been, there was something about the Alfieri which prompted her not to outrage him too severely immediately on his return.

Pietro's manner to his cousin, notwithstanding this consideration on her part, could not be said to be cordial. While appearing to assert, in seeming at least, a sort of claim to her, it was aggressive and half-sneering in tone. Giulia, on the other hand, seemed to have become afraid of him. There was an absence of the provocative manner which had so often angered him, at the same time that it had, despite himself, captivated him; but any calm bystander would have seen a much greater possibility of love concealing itself under the former manner, than of detecting it under the latter. He learned from her, in the course of their interview, that his old rival Carlo Marti had become, from being a very bad match in a prudential point of view, a very good one; for his three elder brothers had perished of the pestilence, and he was now his rich father's heir. How matters stood between Giulia and him he of course did not learn, and knew very well that there was no use in attempting to learn. He did, however, discover that Marti was not now in Florence, but at his father's house in the neighborhood of Stibbio; and before the Alfieri and Borna left Giulia, she understood from them that they purposed leaving Florence together for Stibbio the next morning.

"I must go; I have promised. May I come and see you when I come back? We shall only be gone a couple of days," said Borna, in a whisper, as he followed the Alfieri from the room; receiving only a glance in return, which he had no difficulty in interpreting as conveying all the answer he desired.

The next day the two friends did journey to Stibbio. And a very short time sufficed to convince the Alfieri that

not only had his uncle left him nothing, but that nothing, or next to nothing, was to be hoped for from his inheritance there.

What had been the precise motive with Borna for accompanying his friend on his journey—whether he had any claims on him, gambling claims or such-like, whether he had merely been led by the hope of sharing the good-luck of a comrade coming in to a fortune, or whether he had been allured merely by the Alfieri's talk of his cousin's beauty—is not clear. It is tolerably certain that he hoped to get something by his journey, in some way; and it is quite certain that, as far as money went, he found himself, when the true state of things became apparent at Stibbio, altogether disappointed.

Under these circumstances he appears not to have had the smallest hesitation in acceding to a proposal which his comrade and brother-in-arms then and there made to him. This was nothing less than that they should indemnify themselves for all the slights of fortune by robbing a house, in which the Alfieri said that he had the means of knowing there was a large sum of money. The house in question was a solitary farmhouse a few miles distant from Stibbio, the home of the rich *fattore*, the father of Carlo Marti.

No doubt the Alfieri was tempted to conceive and execute this scheme by a double motive. By robbing the *fattore* Marti, he would be at the same time restoring his own broken fortunes and reducing his rival to a condition of poverty, which would effectually debar him from any further pretensions to the hand of his beautiful and now well-provided cousin.

The notable scheme seems to have been put in execution as soon as conceived. The old chronicler eagerly calls upon his readers to remark that these men were soldiers. That seems to be the whole "moral" of his narrative. "*Et fuerunt qui hæc fecerunt, milites,*" he says, suddenly breaking off into Latin and big letters, in his anxiety to impress the fact upon his reader. And doubtless we may see in his feeling upon the subject an indication of what the mercenary bands were who made war their trade in those days—what Italy had to

suffer from them, and what the general feeling of the population towards those warriors was.

Certainly, it seems to have needed singularly little to induce a couple of officers of the army to turn into burglars. Signor Borna was as ready to assist his comrade in the proposed little affair as if he had asked him to join in the simplest party of pleasure.

At nightfall that same evening the two reckless scoundrels went to the solitary farm, and effected an entrance into the house without much difficulty. In it, at the time, were the *fattore* and his old wife, their son Carlo, a daughter, and another son much younger—a child of some ten or twelve years old. The Alfiere's intention was simply to compel the old man to give up the money which he was known to have in the house. But he had reckoned without allowing for the memory of country-folks, whose minds are subjected to few new impressions or objects to mingle with and obliterate the old ones. The Alfiere, knowing himself a changed man from what he had been when old Marti might have seen him in his boyhood, had no idea that the *fattore* would recognize him. But no sooner had he waked the old man from his sleep, than he at once addressed him by his name, demanding what he wanted, and protesting that he had never done anything to deserve Pietro Stibbio's enmity.

The words were fatal to him and his!

The necessity of butchering the whole family in order to secure the concealment of their crime was recognized, and at once accepted and acted on, by the two desperadoes; and they accordingly put to death the father, mother, son, and daughter—leaving the child, of whose existence they were unaware, and whom they had not discovered, unharmed. They then collected all the bodies into the middle of the kitchen, and went out into the yard to bring in a quantity of straw, in order to burn the victims and the house together. While they were absent from the house for this purpose, the child crept from his bed and from the house, and hid himself in a field of standing corn close to the homestead, having witnessed the murder of all his family, and having heard his father address the murderer by his name

As soon as the blaze burst forth, which was, as they imagined, to obliterate all traces of the deed that had been done, they sprang on their horses, and galloped towards Florence, reaching it, after a desperately hard ride, early the next morning.

It was the morning of the 24th of June, which is, and for eight hundred years has been, a great day in Florence: for the 24th of June is St. John's day, and St. John is the patron saint of the City of Flowers. There were always grand doings in Florence on that day, and the faint and quickly-vanishing shadow of them may still be seen every year on the once celebrated anniversary. It was very hard for a Florentine of those days to quit Florence on the morning of the 24th of June. Such festivals and the gala-doings which celebrated them were very dear to the Italian heart at that period, and the temptation to stay and take part in them was very strong.

Nevertheless, the Alfiere was for riding on for Bologna, and putting the grand-ducal frontier between them and the scene of their last night's deed. But, besides the attraction of the festival, his companion Borna had another and a still stronger motive for desiring to tarry awhile in the fair City of Flowers. He had promised to see Giulia on his return from Stibbio. The look with which she had accepted the tryst was still before his eyes and in his heart, and he was not minded to lose the meeting. Besides, where was the danger? They had made all safe enough at the farm. In all probability it would be supposed that what had happened was the result of an accidental conflagration. And even if any suspicion should arise to the effect that the utter destruction of the whole family could hardly be thus satisfactorily accounted for, there was nothing whatever to connect them with the affair. In short, Borna overruled his friend; and it was determined that they should remain that day and night in Florence, and ride for Bologna the next morning.

Possibly the Alfiere did not care to leave his friend Borna to spend the day and the evening with Giulia alone. Possibly, also, what he saw during the day and the evening they all three spent

together did not tend to make him feel kindly towards his companion-in-arms.

And when the next morning, at the hour fixed between them for getting to horse, Borna was not to be found, nor any tidings of him to be had, it is probable that the *Alfiere* was by no means better disposed towards him. The *Alfiere*, however, determined to start on his ride at once, without waiting for him. He could not make himself quite easy about that ugly night's work. He was eager to get further away from it, and to reach the safety of his camp and the company of his comrades-in-arms.

He rode out of Florence unquestioned; rode all that day, gave his horse a few hours of rest at night at a lonely hostelry on the top of the Apennines, and reached Bologna safely on the afternoon of the 26th of June.

Meantime, as may be imagined, the little boy Marti, who alone had escaped the fate that had befallen his family, as soon as ever the sound of their horses' feet dying away in the distance assured him that the murderers were gone, made the best of his way to the nearest house, and there told his horrible tale. But tales, however breathlessly interesting, are not told and are not listened to quickly in Tuscany. Nothing, however urgent, is done quickly. Telling the story took some time; the inevitable talking of it over took much more. The neighboring authorities, when at last applied to, spent several more hours in deciding what was to be done. And when, at last, the intelligence that a whole family had been murdered and a house burned down by Pietro Stibbio, late of the village of that name, and by another man unknown, reached Florence, the murderer was already on his road to Bologna.

There was, however, not much difficulty in discovering that he had left Florence by the great north road, which crosses the Apennines in that direction. He was, of course, well known in Florence—had been seen by many at the festival in company with his beautiful cousin and a stranger—and a little inquiry traced him to the posthouse whence he had started on his ride. Fortunately, the Stibbio authorities had had the sense to send the boy Nanni Marti (Giovanni was his name—Nanni

for short) to Florence; and a couple of *sbirri*, as those who would now be called *gendarmes* were named in those days, were dispatched towards the Papal frontier on the Bologna road, taking the boy with them, and also a letter from the apostolical legate at Florence to the Papal authorities at Bologna, directing them to deliver up the criminal to the Tuscan officers, if he should be found.

The whole of the sixty miles of the old ante-railway road from Florence to Bologna passes through a very thinly inhabited district. Not one town—hardly a village or two—lies on the track. The pursuers came upon the scent of the fugitive at the lone house where he had baited his horse on the crest of the Apennine, and the people there had no doubt that the horseman who had seemed so anxious to get on had been bound for Bologna; and the *sbirri* rode on thither accordingly.

But Bologna is a large city, and the anarchic complexion of the times, and the very imperfect police arrangements of those days, when most governments strove to supply the want of regularity of action by violence, made it a difficult matter to ascertain whether the *Alfiere* had again left the city, or to find him, if he still remained in it. But chance, and a rather acute bit of character-reading on the part of one of the *sbirri*, favored the object in view. Pietro Stibbio, in the days when he was a ne'er-do-well idler in the streets of Florence, before he had gone to be a soldier, had been a notorious haunter of taverns, and had acquired the character of being specially fond, as well as a good judge, of a glass of wine. Now there was a certain tavern in Bologna, situated close to the bases of those two strangely-leaning brick towers which are the first objects that strike a stranger on entering the city, which was especially noted for its good wine. It was largely frequented by all classes, and the confidential servant of the Cardinal Legate was often seen there selecting a flask for his master's own use.

"If Pietro Stibbio is at all like the lad he used to be," said one of the officers, who had known something of him at Florence, "he will not pass through Bologna without tasting the wine at 'The Holy Keys,' if the devil was at his heels. Suppose we have a look for him there.

It can but cost a cup of wine for ourselves."

They went to the place in question, taking the boy Marti with them, as well as an officer of the Papal police. And hardly had they begun to push their way among the crowd of guests, before the child's quick eye spied, sitting with a flask before him, at a table by himself, the man on whose face he had gazed with such unspeakable horror on that terrible night, when he had witnessed the slaughter of father, mother, brother, and sister. It was not likely that he should ever more forget those features!

The room in which the Alfieri was drinking was a very long apartment, narrow in proportion to its great length, roofed by a low arched ceiling, and lighted only by a window in the end facing the street, from which the whole length of the room ran back. It was thus very dark in the part of it farthest removed from the street, and but for the child's quick eye it might have been possible for the murderer to escape observation. But once seen, herculean as was the strength of the towering Alfieri's form, there was little or no hope of escape. The long room was thickly crowded; there was no exit from it save by the door opening in the street, and there were no such aids as revolvers for desperate men in those days. The Alfieri was caught like a rat in a trap; and, to make a long story short—or at least somewhat shorter—before two more hours were over his head he was on his way back to Florence, heavily ironed, and escorted by the two Florentine *sbirri* and two gentlemen of the same profession in the Papal service.

It must have been an unpleasant journey for the swaggering, dashing, desperate man-at-arms, that ride over the bleak Apennine back to Florence. He must have known right well what he was going to. Justice was not particularly scrupulous as to completeness of proof in those days, even if the proof of the Alfieri's crime had been less complete than it was. The child's testimony was positive and unhesitating, and, it was easy enough to believe that he might remember unerringly a face that he had gazed on under such circumstances. He declared that he should not have the slightest difficulty in pointing out the

other man who had assisted in the murders, if he should see him.

Arrived at Florence, the prisoner was at once lodged in the Bargello, as the common prison was called.

The building used during the whole of the period of the Tuscan grand-dukes for that purpose was built originally for the residence of the *podesta*, or chief magistrate of the commonwealth. It is one of the oldest buildings remaining in the city, and the stranger who now visits it as a museum of mediæval art, sees it restored with admirable skill to its original architectural condition, and admires in it one of the finest specimens extant of the domestic architecture of the twelfth century. During the Medicean principality the noble halls were divided by huge timbers into many tiers of cells resembling the cages of wild beasts. But these were for ordinary malefactors. For such criminals as the Alfieri, who were to come forth from those colossal walls no more save to go to the place of execution, there were yet more terrible dungeons in the basement of the ancient building. It is an easy thing to construct a prison capable of depriving the most desperate and the cleverest prison-breaker of all hope, if only the dictates of humanity may be disregarded—and humanity is quite a modern discovery. And the Alfieri was lodged in an underground cage, formed in the midst of a mass of masonry, from which a human being had as much chance of escaping as a toad has from one of those mysterious hollows in the living rock in which such prisoners have occasionally been found.

The first object with the Florentine magistrate was to discover the accomplice who had aided the Alfieri in the commission of his crime, and the prisoner was given to understand that none of the resources of the torture-chamber would be spared to make him confess both his own crime and the name of his accomplice. But the Alfieri spared the officers and himself any such trouble. Well convinced that his case was hopeless, he made no difficulty in relating the whole history of the murder; and he seemed to find a special satisfaction in letting it be known that the man who assisted him, and took a full share in the commission of the crime, was Giovanni

Borna, a Lombard, who had accompanied him to Florence from the army. But where this man was he could not say. He told truly how and when and where they had parted, and how Borna had failed to come to the place whence they were to have started together for Bologna, in a manner that persuaded the magistrates that he was in truth telling all he knew.

"But," said he, "if you want to find him (and, you may believe me, I am to the full as wishful that you should find him as you can be), go and look in the house inhabited by my cousin Giulia Stibbio, the daughter of old Francesco Stibbio, the miserly clerk of the Pope's legate. If I am not mistaken you will find him there. And, at all events, you may be very sure the Signora Giulia can tell you where he is; and if she won't tell you for asking, a taste of what you were promising me just now would soon make her speak, haughty as she is! And, look ye, Messer Bargello!" he added, calling after the officer, as the latter was leaving him, "I should take it kindly of you if you would let the Signorina Giulia know that I send my compliments to her, and that it was I who told you where to look for my friend Borna! *Corpo di Dio!* if they think that I am to hang, and leave them to make love and spend the money together, they are mistaken!"

Again we may venture to abridge the old chronicler's record, with advantage to the reader, and hasten forward to the conclusion.

Giulia protested, in a manner that would have convinced anybody save an Italian, that she knew nothing of Borna, and had never seen him since he had left her in company with her cousin on the evening of the 24th of June. And when she was told that it was on the information of the Alfieri himself that the officers had come thither to search for his friend, the rage, the scorn, the tempest of bitter contempt and deadly hate exhibited by the furious beauty was a thing to see and hear—that those who saw and heard it did not forget for a while! Still, she swore by all that is most sacred, and invoked the Virgin and all the saints to witness to her truth, that she had never seen Borna since that night. Why should she see him? She

knew nothing about him. She had only seen him as her cousin's comrade. And as for what her cousin had said, it was a mean, malignant, wicked calumny, invented to revenge the scorn and contempt she had always felt for him, and always should feel for such a one as he!

Then the officer began to speak of the cruelly painful duty which would fall on him, of subjecting those magnificently beautiful limbs to the torture of the rack, if she should persist in refusing to furnish justice with the information it needed. And Giulia turned deadly pale, shook all over, and fell silent. Then the officer turned to an attendant, and produced, from a queer-looking case the man carried, an ingenious but singularly disagreeable-looking little instrument, very cleverly designed, for forcing the finger-nails from the finger by slow and uniform pressure. He proceeded to explain the mode of its action to the shrinking and shivering girl; and then, holding the horrible little machine in one hand, he suddenly grasped Giulia's wrist with the other—not with any real intention of proceeding then and there to the application of his instrument, but in the hope that his action might have the effect, which in fact it produced.

No sooner did she feel the touch of the man's fingers on her wrist than, uttering a short, half-suppressed scream, she pointed silently to a mat, lying on the landing-place of the stairs, outside of the door of the room on the first-floor in which they were. The officer's follower removed the mat; and then appeared beneath it a round stone with a ring in it, which gave access to a small chamber formed beneath the stairs, for the purpose of holding, and more or less concealing, a store of corn in time of scarcity. Such receptacles were very common in Florentine houses, and may still be frequently seen in old buildings. The intention of them was doubtless that which has been stated, but they were also very well adapted for concealing other things.

The officers raised the round stone . . . and there, in the small chamber below it, was the man they wanted.

* * * * *

The sentence on the prisoners was that

they should be conveyed on open tumbrils—one for each of them—from the prison in the centre of the city to the open space outside the Porta Croce; that during all the time occupied by that journey their bodies, stripped to the waist, should be torn by red-hot pincers; that they should be then hung, drawn, and quartered, and finally burned, and the ashes of them be scattered to the winds.

And this sentence was carried into execution, in every respect, save the tearing of the living flesh with red-hot pincers. By special clemency of the Grand Duke, this part of the punishment was inflicted in appearance only. There were small forges on the carts, in which the pincers were made red-hot by the attendant executioners, who made as if they were rending the flesh with them; and vessels of liquid stood by to dip the hot irons in, so that a hissing and a smoke should be made, as if the exact wording of the sentence were being carried out. On each cart, also, there was a Capuchin friar, to supply to the sufferer such "spiritual consolation" as he was supposed to be capable of receiving while his body was being torn by red-hot irons.

A great crowd thronged the streets through which the carts had to pass to the place of execution, but it was less than it would have been at another time;

for many persons remained within their houses, deterred from going out to view the sight by the very reasonable fear of joining a crowd in those days of pestilence.

Giulia Stibbio, however, was not prevented by the fear of the plague from feasting her eyes on the sufferings and degradation of the cousin she so intensely hated. Among the knot of persons gathered to see the carts as they passed, on the steps of the prison then called the Stinchi, which stood where the Pagliano Theatre now stands, was Giulia! But in order to witness the punishment of the man she hated she was compelled to witness the agony of him who had been her lover. And, doubtless, Giulia would have fain avoided this; but if the pleasure could not be had without the pain, then she would take them both—for she *could* not forego the former.

But it was the last time that Giulia Stibbio was ever seen in the streets of Florence; for she took the vows in a convent of Teresian nuns—an order of the severest kind—where she died many years afterwards.

And the old chronicler, from whose manuscript this narrative has been taken, winds up his story, by repeating once again, in large letters,—

"Et qui hæc fecerunt fuerunt milites!"

A SUB-WAY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE's last letters, published 8th November, 1869, in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society, mention that "tribes live in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them. The 'writings' therein, I have been told by some of the people, are drawings of animals, and not letters, otherwise I should have gone to see them. People very dark, well made, and outer angle of eyes slanting inwards."

Also, in his letter to Sir Bartle Frere, Dr. Livingstone mentions, "there is a large tribe of Troglodytes in Rua, with excavations thirty miles in length, and a running rill passing along the entire street.

They ascribe these rock-dwellings to the hand of the Deity. The writings in them are drawings of animals; if they had been letters, I must have gone to see them. People very black, strong, and outer angles of eyes upwards."

We are not told where Rua exactly stands, but that it is the most northerly point hitherto reached by the great explorer, and the point to which he had followed the waters from 10° and 12° south latitude. In a map, published in Capt. Speke's "What led to the Discovery of the Nile," the territory of Uruwa is marked down as about 100 miles to the west of the centre of Lake Tanganyika; this territory is half-way across the continent of Africa, and traders for ivory

and copper have reached it from Zanzibar. I conclude that Capt. Speke's Uruwa and Dr. Livingstone's Rua are one and the same place; but if the latter is not able to bring us home an account of this great sub-way, it is so marvellous—surpassing any subterraneous passage we know of in Nature—that I hope some traveller may be enterprising enough to go and report on its position and appearance in our day.

In the mean time, I may describe how I came to hear of a similar, or the same, tunnel, said to be on the highway between Loowemba (Lobemba) and Ooroon-goo (Marungu) near the Lake Tanganyika.

Capt. Speke and I had amongst our followers a native named Manua, who had travelled most of the routes in Central Africa. He was intelligent, observant, and, besides being a good companion, he knew the names and uses of nearly all the plants we met with. He and I conversed a great deal on the objects around us, and while our party, all mounted on camels, were crossing the Nubian Desert—from Abou Ahmed to Korosko—the country was so peculiar that I asked him whether in his varied travels he had ever seen anything like it. I will give a short description of what the country was. It rose in a succession of ridges as regularly as the waves of the sea; the heights were of slate, and the valleys of sand. In crossing these ridges, the camels walked over the edges of the slate in single file, for the path was narrow and very rugged. Once in the valleys we were surrounded, as if within a fortress, by walls of slaty rock, say 400 feet high; no exit visible, and the horizon a jagged outline of peaks. Such then was the valley of Dullah, where I asked Manua if he had ever seen any country resembling it: his reply was, "This country reminds me of what I saw in the country to the south of the Lake Tanganyika, when travelling with an Arab's caravan from Unjanyembah. There is a river there called the Kaōma, running into the lake, the sides of which are similar in precipitousness to the rocks before us." I then asked, "Do the people cross this river in boats?"—"No,

they have no boats; and even if they had, the people could not land, as the sides are too steep: they pass underneath the river by a natural tunnel, or sub-way." He and all his party went through it on their way from Loowemba to Ooroon-goo, and returned by it. He described its length as having taken them from sunrise till noon to pass through it, and so high, that if mounted upon camels they could not touch the top. Tall reeds, the thickness of a walking-stick, grew inside; the road was strewn with white pebbles, and so wide—400 yards—that they could see their way tolerably well while passing through it. The rocks looked as if they had been planed by artificial means. Water never came through from the river overhead; it was procured by digging wells. Manua added, that the people of Wambweh take shelter in this tunnel, and live there with their families and cattle, when molested by the Watuta, a warlike race, descended from the Zooloo Kafirs.

The two accounts are similar in every respect except as to its length and the manner of procuring water. Dr. Livingstone's informant made the Sub-way thirty miles in extent; my informant marched through it in six hours, say fifteen miles, and saw no running rill within it; but a wet season would account for this. I therefore have not the slightest doubt that such a place exists, and that it is no excavation or anything formed by man. How, therefore, can such a place of such vast extent have originated? I infer from the stratifications of slate which I saw in the Dullah Valley that in the case of the Tanganyika tunnel the strata there have been so displaced as to form within a natural pointed arch or a channel underneath the stratification.

Manua did not mention that there were any writings or figures upon the stone, but he described them as black or dark, and as if their surfaces had been made smooth and flat, thereby giving me the idea that they were most probably slate, if not basalt. The natives look on it as an *m'zimo* or sacred spot.

J. A. GRANT.

Blackwood's Magazine.

COUNT CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.

THERE is something very sad in the dying out of a generation of the leaders and rulers of the world. Nothing marks so clearly the passage of time, the succession of one age to another, as this dropping, one by one, of the familiar names which have been sounds of authority and pre-eminence for half or quarter of a century. New necessities, new difficulties, new combinations of circumstances, have stolen upon us unawares, and we are conscious, practically, that new men have come in to guide the fortunes of nations; but nowhere are the epochs of contemporary history so clearly marked out as by graves. One cycle has ended, another has begun. The old men who linger like leaves upon the topmost branches, but emphasize the universal passing away of all with whom they have been associated. The old order changeth, giving place to new.

In such a case as that of Count de Montalembert the ending has been softened by a long preliminary chapter of retirement from the world—softened to his friends, not to himself. And yet to how many of his friends will the closing up of that chamber in the Rue du Bac, which was the abode of so much pain, yet of so much vivacious interest in the world, and animated discussion of all its affairs, be like the extinction of a friendly light in the midst of the darkness. For a great part of these years, the little simple bedroom which the author of the "Figaro" described the other day to his readers, with a particularity more American than French, has been an audience-chamber to which crowds have flocked. Like a dream the writer recalls, as he writes, the half-mournful, half-smiling conversation of two or three gentlemen, all of European name, who were waiting in the large drawing-room which formed a kind of antechamber to Montalembert's reception, one afternoon now nearly three years ago. The room was darkened because of the summer glare outside, and the animated voices came as from ghosts half seen. They were talking of Cousin, then not long dead; discussing those peculiarities which are defects in a man as long as he

lives, but after his death become, as being habits of his, more dear to his friends than the highest qualities of his character. Are they talking now more sadly, yet with the smile of recollection already beginning to break up the heaviness of grief, of Montalembert? No doubt—reminding each other of his outbreaks of characteristic impatience and energy, of his sharp sayings, his keen wit, his genial kindness. But it is early yet for such softened thoughts; now and then a sob must come in, a pang of farewell, and that intolerable sense that nothing more can be said to him, nothing more heard from him, which is the soul of grief. Was it only the other day that he wrote, "Let me hear often from you"? and careless life went on, and a world of petty affairs prevented the response. What matter? one would do it to-morrow or to-morrow; and now in all heaven and earth there is no way of doing it, no means of answer. There is no sadder consciousness in life.

It was in the winter of '65-'66 that Montalembert's last illness, from its beginning a very painful one, first attacked him. He was so ill in the spring of '66 as to be compelled to give up for a time the work on the completion of which he had so much set his heart, his great and favorite work, "*Les Moines d'Occident*." Early in '67 he described himself as "in a very sad and precarious state;" and before the summer of that year his physicians had dreaded that his malady, if cured at all, must yet be a very lingering one. His strength was then so far reduced that he had to be carried to his carriage on the days he was permitted an airing; but still every day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, his room was full of guests, friends of his life, who called the worn statesman and author by his Christian name, and could enter with him into full discussions of all his life-long pursuits and convictions; and, on the other hand, strangers from all quarters, whom his illness and suffering did not prevent him from receiving with all the courtly kindness and genial grace of his nature. "Your countrymen do not come to see me as much as I

could wish," he wrote not three months before his death, notwithstanding the numbers who sought him continually. His interest was as fresh in everything that everybody was doing, while he lay there on his weary couch, with the close-capped sister in constant attendance upon him, as if he had still been in the full current of life. It was a relief and help to this rapid, ever-active intelligence, thus suddenly confined within four walls, and shut out from personal exertion, to participate, at least by way of sympathy, in the work and thought of others. His ear was open to everything that was suggested to him; his mind as ready and vivacious as that of any youth—nay, far more so: for youth is too much occupied with its own affairs to give such full, unhesitating attention to those of others. Whatever might be the special interest of his visitor, Montalembert had always some light to throw upon it, some stray glances out of the wonderful treasures of his own knowledge or experience, or, at the best, a courteous interest, an unfeigned sympathy. The first feature in him which struck the stranger was this gracious gift of courtesy. His manners were just touched with the elaboration of the old *régime*, as became the son of an *émigré*, the inheritor of centuries of courtly French breeding. But we do not think that this impression of extreme personal benignity and politeness was, after the first encounter, the aspect of Count de Montalembert's character which made most lasting impression upon the mind of a recent acquaintance. It was rather the keenness of perception, the rapid vision, the sharp wit, never failing in absolute grace of expression, but leaving the less ready insular intelligence, with a puzzled sense of discomfiture, miles behind. He took the slow Englishman up, who was saying something probably sensible enough, and cast a gleaming coil of wit round him, and extinguished his half-said perplexed reasonings on the spot—an operation which caused a certain sensation of fright, by no means without foundation, to the bystanders. This, however, was in his days of health and unbounded activity, while yet the inherent impatience of a lively and impetuous nature survived in certain glimmers and spar-

kles of sarcastic vivacity, such as even perfect politeness could not quite annihilate. The enthusiasm of his character, and its intense love of beauty and appreciation of everything noble and generous, did not, we think, show so plainly in his conversation as this intellectual brilliancy and speed. Keen as daylight, sharp upon any pretence as the steel of Ithuriel's spear—instantly conscious of the presence of polite simulation, and pitiless to it—it was rather the clearness of his judgment than his poetic character which struck the observer. His was the kind of mind one could have supposed quick to sift every belief, less moved by imagination than by reason, more familiar with the processes of thought than the visions of faith. The reader who knows him only by his works will be startled by such a view of his character. But nobody who knew Count de Montalembert will be disposed to deny a fact which adds tenfold to his weight and influence as a believer, and which makes it so much the more difficult to understand many features in his creed and many portions of his work. There could not be found any more clear-sighted observer, or shrewd and able man of the world. In things temporal and intellectual he took nothing for granted, and was the last in the world to accept a specious theory or visionary tale. To add after this, as we are inclined to do—and yet he was a fervent Roman Catholic, accepting a hundred things as absolutely true which to us seem mere fables of a fond and excited fancy—would have been to himself but another instance of "unconquerable British prejudice in respect to anything Roman;" yet it is difficult to restrain the expression of his wonder, be it prejudice or be it justice. The attitude in which at this moment he appears to us as a protestant against the last great attempt at self-assertion on the part of the Papacy, has a certain composing effect upon the general aspect of his religious character; and we have to recall to ourselves that it is the young Christian knight who in the pride of his youth gave up at a word from the Church one of the most cherished of his prospects—that it is the biographer of St. Elizabeth, the historian of the monks, of whom we are speaking. Not a mira-

cle in all those saintly lives, not a prodigy recorded in the ages of faith, disturbed his power of belief. He accepted them with the full and frank confidence of the simplest believer. He, with his keen wit and quick perceptions, his learning and sagacity, an accomplished writer and brilliant man of the world, tingling to his finger-points with the new sap and modern vigor of his century, yet received everything which the hoary past brought to him in the name of religion with the tender faith of a child. Such a phenomenon is to be seen now and then in the world, and when it appears it is always full of attraction, full of interest—one of the finest yet strangest combinations of human character. And such was Charles de Montalembert.

It is not yet time to enter upon any full account of his life or estimate of his influence. The existence which has just ended must be a little further off before it can "orb into the perfect star" of completed being. He had lived about sixty years in the world, when he was suddenly called out of it. For thirty of these years his life was full of activity, and spent very much in the eye of the public. During this time many changes had taken place in France, and none greater than those religious changes into which he threw himself heart and soul. In the spring of '67, the writer, then in Paris, attended by his advice several conferences of the *Retraite des Hommes*, in Nôtre Dame, during the holy week—a most impressive and wonderful sight, such as it would be difficult to find any parallel to in this country, with all its boasted gravity. Somewhere about four thousand men, a dark mass, but faintly lighted by great flambeaux of gas placed here and there, were closely packed in the great central aisle of the Cathedral, listening with rapt attention to the preaching of Père Félix, who, though a very popular preacher, is no orator by right divine, nor capable by his own attraction only of calling so great a multitude together. The chanting by this mass of men, in plain song, of the Stabat Mater on Holy Thursday, and of the shorter hymns of the Church at the conclusion of the other services—the great thunder of so many male voices in unison—was such a strain as we

never remember to have heard before, and which no one could listen to without emotion. M. de Montalembert's face brightened when he heard the impression made by this wonderful scene upon the mind of the writer. When he began his career, he said with a certain gleam of high satisfaction in his eye, it had been considered a wonder in France to see a young man enter a church, or to hear him avow any charity towards Christianity. These were the days when Charles de Montalembert, a youth half English, or rather half Scotch, and whole enthusiast, speaking French with a taint of insular accent, and with ideas not yet wholly Continental, made acquaintance with the young Henri Lacordaire. They had met, and joined themselves together, and set their young wits to work on the grandest patriotic problem—how to lead France back to Christian faith and a religious life, cherishing all her liberties, all her privileges, the residue of good left behind by the devastating torrent of the Revolution, at the same time. What they had succeeded in doing, in one point at least, we had learned in the crowded nave of Nôtre Dame during those rainy chilly April evenings, and on the bright winter morn at the early communion. It was a sign of accomplished work which might well have cheered any reformer. This was one of the great objects of Montalembert's life—one which does not show largely in ordinary history: he had helped to make religion possible, helped to make it real, in his country; and if ever the history of the revival of religion in France during the last forty years should be written—and there could be no more interesting chapter of modern history—the name of Count de Montalembert would take its natural place there, side by side with that of his friend. He poured the whole force of his young life into this highest scheme; he threw himself into plans of public instruction in every way in which it was practicable to him. His first step in public life was taken when he joined himself to Lamennais and Lacordaire in the management of their paper called "L'Avenir." A year later the Christian Liberals found themselves *aux prises* with Rome, as they had already got into contact with civil law at home. The spiritual authority was more difficult to

struggle with than the temporal; and it was only after a long process of deliberation and anxious thought that the two friends, Lacordaire and Montalembert, made up their minds what was their highest duty. The story is told by Montalembert himself in his life of his friend. There he describes Lacordaire as wandering and musing about the memory-haunted ruins of Rome, pondering many things which are not written there to the common eye. He understood, from all he saw around him, "not only the inviolate majesty of the supreme Pontificate, but its difficulties, its long and patient plans, its adoption of necessary expedients (*ménagements indispensables*) for the government of men and things here below." "The weakness and infirmities inseparable from the mixture of human things with divine did not escape him." In short, the devout and enthusiastic yet reasonable mind of the young French priest, recognized that perfect modes of working were not to be found in human society: that the support of the Papacy, the greatest of spiritual institutions, was far more likely to advantage a great religious work, than any wild fight for independence which he could adopt. He recognized what many men in all churches have always recognized, that something must be swallowed, something endured, in return for the great spiritual support of a universal church behind you, with all its popular traditions, and fundamental hold, however obscured now and then for a moment, upon ancient Christendom. We may accept this description written by Montalembert of his friend, as his own creed. He, too, bowed his head to the Pope's bull, when it came, forbidding the immediate work in which they were engaged. They yielded to it, both knowing that they had more important matters in hand, which forbade the possibility of schism or sectarian opposition, and thus their lives were decided in obedience to Rome; while Lamennais, in some respects a greater figure than either, mistook or declined the lesson, and, giving up Rome, gave up at the same time, as happens so often, along with his faith in the Pope, his faith in Christianity.

In Germany, where the young Montalembert wandered after his unsuccessful

mission to Rome, and where he again encountered Lacordaire, the materials for his beautiful Life of St. Elizabeth, one of the finest idyls of Christian literature, were collected. It was published in the year 1836, his first work of importance. On his return to France he threw himself into political life, and lived and labored with all the energy of his nature, taking part in all the events and all the important movements of the time. "It was the heroic age of our religious and liberal struggles," he says, in his Life of Lacordaire; and everything that belonged to that enlightened and conservative liberalism, which is the natural creed of all eclectic politicians, moved him with more than merely political ardor. Justice, freedom, purity, and not party names or party objects, were with him the recognized aims of legislation. His code was that all men should be free to do well, to say what good was in them, to make such efforts as they were capable of for the advancement of the world; but yet there was in him, it must be allowed, a certain reserve as to what constituted political well-doing, and inclination to set up an arbitrary standard of his own. It was good for France to be free and united, but he did not see that the same necessity held for Italy. And there are other inconsistencies in his political creed. He was in favor of the expedition to Rome, though Poland and Ireland (which he always classed together) filled him with indignant sympathy. In short, he was no perfect man, but one full of individual partialities and prejudices, and laden with the defects as well as the virtues of his opinions. Although he speaks of the "odious injustice and unpardonable uselessness" of the Revolution of '48, his political career lasted beyond the *coup d'état*. He even made an effort to submit himself to what was inevitable as long as his own honorable, upright, straightforward spirit could do so. The spoliation of the Orleans princes was, it is said, the point which brought his patience to an end. But he continued to sit in the Chamber until 1857, when he was defeated in his own department, and retired from active political life, though not from such sharp usage of his pen as brought him, on various occasions, into contact with the authorities,

and exposed him to trials and vain sentences of imprisonment, which the Emperor was wise enough never to permit to be carried out. His opinion of the present Government of France was very low, and touched with an indignant bitterness. The inevitable and fast-growing triumph of democracy was his favorite horror. With a contemptuous vehemence which no hearer could forget, he would describe the hatred of mediocrity for anything superior to itself, which was, in his opinion, the true essence of democratic sentiment. It was not only rank, or wealth, or temporal advantage, which the mob resented, but, above all, the superiority of mind and sway of intelligence. *Epicier* France was glad to be free of *ces gens-là*—the Guizots, the Thiers, the liberal statesmen and men of talent who had been the leaders of their generation. It was a relief to the surging and heaving popular mass to throw off the sway of every one better than themselves, and to be ruled by men of nothing. Even his politeness was scarcely proof against any rash approval of absolute power; and the sentimental English fancy, or profession of a fancy, for theoretic Caesarism, irritated him to a high degree. "Why, for heaven's sake," he writes, in respect to a review of his own touching Memoir of General Lamoricière, "do you incline towards M. Carlyle's theory of autocratic government?" The mere suggestion stirred him to a sharpness keen and angry; and so did the English admiration for the Emperor, which was once more lively than now. This sentiment stung him as a poor man might be stung by commendations of poverty made by a rich and easy neighbor. "It is well for you to applaud a rule which you would not have for a single day," was his indignant comment, often repeated. Not only the actual evil, but the reproach upon France, the implication of her indifference to those liberties which he prized so much for her, wounded him to the quick. And with this feeling was mingled all the contempt, half expressed but always understood, of the old noble *filz des croisés* for a *parvenu* court. He, too, was impatient of *ces gens-là*; and still more impatient, still more contemptuous, was the high-born household which surrounded him.

Montalembert's generous, liberal, unfactionary spirit, made it at the same time difficult for him to maintain full amity even with the Catholic party, to which he had done, one time and another, immeasurable service. It was not in him to adopt unhesitatingly a certain party, with its drawbacks and advantages. He could not bind himself, whatever the penalties might be, to the paltry and untrue. He who had made the beginning of his career extraordinary by bowing his head, in all the youthful fire of his genius, under the yoke of the Papal decree—who for the best part of his life was incessantly occupied in serving the interests of his Church, and by all the force of his talent and influence aiding her progress—became such a mark for the arrows of the Ultramontane party as no profane person could have been. "There is amongst the English Catholics," he writes in April, 1866, "as well as amongst the French, a party of violent, denunciating, and persecuting people, who are unfortunately in possession of almost all our periodical press. They look upon me as more than half a heretic (as may be seen in M. Veuillot's last production, 'L'Illusion Libérale'), on account of my liberal and conciliating opinions; and if my views, moderate as they are, were to be attenuated in the English text,* all those who are now barking against Dr. Newman (on account of his strictures on certain forms of worship of the B. Virgin), and many others, would cover me with needless obloquy." It is unnecessary for us to add any description of the fulness and fervor of his faith. He considered himself tolerant to the last degree—and was so in all practical ways, there can be no doubt; but yet his friends who were heretics could not but recognize in his tone a certain something—a slurring over of any reference to a common faith, a courteous silence in respect to religious convictions out of the pale of the Church, which showed, as it does so often in the most amiable and tender-hearted Catholics, either a rooted doubt of any good being

* This was in reference to the English translation of M. de Montalembert's great work, "Les Moines d'Occident," which he was most anxious should be rendered with absolute fidelity—a point on which he was fully satisfied.

possible, or a compassionate reluctance to do or say anything which might disturb that condition of invincible ignorance in which is a heretic's only hope. Of this, however,—or rather of the individual heretic's perception of it,—the chances are he was quite unconscious. "If you meet with any expressions," again in reference to "Les Moines d'Occident," "which may wound your religious or patriotic feelings," he writes, "remember how very prevalent the most painful language on that matter is with your countrymen and countrywomen. This ought and will, I am sure, make you indulgent to me. I have had to undergo, during my journey in Spain, all the bigoted outbursts of Mr. Ford in Murray's handbook, at every step, against *all* that Catholics are taught to venerate and believe. Sorry and ashamed should I be if anything calculated to offend, in such a way, the belief of Protestant Christians, had ever fallen from my pen."

In this country there can be no doubt the name of Montalembert is more closely identified in the popular imagination with the defence and championship of the Church of Rome than with any other principle; and the impression is a perfectly just one. The State and its liberties were much to him all his life, but the Church was more. He would have sacrificed anything for France, but more than anything for Rome. He had survived the failure of many political hopes, but the hopes of religion could never fail; and all his heart was in the work of re-evangelizing his beloved country. Knowing how entirely this was the case, it strikes us with a certain inexpressible indignation to read, as we write, in the news of the day, the expressions of absolute satisfaction with which the information of his death was heard in Rome. "What good fortune!" the Pope is reported to have cried. What ingratitude! He who had stood by the great Dominican Lacordaire and the great Jesuit Ravignac, supporting their efforts with all his talent, his influence, and popular fame, while they won back France to the Church, to be thus rewarded by that Church for the devotion of a lifetime! The Church had given him little, at any time of his career, except the satisfaction of laboring for what he

believed to be the cause of God. She had laid him open to the sneers of men outside her pale, who were incapable of comprehending his faith—and to the poisoned darts of men within, who were equally incapable of understanding his love of freedom and the candor of his nature; she had stolen from him his child, the one of his family, it is said, most like himself. The writer cannot forget the look on his face, the glimmer of tears in his eyes, as he held up the light to exhibit a portrait of his daughter, taken before her entrance into the order of the *Sacré Cœur*, in all the pretty pomp of dress which became her youth, and told the story of her self-dedication—"à *ma grande desolation!*" said the father, who had paid so severe a tax for his devotion to his Church. And his Church has rewarded her noble knight as she has rewarded many another—by depreciation of his virtues while he lived, and by an unseemly cry of triumph over his honorable grave.

But yet the very position in which he stood towards Rome at his death is instructive to us of a fact which we are very apt to forget, though perhaps less likely now than in periods of greater ecclesiastical calm—that the church of Rome is, no more than our own, a blank of bigoted unanimity; but contains in her ample bosom many shades of sentiment, and is full of faithful souls, strong in all the fundamental truths of Christianity, who accept the superfluities of Romish faith often without the slightest hesitation, and even with fervor, as matters rendered sacred by education and the prepossessions of nature, but without ever placing the secondary on the same level with the primary objects of faith. It is not within our present purpose to inquire how far this was the case with Montalembert. He was the truest of Romanists, receiving without doubt or difficulty much which it would seem to us impossible for such a man to receive; but he never surrendered his intelligence in matters which he considered within the scope of human reason. And it is strange and sad to find him, after his many struggles, dying at last while in the very act of delivering a stroke of the consecrated lance, with which for forty years he has tilted against her enemies, at the pretensions of Rome. But not of his Rome—the great tradi-

tionary See which through a hundred storms had kept the life-blood warm in the inmost heart of Christendom, and prolonged its rule over all these centuries by higher means surely than by mere self-assertion, and shutting out of external light. That wider, more universal Church of his fathers, which a foolish Pope and narrow hierarchy may encumber with still more unnecessary dogmas, but which no man nor set of men can altogether deprive of the ever-reviving power of Christianity, will yet do justice to the stainless memory of Charles de Montalembert.

The great literary work upon which he had set his heart had been long interrupted, and it is now some time since he recognized as hopeless the possibility of bringing it near a conclusion. "I leave its completion to younger and happier hands," he wrote but a few months ago, with a sadness that every historical student will understand. Even the sober age at which he undertook, and the conscientious and laborious care with which he carried on, his history of "Les Moines d'Occident," have not sufficed to withdraw a certain tender light of sacred romance and enthusiasm from that work. For with all his keen wit and practical knowledge of men, with all his experience of the craft of politics, both secular and ecclesiastical, and insight into the meaner minds and less elevated thoughts which fill up the general mass of humanity, this last *file des croisés* vindicated his descent with a distinctness seldom seen in the most rigid genealogy. He was a man of the nineteenth century, a constitutionalist, a parliamentarian, full of modern ways and thoughts; and yet he was as true a crusader as ever took the cross. That cross upon his shield, however, is not more significant of the noble enthusiasm of his character than is the motto which doubtless some other

clear-sighted, sharp-witted Montalembert, pursuing a visionary object with keenest practical good sense, and brave indifference to its personal result, handed down out of the silent ages. "Ni espoir, ni peur," says the proud legend. It is the fullest comment upon the just concluded life. For himself he has sought nothing, looked for nothing, desired nothing. But for God, and for the Church, and for his country, how great have been his hopes, and how manifold his efforts! How sadly, with an echo from that perennial disappointment which is the burden of all human melodies, may we write the same words upon his grave! A certain still despair lay at the bottom of his heart in the declining of his life—France and the world seemed to him trembling within the vortex of overwhelming fate—God was still holding the great balance, so that somehow at the last, if even as by fire, salvation must be certain; but his hope had grown feeble of any temporal deliverance, or re-establishment of a noble social order. It is said that the recent changes in France brightened a little to his dying eyes the prospects of his nation; but this faint clearing of the skies at home could have done little to counterbalance the gloom of the storm-clouds which were gathering over the still dearer sanctuary of his heart and wishes at Rome. Death has brought him rest from many sufferings—it is the one incident in a good man's life which we feel sure must be accompanied by fullest satisfaction and perfect content; but there is nothing sadder to the age than thus to mark its onward way by signs of the extinction of another and another light. France and the world are so much the poorer by all the brightness of one brilliant intelligence, and all the sympathy and warmth of one most genial heart.

Spectator.

IS MAN A FEEBLE ANIMAL?

GLANCING the other day over the Duke of Argyll's essay on "Primeval Man," it struck us, as it had often struck us before, that a little too much is made nowadays of man's feebleness as a mere animal. We do not believe he

ever was one, and the Duke's argument, that if he was one, he would have got stronger, and not weaker, is unanswerable; but his feebleness does not disprove the theory of his animal origin quite so conclusively as civilized writers,

who know they could not get their living if turned naked in the fields, have a tendency to assume. That man, apart from his special intelligence, is one of the weakest of all animals for aggression is no doubt correct, he being almost the only beast of his size who has been left by nature totally unarmed. He has neither claw, nor horn, nor jaw capable of rending, nor hoof nor paw that of itself and untrained can strike a deadly blow, the natural man being, it is believed, with a possible reservation as to one or two tribes of negroes, entirely unaware of the power latent in his own fist, and striking always with the hand unclosed. But for defence, man in his savage state is probably as well provided as any but the most formidable beasts of prey. He certainly could not fight a tiger or a lion or a panther or an elephant, but it is by no means clear that he could not run away, and as he is one of the swiftest of animals, would probably escape. He is, however, possessed of a faculty, given to no other beast which can run as fast, of climbing up a tree. In a state of civilization he almost entirely loses this faculty, but in the savage state it remains almost unimpaired. An Eton boy can climb in a way, as he can go up a ladder, but a savage will go straight up a smooth pole, using his feet as if they were a second pair of hands, and crossing from tree to tree with a facility which to the highly educated naturalist watching him seems at once marvellous and degrading. *He* could not do it, because he has not only lost the use of his feet, partly from using shoes, partly from reliance on his hands and his intelligence for everything, but he has lost the power of looking downwards unconcernedly from a "giddy" height, a power belonging to all savages, and, as we suspect, from some facts observed among Hindoos, to all men who neither eat meat nor drink alcohol. At all events, Hindoos untrained to the work will walk unconcernedly along walls thirty feet high to inspect workmen, where any white man similarly untrained would turn sick and fall. A wild beast would not have an easy prey of an animal who could run a short distance as fast as an ordinary horse, who could climb like a squirrel, and who could swim as no other land animal can. Nothing not amphibious swims like a

man, not even a Newfoundland dog. Kanakas have been met fifteen miles out of sight of land, and can keep in the water six hours at a time, and there is at least a strong probability that a naked race, living, say, by a great lake, would acquire the facility which the South Sea Islanders under the same circumstances even now display. We suppose we must not urge the idea so strongly pressed by Hawthorne, in that astonishing exhibition of genius and weakness, *Transformation*, that man in his natural state would attract instead of repelling many animals,—that dogs, for instance, might have been friendly, and not hostile,—for no such instance of alliance is known among the higher mammals, and there is doubt if the marmot and owl of the prairie are as friendly as they seem to be; but still we do not quite see why the mammal *Homo* should not have survived in the contest for existence as well as the monkey, who flourishes indifferently well in jungles frequented by the tiger, the boar, and the boa constrictor. He must be allowed on any fair theory to have at least a beast's intelligence, and that would teach him to combine for many purposes as monkeys, and wolves, and beavers do, to attend to any signal of danger as a stag does—for though man has no scent, he has an intense capacity of hearing—and even to set sentinels, a "faculty," whatever its origin, which belongs, it is believed, to many animals, and is exercised every day, as all naturalists will testify, by rooks. To deny to man as an animal the faculties of a rook is a gratuitous depreciation of his rank in nature not warranted by any evidence. We do not quite see either how scientific speculators should deny him so absolutely a right to use a weapon. He must have had a hand to hold one, and why deny him the instinct to use it?

The Duke of Argyll says that no animal save man ever employs an instrument to realize any object, but that is not the case. The only animal with a hand, so to speak, the elephant, will break off a branch to switch himself with when annoyed by insects. The idea, again, that in his early struggles man must have been liable to assault by much bigger animals than any now in existence may be true, but if true, is not germane to

the speculation. The imaginative horror of that situation would not strike an animal, and the mastodon is no larger in proportion to man than the elephant in proportion to the little monkeys who, nevertheless, live in the jungle with him very comfortably.

Then it is argued that the extreme length of the period of childhood in man must have greatly enfeebled him in the struggle, and no doubt the length of that period is one of the most curious of many distinctions between man and all other mammals. He is not the longest-lived of them, but he takes much the longest time to grow. But in practice, we imagine, conceiving as far as one can the position of the human being without intellect, the effect of that sort of weakness would only be this,—that the female's whole work in a natural state would be the care of her young, a necessity not imposed on any other animal, and accompanied apparently by this peculiarity, that in man almost alone—not quite alone—is the female decidedly the inferior of the male in strength and courage. We suppose our friends of the Women's-Rights movement will allow that, even though they may think the inequality curable; but at all events, that is found to be the fact in all extremely savage races, with the possible, and only possible, exception of a single negro clan. It would almost seem, therefore, as if this kind of weakness had been met by a provision which counteracted it at the cost of a certain diminution of the defensive power, the female being comparatively useless in combat, a diminution, however, true of at least one other species which has lived—the stag. The similar weakness at the other extremity of life is not peculiar to man, and would make but little difference in the struggle, being equivalent, in fact, at the worst to a universal deduction from natural longevity. The human race would die at fifty instead of seventy, and would even then be among the longest-lived of the mammalia. The want of clothes or of fitting food, which seems to the civilized writer so dreadful, is apparently no reason for extinction. An immensely large section of humanity, probably a clear half, does not wear clothes in any way conducive either to health or protection. The waist-cloth of the Indian

peasant is assumed from motives of decency, not of hygiene; the naked castes, fakirs, muhunts, &c., do not suffer in health; and the negro, who wears nothing, is supposed by many observers to be exceptionally long-lived. Two races at least, the Tasmanians and the Fuegians, face severe cold without clothes, and it must not be forgotten that in tropical climates cold *seems* to strike as severely as in the temperate zone. The fall in the thermometer is comparatively as great and the suffering as acute. The question of food is more puzzling, but is not quite insuperable. Half the difficulty would disappear if man had no disgusts, which as an animal he would not have. If we suppose him remaining in the mild climates as long as he could, he would have fish, and the flesh of small animals and birds, and berries and fruit and some leaves, and may be credited with instinct equal to that of the dormouse, which lays in a stock against bad weather. That he could multiply enormously under such conditions is of course not possible; but then it is not a thick population, but a population which science desires to prove. It would not, it must be remembered, on this hypothesis, be diminished by disease any more than any animal population; it might not be seriously menaced by attack, for there are whole regions, like Australia, without wild animals, which,—as we may see by the example of Palestine,—do not multiply merely because of the absence of men; and it would not be thinned off much by war. War is said to be a natural state, but if we are to suppose man merely a gregarious animal, we must assign him the instincts of his kind, among which war in any true sense of that word cannot be counted. A horse will fight a horse, but he does not attack him persistently because he is a horse; and the only animal believed to make war on human principles, that is, in combination and for territory, the dog of Constantinople and Alexandria, leaves off the moment his adversary quits the special dominion he has invaded.

We rather doubt if man's weakness as animal is a sound argument against development, and we do not see that it is needed. It is far easier and more satisfactory to fight the battle upon higher ground, and call for evidence to explain

upon any materialist theory the unique position of man as the only being with accumulative intelligence. Where and when, if he ever was animal, did he part company with his kind? as it is acknowledged by all observers that he has parted company; and why is there no trace of any other animal who has made a similar advance, if not in degree, then

at least in kind? The true argument against the development theory is not the impossibility of the development of a hand, but the total want of evidence for the development of a mind—the admitted existence of a chasm between the lowest savage and the highest brute which even the imagination is unable to cross.

Chambers's Journal.

CHURCH BELLS.

LIKE the mariner's compass and gunpowder, bells seem to have been known in the East before they penetrated to Europe. The robe of the Jewish high-priest had a trimming of small bells. Under the name of *tintinnabula*, they had long been used by Greeks and Romans as ornaments round horses' necks, and for a variety of decorative purposes. The ancient writers mention the custom of sending a hand-bell round the walls of a fortified place, to see if all the guards were awake. We first hear of church bells in France in 550 A.D. The army of Clothaire II., king of France, was frightened from the siege of Sens by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's Church. Bells were rung at the Syrian Bosra in 633, when the Saracens were attacking the Christians in front of the city: we hear of their being used at Jerusalem about the same time. But the best way of tracing their use is by looking into ecclesiastical historians. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, about 400 A.D., introduced them into the Latin Church, whence the larger bells were called *campanæ*, and the smaller ones *notæ*. A bell is called *klocke* in the northern etymology, though from what strikes time we have, curiously enough, transferred it to that which points to time. There are numerous allusions in early Christian writers to the summoning of people to church by the strokes of wooden hammers. Pacomius, the father of the Egyptian monks, prescribed the sound of a trumpet in its place. The use of bells was not known in the Greek Church till the year 865, when Ursus Patriciacus, Duke of Venice, made a present of some to Michael the Greek emperor, who built a tower

to the church of Sancta Sophia in which to hang them.

England, from the first introduction of bells, has been much addicted to the use of them, insomuch that it was termed "the ringing isle." Bede is the first English writer to mention bells. It is supposed that they were used here some time before the issue of Wulfred's canons, in 816 A.D., though not, it may be, in all churches. The archbishop writes of them: "At the sounding of the signal in every church throughout our parishes," though signal may signify no more than a board or iron plate pierced with holes to be knocked by a hammer, a mode of summoning people to church still in use amongst the Greek congregations. In 960, however, the ringing of bells in parish churches is mentioned by ecclesiastical writers as a matter of course. Ringing changes on the bells, as it is technically called, is almost peculiar to the English. The invention of this art is ascribed to one Anable, who died at a great age in 1755. Chimes are very different, and to some ears sound more musical, though the muffled peal which is rung at most cathedrals when a dignitary of the church dies, and which is produced by wrapping one side of each clapper in a thick pad, so as to form an echo to the clear stroke of the other half, forms, in our estimation, the most magnificent effect which can be produced by bells. Chimes, like *carillons*, are an invention of the Netherlands. The word means a set of bells or tunes rung by mechanical means; whereas *carillons* are rung by keys struck by the hand. Those of Ghent and Amsterdam are most noteworthy, but they are commonly found

through Holland. The chimes of Copenhagen are one of the finest sets in Europe. Longfellow tells how the bells of Bruges,

Most musical and solemn, bringing back the
olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes, rang the
melancholy chimes;

and every one must remember the use to which he puts the bells of Strasbourg in his *Golden Legend*.

There were regular societies of ringers in London in early times, called "Youths," irrespective of their age, much as postillions in a similar manner are always postboys. The famous Society of College Youths was founded there in 1637. Stow tells how a bell was added to the peal of five in the church of St. Michael's in 1430, to facilitate chiming. Nell Gwynne left money for a weekly entertainment to the ringers of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 1687, and many others have followed her example. The rules of some of these fraternities are highly amusing; and even now the stranger who rambles into the belfry of an old church in an English rural parish, will not uncommonly find amongst the printed rules hanging on the wall a fine of sixpence for beer imposed on the man who should wear spurs while he rings.

The largest ancient bell in England is Tom of Oxford, so familiarly known to university-men for the one hundred and one strokes it rings each evening during term. It weighs seven and a half tons. Exeter and Lincoln cathedrals possess large bells, but they are some two tons lighter than the Oxford one. The great bell at Westminster (Stephen) was cast in 1858, and weighs more than eight tons. It has, however, like its predecessor, Big Ben, been unfortunately cracked. It is worth while comparing these pigmies with the largest known bell in the world, that of Moscow, one hundred and ninety-three tons. The earliest cast bell of which we have accurate information is in the Campanile at Pisa; it bears the date of 1262.

Leaving statistics, let us revert to change-ringing. Its quaint terminology is not the least of its curiosities. Fancy ringing a peal of *Grandsire Triples*, which, let the uninitiated know, consists

of five thousand and forty changes! To what a solemn dignity, however, does this ascend when it is rung (as has been done) with muffled bells! Then, again, what mysteries lie in the appellations *Bobs*, *Bobs Major*, or, still better, *Bobs Royal*! All these are surpassed by the superlative *Bob Maximus* rung with twelve bells; while *Cinques*, it seems, can be rung with eleven accompanied with a tenor. All these feats are recorded with fitting dignity in the annals of campanology. The first perfect peal of Grandsire Triples was rung at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Sunday, July 7, 1751. When bells can accomplish such achievements, and with the solemn awe attached to the Sanctus bell of the middle ages, it seems very ignoble to condemn one to ring on Shrove Tuesday, for the base culinary end of being a pancake bell (as is still done in some parts of England), or as a bread-and-cheese bell, which is done nightly during term at Jesus College, Oxford. There is an historical celebrity, however, connected with the curfew bell, where it is still rung (as at Ottery St. Mary, and a few other places), which is not unsuited to the sedate gravity we usually attach to the conception of a belfry.

Amongst other customs of tolling the bells which are worthy of mention may be named that which exists at Hatherleigh, Devon, of ringing morning and evening a number of strokes corresponding to the day of the month; or of ringing a passing bell just before midnight on New Year's eve, and immediately changing it for a merry peal when twelve has struck, which we have heard in Lincolnshire; or of ringing a joyful peal after a funeral, a custom which also obtains at Hatherleigh. The passing bell has at present completely lost its true signification. In pre-Reformation times, it was ordered to be rung while the soul was passing away from the body, in order that the faithful might pray for its repose, not, as now, after death has happened.

Multitudinous are the superstitions attaching to church bells. All know the Cornish poet's beautiful verses on the drowned bells of Bottreaux, which are still supposed to ring in storms. The bell at St. Fillan's Chapel was used in

the ceremonies anciently employed by the Scotch to restore the insane to sanity. The great bell of Saragossa is said to ring spontaneously before the death of a sovereign. Bede mentions the fact of a nun in a convent hearing a bell ring before a friend's death. Curiously enough, the writer was lately told by an old woman in Lincolnshire, who was expecting the death of a neighbor, that she heard the church bell strike solemnly three times at twelve o'clock on the night before her friend expired. In the Romish Church, there was a prevalent belief that bells drove away storms and tempests, as well as demons. Thus, a quaint old writer speaks: "It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the region of th' ayre doute moche when they hear the belles ringen: and this is the cause why the belles ringen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeste and rages of wether happen, to the ende that the feindes and wycked spirytes should ben abashed, and flee and cease of the movynge of tempeste." From this feeling, bells were anciently baptized, and regular forms for the ceremony are given in Romish manuals. Even sponsors were sometimes named for them; holy water, oil, salt, cream, and tapers being used, just as at the baptism of a child. This was certainly not a primitive practice, nor is it stoutly defended by the Romish hierarchy at present. Bingham can trace it to no more remote antiquity than the reign of Charlemagne. The first distinct mention of it occurs in the time of John XIII., 968 A.D., who, on consecrating the great bell of the Lateran Church, gave it the name of John, from whence the custom seems to have been authorized in the church. It is worth while translating an account of the ceremonial from Sleidan. "First of all," he says, "the bells must be so hung that the bishop may be able to walk round them. When he has chanted a few psalms in a low voice, he mingles water and salt, and consecrates them, diligently sprinkling the bell with the mixture both inside and out. Then he wipes it clean, and with holy oil describes on it the figure of the cross, praying the while that when the bell is swung up and sounded, faith and charity may abound amongst men; all the snares of the devil—hail, lightnings, winds, storms—may be rendered vain, and all unsea-

sonable weather be softened. After he has wiped off that cross of oil from the rim, he forms seven other crosses on it, but only one of them within. The bell is censed, more psalms are to be sung, and prayers put up for its welfare. After this, feasts and banqueting are celebrated just as at a wedding."

Tales of those who have fancied that they heard voices of encouragement in the notes of bells are common enough. Whittington, and Panurge in Rabelais, to whom the bells seemed to say so appositely, "Marry, marry, marry," will occur as instances to every reader. It was owing to the advice of the matin bell, King James I. of Scotland informs us, that he wrote his poem, the *Kings Quhair*. As he lay wakeful one morning,

Ay methought the bell
Said to me, Tell on, man, quhat thee befell.

Still more pathetic than these stories is what the Laureate says the shipwrecked solitary heard in his far-off tropic isle:

Once, likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Though faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells.

In many English parishes, bells have been sold by parsimonious churchwardens, in order to defray the expenses of repairing the fabric, just as lead from the roofs has often been applied to the same purpose. To make up for these gaps in the belfry, stories of bells having been stolen from neighboring churches are frequent in country parishes. Thus, at Fulbourne, when the steeple of the church fell in, the poorer inhabitants watched the bells for some nights. When their suspicion somewhat lulled, the churchwardens silently carried them off in a wagon and sold them.

Towers for bells were sometimes detached from the main body of the church in England, as on the continent, thus forming campaniles. An example may still be seen at Chichester. It seems likely, from the massive character of Norman towers, that heavy bells were hung in them; and, indeed, till the Reformation, when the art of change-ringing was introduced, the excellence of a bell was to be heavy and sonorous, as it was only chimed, and very rarely rung up. Five or seven was supposed to be the fit-

ting number of bells for a cathedral; three, or two at the least, for a parish church. What the ancient bell-ringers resembled may be seen from a curious carving of one, clad in a cassock, and ringing a bell with each hand, on a Norman font at Belton, Lincolnshire.

It is very difficult to tell the exact date of our oldest bells. Those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have invariably shields, letters, and other devices, from which a tolerably correct guess can be made at the year in which they were cast. Dates were marked on them after 1550, and the practice has since been continued. Mr. Tyssen, a great authority on campanology, supposes a bell at Duncton, Sussex, to be the earliest dated bell in England. It bears the date of 1369, but is of foreign manufacture.

Tell a campanologist of a bell with an inscription on it, and he is at once eager to reach it, braving all the dangers of imperfect rickety ladders and rotten belfry floors, the wrath of owls and jackdaws at seeing their realms invaded, to say nothing of the certainty of being half-smothered in dust and cobwebs. One such we remember who fell through the belfry floor, but was luckily caught by two joists under his arms. There he remained suspended—being an elderly man, and fearing lest the joists should also give way if he made strenuous endeavors to extricate himself—till the clerk happened to come into the body of the church, and then ascended to his rescue. Most fortunately, the good man had a habit of carrying his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket (like the first Napoleon), and was just able to reach it and supply his nose during his unpleasant imprisonment, to which, he used to say, he owed much of his equanimity while suspended. "Jesus bells," as they are called, are far from uncommon. Sir H. Partridge won four such—the greatest of their kind in the kingdom—from Henry VIII. at a single cast of the dice. The oldest bells bear the name of the saint to whom they were dedicated. Then follows the *Ora pro nobis* of pre-Reformation times, specially common in the fourteenth century. In the fifteenth century, succeed short Latin hexameters, or laudatory mottoes. We shall enrich this part of our subject with gatherings from the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe's elabo-

rate volume on *The Church Bells of Devon*, to which we are already indebted for several facts. It is worth while translating one or two of these early mottoes.

Crowned Virgin, lead us to blessed realms,

May the Lord's name be blessed.

I will sing Thy praise, O Lord.

In the eastern counties of England, where Puritanism most prevailed, is found a curious inscription—

I sound not for the souls of the dead, but the ears
of the living.

English mottoes did not come into general use till the seventeenth century, after which English and Latin legends were (as they still are) indiscriminately used. "God save the church" or "the king" is frequently found.

I to the grave do summon all,
And to the church the living call,

is on a bell at Southwell Church, and on many more.

After 1600, bell-mottoes lose, for the most part, their religious tone. They record the parsons and churchwardens' names and the date of casting. Longer inscriptions are often frivolous or irreverent, such as—

My sound is good, my shape is neat,
Somebody made me all complete.

At St. Helen's, Worcester, is a set of bells on which are recorded Marlborough's victories.

Leonine or rhyming Latin hexameters are frequently found on bells; others are called alphabet bells, from bearing the letters of the alphabet in quaint old types on their rims. Lest these *minutiæ* should prove wearisome to any save professed campanologists, we hasten to conclude this paper by culling a few bell-legends at random from Mr. Ellacombe's interesting collection of those to be found on Devon church bells.

MORES VESTRA VITA.

Squire Arundel the great my whole expense did
raise,
Nor shall our tongues abate to celebrate his praise.

BEATI IMMACULATI.

When you me ring, I'll sweetly sing.
I mean to make it understood
That though I'm little, yet I'm good.

When I begin, then all strike in.

Some generous hearts do me here fix,
And now I make a peal of six.

Come let us sing, Church and King!

EGO SUM VOX CLAMANTIS PARATE.

Recast by John Taylor and Son,
Who the best prize for church bells won
At the Great Exhibition
In London 1, 8, 5 and 1.

I toll the funeral knell,
I ring the festal day,
I mark the fleeting hours,
And chime the church to pray.

It is worth noticing that in the bells of Ottery St. Mary and St. Martin Exeter, of the date of 1671, are inserted satirical medals, which were not uncommon at that time, representing a pope and a king under one face, a cardinal and bishop on the other. These are a very rare feature

in campanology. We can well remember how the souls of good Presbyterians were sore vexed when St. Ninian's was completed at Perth, and "a' day lang the bell was jowling o'er the Inch for prayers, like a mad thing." What a pity that Bishop Grandison, who wrote the statutes for the above-mentioned church of Ottery, could not have revisited the earth, to rectify matters at Perth! We translate a few words of them, as a parting caution to all ardent campanologists: 'Peals are to be rung at funerals according to the dignity of the deceased, on fewer or more bells; but we forbid them to be sounded at too great length, nor again after even-song or early in the morning (as they do at Exeter), because 'sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal' profit souls not at all, and do much harm to men's ears, and to the fabric, and to the bells.'

Leisure Hour.

THE NEW ZEALANDER ON LONDON BRIDGE.

THERE is an inaccurate reference in Crabb Robinson's "Diary" to a poem of Mrs. Barbauld's, in which she is represented as prophesying that "on some future day a traveller from the Antipodes will, from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge, contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's." The actual passage speaks of wanderers, who—

"With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take,
From the blue mountains on Ontario's lake,
With fond adoring steps to press the sod,
By statesmen, sages, poets, heroes trod,
Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
Each splendid square and still untrodden street;
Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,
The broken stairs with perilous step may climb,
Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round,
By scattered hamlets trace its ancient bound,
And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey

Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.
Oft shall the strangers turn their eager feet,
The rich remains of ancient art to greet;
The pictured walls with critic eye explore,
And Reynolds be what Raphael was before.
On spoils from every clime their eye shall gaze,
Egyptian granites and the Etruscan vase;
And when 'midst fallen London, they survey
The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
Shall own with humble pride the lesson just,
By Time's slow finger written in the dust."

The famous sentence in Macaulay's

Essays will bear repetition after these lines:—

"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

It does not detract from the eloquent force of this language that the same figure in various forms has been frequently used; but there is a curiously close resemblance in one of Walpole's lively letters to Sir H. Mann, where the following sentence occurs:—

"At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St. Paul's."

The idea is the common property of writers who have moralized on the mutabilities of time. Volney, in his "Ruins of Empires," had written:—

"Reflecting that if the places before me had once exhibited this animated picture, who, said I to myself, can assure me that

their present desolation will not one day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?"

Shelley has used a similar illustration, with the fuller imagery of a poet, in the preface to "Peter Bell the Third," which he addresses to Moore—

"In the firm expectation, that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Westminster Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream; some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells, and the Fudges, and their historians."

Kirke White has the following passage in his poem on "Time":—

JAMES WATT.

BY THE EDITOR.

JAMES WATT, the Scottish mechanician and engineer, the inventor of the steam-engine, is one of the most illustrious names in the annals of Science; but the circumstances of his career are too generally familiar at the present time to require at our hands more than a brief explanation of the engraving of which he is the subject. He was born at Greenock, Scotland, January 19, 1736, and from his earliest youth showed a remarkable genius for mathematics and mechanical contrivances. At the age of fourteen he constructed an electrical machine for his own use, and at this early age also the power of steam, and the method of applying it to mechanics, began to attract his attention. Arago, in his funeral *éloge* before the French Academy of Sciences, relates an anecdote of him which probably forms the subject, or at least gave the hint, for our picture. It appears that about this period Watt had an aunt, Miss Muir-

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"And empire seeks another hemisphere.
Where now is Britain? Where her laurell'd names,
Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust,
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity. Again,
Through her depopulated vales the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant bilows, breaks along the void;
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
The bitter booming in the woods, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude. Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished:
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

"Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before—*espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion. To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps desires
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook
Far from the civil world; and sadly sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man.*"

head, who complained of his (to her) idle and unprofitable occupation in watching the boiling tea-kettle, taking off and replacing the lid, observing the exit of steam from the spout, holding a saucer or spoon over the escaping jet, and counting the drops of water that condensed on it. The good lady of course saw only a musing, listless, and somewhat lazy boy; and had no idea that from those musings and apparently aimless experiments was to be evolved an agency the discovery of which marked an epoch in the history of the world, gave an almost incalculable impetus to modern civilization, and assured to her nephew himself and all connected with him an immortality of fame. Seeing how natural it was, and yet how closely connected with a great historic event, the complaint of the old lady offers a most fitting subject for the brush of the historic painter.

WATT was a civil engineer, a surveyor,

and a practical mechanic, but it is for his inventions that he is chiefly known. After years of patient experiment his first working steam-engine was produced and patented in 1768-9, and his double-acting engine, "the crowning improvement in the engine," was patented in 1782. Numerous other inven-

tions, such as the copy-press, the use of steam pipes for house-warming, &c., together with many mechanical improvements, are also connected with his name. He died at Birmingham, in 1819, after a more honored and successful life than in this blind world of ours usually falls to the lot of great inventors.

POETRY.

A GAGE D'AMOUR.

(HORACE, III. 8.)

"Martis celebs quid agam Kalendis,
—miraris?"

CHARLES,—for it seems you wish to know,—
You wonder what could scare me so,
And why, in this long-locked bureau,
With trembling fingers,
With tragic air I now replace
This ancient web of yellow lace,
Among whose faded folds the trace
Of perfume lingers.

Friend of my youth, severe as true,
I guess the train your thoughts pursue,
But this my state is nowise due
To indigestion;
I had forgotten it was there,
A scarf that Some-one used to wear.
Hinc illæ lachrimæ,—so spare
Your cynic question.

Some-one who is not girlish now,
And wed long since. We meet and bow;
I don't suppose our broken vow
Affects us keenly;
Yet, to confess the truth, it stirs
My pulse, that flimsy scarf of hers.
You can't disturb the dust of years,
And smile serenely.

"My golden locks" are gray and chill,
For hers,—let them be sacred still;
But yet, I own, a boyish thrill
Went dancing through me,
Charles, when I held yon yellow lace;
For, from its dusty hiding-place,
Peeped out an arch, ingenuous face
That beckoned to me.

We lock our hearts up, nowadays,
Like some old music-box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
Derisive pity;
Alas,—a nothing starts the spring,
And lo, the sentimental thing
At once commences quavering
Its lover's ditty.

Laugh, if you will. The boy in me,—
The boy that was,—revived to see
The fresh young smile that shone when she,
Of old, was tender.
Once more we trod the Golden Way,—
That mother you saw yesterday,
And I, whom none can well portray
As young, or slender.

She twirled the faded scarf about
Her pretty head, and stepping out,
Slipped arm in mine, with half a pout
Of childish pleasure.
Where we were bound no mortal knows,
For then you plunged in Ireland's woes,
And brought me blankly back to prose
And Gladstone's measure.

Well, well, the wisest bend to fate.
My brown old books around me wait,
My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
Its wonted station.
Pass me the wine. To Those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
I pour libation.

A. D.

RESPONSIO SHELLEIANA.

I.

"Resurgam!" The eyes that are stones,
The hands that are chill like the grave,
The feet of the fool and the knave
Are against me, but still shall I rise
With splendor of strength in my bones,
With fulness of light in my eyes!

II.

Let me lie in my darkness alone
And gather my strength as in sleep,
Till my limbs be made liason to leap,
And sudden to smite be my hands
When the music of battle is blown,
And war-songs are shaking the lands!

III.

You dreamt, O my Masters! that I
Was down in the dust evermore,
That, pass'd from the porch of your door,

I lost all the strength that I won
To smite you who doomed me to die:
But wait till my slumber is done.

IV.

What know you, O Masters of mine!
Of will strong and fierce as the sea,
Of vengeance that ever will be
While a breath in my body remains?
Go, heat your cold blood with your wine,
I was made with my fire in my veins!

V.

Doomed was the God ye adore,
Spat upon, buffeted, killed;
His blood on the pillar was spilled,
On the pavement did settle and smoke:
Is yours any love that He bore,
Are yours any words that He spoke?

VI.

Resurgam! The hillside is steep,
The cross crushes body and limb,
The grave has a mouth that is grim
To shut out the sun from my eyes:
What matter—I sink to my sleep,
The sun will remain till I rise.

J. J. M.

A LAMENT.

O FOR the forests of fair Arcady!
The Dryads dancing in the leafy dell!
O for the umbrage of Pelasgic tree,
With Hamadryads in the rind to dwell!
The sorrel trampled by the hoof of Faun!
The wood-nymph's gambol o'er the greenwood lawn!

The reign of youthful Bacchus now no more
Peoples the glade with sprites of antique grace:
The sedgy reed no longer to the core
Thrills with the pipings lipped with quaint grimace;
No more shall syrinx sound about the boles,
Or foot of Satyr fright Bœotian moles.

Pan with the riot of his rabble troop,
Narcissus brooding o'er the fatal pool,
Diana girded by a virgin group,
Silenus reeling like the wine-king's fool,
No more may wander thro' the Lesbian woods,
Or break the stillness of their solitudes.

Thy jocund voice, Sylvanus, now is dumb!
No cry of Dryope again may sound
When the faint odor of the lotus bloom
Floats with the zephyr o'er the Grecian ground;
E'en Ariadne's pensive love is o'er,
Though guarded not by ghastly Minotaur.

Time was when thro' the dusky vales of Crete
The linnet, pight with plumes of tawny gold,
Within the thicket rustled till the sweet
And fragile blossoms fluttered to the mould,
Arousing from her lair among the weeds
The dismal Lamia twined in rosy bredes:

The woful Lamia with her weeping eyes,
The awful Lamia with her gaze of gloom,
The serpent-demon garbed in ruddy dyes,
Her horror shrouded in a radiant bloom,
Where, hid beneath the stalks and fragrant bells,
Lurked the live poison of earth's asphodels.
(From "Aletheia," by CHARLES KENT.)

AT TWENTY-THREE.

LIFE is delight, each hour that passes over
Comes like a maiden's kisses to her lover,
Comes like the fresh breath of the mountain breeze,
Comes like the south wind trembling through the trees;
Or like the song of larks above the heather,
Or like a murmurous hum in sultry weather,—
A dreamy bliss that knows no waking sorrow,
A present joy that craves no happier morrow,
When Love enthralles us till we hug the chain,
And Beauty's smile is worth a miser's gain;
When Hope is better than reality,
And Faith is boundless as the boundless sea.

Let worn-out cynics tell us Life's a jest,
We know its glory and we feel its zest;
Let parsons, languid on fat livings, preach,
That joy is something always out of reach;
Let pale ascetics deem God's world a gin
To lure mankind and womankind to sin,—
We reck not if dyspeptic fools agree,
But laugh such creeds to scorn at twenty-three.

What though 'tis true that youth glides swiftly past;
That if we live we wear gray hairs at last;
That the keen rapture, and the wild delight,
The joyous freedom of our manhood's might,
The hopes, the fears, the passion and the glory,
Are transient features of a transient story,—
That Love itself—youth's twin,—will scarcely stay
Till Life has reached the summer of its day;
That even She, the maiden of our Spring,
May fade ere Autumn's fruits be ripening?—
Time passes on but leaves its gifts behind,
Rest for the heart and riches for the mind.
If every year a golden apple fall,
Each year makes captive of some glorious thrall;
Truth, knowledge, virtue,—all are ours to gain:
Life stretches onward like an unknown main,
Life stretches upward to the starry maze;
God's gates fly open at our ardent gaze;
A dazzling ray illumines the crystal sea,
When Heaven lies near to earth at twenty-three.

JOHN DENNIS.

"THE LATEST DECALOGUE."

(BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.)

"Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency:

Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall:
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officially to keep alive:
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it:
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition."

SUNSET.

When stream and lake of golden light
Among the ranging clouds appear,
And mountain flowers on chalice bright
Reveal the Evening's crystal tear;

Then let me wander all along
The shadowy lawn of wooded hill,
And silent hear the thrush's song
Above the river broad and still.

'Tis peace to see the meadow's peace,
'Tis joy to hail the glow around,
As restless day and trouble cease
On yonder sunset's holy ground.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lothair. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1870.

IN one of our literary notes last month we mentioned the announcement of a new novel by Mr. Disraeli, and the excitement which it was producing among publishers and readers on both sides of the Atlantic. This excitement has just culminated in the appearance of the book,—the reviews, newspapers, and private critics have had their usual shout over it,—and yet before this page reaches our readers the theme will probably already have become stale, if not unprofitable. For we question if, except the publishers who have profited largely by the general curiosity to see a novel from the pen of the great English ex-Premier, there are any who have not felt disappointed in "Lothair." It is not a book of the kind which awakens more than temporary interest; and it would scarcely have done that but for the fact of its being the production of a man who so dazzled us thirty years ago, and whose destiny since then has been so conspicuous and remarkable, and so different from what would then have been predicted. There are, it is true, the same intellectual brilliancy which we found in his earlier and more celebrated works, the same deftness and pungency of satire, the same artistic touches, and the same tropic splendor of scenic description. The hand has lost none of its cunning in these respects. But there are also the same extravagance, the same self-conscious artificiality, and the same tendency to "dukism" and a "duchessy" state of society; and we seem to miss a certain fine ardor of imagination, the buoyant vivacity of youth, and an almost defiant independence of thought, which formed the charm of all his earlier works,—"*Coningsby*" for instance. Mr. Disraeli is undoubtedly himself again,—the first chapter reveals the workman,—but we cannot help thinking that he has lost much and gained nothing during his long divorce from fiction, that he has retained his faults and lost a good deal of the brilliancy which redeemed them. This may possibly arise from the fact that we apply a higher standard of criticism to novels now than we did a quarter of a century ago, and that we expect more from Mr. Disraeli the famous statesman, than we did from Mr. Disraeli the brilliant and witty young novelist; but the critics generally

seem to agree that there is something more. It is impossible, moreover, to read "Lothair," with its "high and mighty people," its *Dii Superii* and mythologic personages, without being conscious of what a terribly effective satire Thackeray would make upon it if he were alive now and could give us another instalment of "*Codlingsby*."

"Lothair," who gives the title to the novel, and is of course its hero, is a young lord whose "vast inheritance was in many counties and in more than one kingdom," and he is surrounded with dukes and duchesses, and princes and princesses, and lords, and generals, and cardinals, and monsignores,—created and endowed with that reckless liberality for which Mr. Disraeli has always been remarkable as a writer. Their gorgeousness is something grand and peculiar, though not at all gloomy, and their wealth only less than that of Lothair himself. Lothair is nineteen when he comes upon the scene; both his parents are dead; and one of his guardians is a rigid, bigoted Scotch Presbyterian, while the other is a Roman Catholic Cardinal. All his associates are of course members of the Church of England, after the custom of the English aristocracy, except the one family to which he becomes principally indebted, who are all converts to Rome. The chief interest of the story hinges upon the struggles between these rival ecclesiastical interests for the allegiance of My Lord "of Muriel Towers" and other estates too numerous to mention. Very great skill is exhibited by the author in developing this subtle contest, and he makes a favorable impression upon us by the dialectical force and perfect candor with which he presents the claims and arguments of a cult with which he evidently has little sympathy. Common sense and the instincts generated by love triumph at last; but the result is by no means permitted to appear as a "foregone conclusion." Many probably expected that Mr. Disraeli would devote himself in his new "political novel" to the political questions which have agitated England during the past few years; but he touches only upon Fenianism and the liberation of Italy, and that in the most cursory and incidental manner. "Lothair" seems to have as little political purpose in it as "*Henrietta Temple*."

Most of the male characters in "Lothair,"

though probably just a little exaggerated, are skilfully and firmly drawn; especially those who act the part of Roman Catholics. Indeed, these latter are presented so realistically that it is rumored that a certain Monsignor Capel, who figures in the book as "Monsignor Cateby," is about to institute a suit for libel. But it is in his female characters that Mr. Disraeli has always failed. His women are "a perfumed mystery,—a mere fortuitous concurrence of lovely faces, swelling busts, rounded arms, and trailing trains." Whether they are eighteen or forty (women never get beyond forty in Mr. Disraeli's world), they all act alike, speak alike, and apparently think alike. "Lady Corisande," who, from her relations with Lothair, is one of the heroines of the novel, is represented as being of a different nature from her sisters; but we should never have discovered it if we did not have the author's word for it. Theodora, the beautiful Garibaldian, has more individuality than any other woman in the book, and is an ambitious attempt at drawing a noble character; but the conception is theatrical rather than dramatic, and there is scarcely any one but would pronounce her not only untrue to nature, but inconsistent with herself.

Altogether, "Lothair," though pleasant enough reading, will scarcely add anything to Mr. Disraeli's fame. It comes before the world as a "political novel," but if it have any political effect at all it will probably be to complicate his relations with the haughtiest and most sensitive aristocracy in the world, whose members are the most influential constituents of a party of which he is the recognized leader.

The Life of Bismarck. By JOHN GEORGE LOUIS HESSEKIEL. Translated by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A. New York: Harper & Bros., 1870.

THIS is a biography written in the good old style, when an author took it for granted that if we felt interested enough in his subject to read about him at all, we were desirous of learning all about his ancestors, their condition and characteristics, and the minutest details of his private life. Nearly a fifth of the author's space is consumed in telling us of "The Bismarcks of Olden Time," and several hours are spent in reading before the hero of the story is fortunate enough to be born. It is very interesting reading, however, and well worth the time which is devoted to it; for those old Bismarcks were not only very interesting personages in themselves, but they lived through a most interesting historic period. Mr. Hessekiel has taken the trouble to inform himself thoroughly concerning the details of his theme, and he gives us a valuable glimpse of the condition of society in Central Europe in the days of the Margraves, when German civilization began to impinge upon the territory of the Slaves. At length, on page 103, we learn that Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born at Schönhausen on the 1st of April, 1815, and from this time the career of the Minister-President is developed with a skill and amplitude and picturesqueness which make us close the volume with reluctance at the end.

The most interesting portion of Count Bis-

marck's life is of such recent date, and has been so prominently before the public,—it is only a few months since a sketch of him appeared in the *ECLECTIC*,—that it can scarcely be necessary to dwell upon it here. Every one probably who reads at all has a conception more or less accurate of the great Prussian statesman, and yet Mr. Hessekiel in the present volume presents some aspects of his character which the world can scarcely have suspected. Who that knows of Bismarck as the stern, precise, autocratic minister, whose "thoroughness" in diplomacy crushed Austria in the war of 1866, and whose method of dragooning his recalcitrant Parliament into submission has so aroused our indignation, would suspect him of having a dreamy, sentimentalizing, nature-loving side to his character? And yet here it is in his own letters, that are scattered liberally through the volume, in which he deploras the burden of office, longs for his *otium cum dignitate* in the country, and writes of natural scenery like an itinerant artist. His family affections also are shown to be of the warmest, and his taste for domestic life genuine; and altogether he impresses us as a sincere, honorable, and able, through somewhat narrow man.

Mr. Hessekiel's biography is a very good one, far better than we usually get of a living man, and will have the effect on the whole of making the world think more kindly of Bismarck. He (Hessekiel) lapses occasionally into what looks suspiciously like flunkeyism; his estimate is the exaggerated one of a personal admirer, and he exhibits at times a childish ignorance of political science; but he is sincere and honest, and has had access to family letters and a goodly array of material.

Mr. Mackenzie's translation is also good, though he sometimes muddles his English with German idioms; and the only serious blemish of the volume is the Editor's Preface. This consists of some rambling paragraphs containing a not very original condensation of the biography which is already in the volume, and an altogether unnecessary, ineffective, and pointless plea for "the divine right of kings." Bismarck is a statesman, with all the opportunities that a statesman has in the very midst of European civilization; and the judgment of posterity will be based not upon whether he acted in accordance with a romantic idea of fealty to his king, but upon the ultimate influence which his policy will have on Germany itself and on the general progress of civilization. Strange as Mr. Mackenzie may think it, the passages which he has quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*, "as a specimen of the kind of attacks, by no means honorably or reasonably made, upon Count Bismarck," are, in their estimate of his statesmanship at least, the verdict which History will in all probability pass upon him.

The illustrations of the volume are thoroughly German, and are very good.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches. By F. BRET HARTE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

WE have long waited for an opportunity, or rather we may as well confess that we have long neglected making an opportunity, of mentioning the *Overland Monthly*; that wonderful magazine which, in spite of her gold, and perennial

fruits, and sequoia trees, and sierras, and strange oaths, must be reckoned the most remarkable thing that California has produced.

Its publication was commenced just two years ago, and with the first number the *Overland* took its place in the first rank of our periodical literature. Of all the magazines published in the United States, it is the one which is most thoroughly American, which gives the very age and body of the civilization which produced it, its form and substance; for though its articles are, and have been, read with equal interest here, in England, and on the Continent, there are scarcely any of them which could have been written elsewhere than on the Californian coast.

To take two or more of our Eastern magazines is usually merely to widen the range of our reading,—they differ from each other in degree but not in kind,—but to him who takes the *Atlantic*, or *Putnam's*, or the *Galaxy*, or *Harper's*, or the *Eclectic*, we can promise that if he adds the *Overland* to his list he will find literature fully as good in its way and which breathes of the freshness, the vigor, and the novelty of "the marvelous land of the West."

Mr. F. BRET HARTE is the editor of the *Overland*; and the most striking and characteristic papers which have appeared in its pages were the stories, sketches, and criticisms contributed by his pen. These papers attracted very general attention at the time of their appearance; and as the present little volume is composed of the stories and sketches exclusively, it may lack somewhat the element of freshness to those who keep up with magazine literature. Emerson, however, we believe it is who says that "what is worth reading once should be read twice," and we have re-read the whole of them with a pleasure if possible greater than at first. It is an intense gratification not too often reserved for the jaded professional reader.

Mr. Harte, in his stories, has hit upon a vein as entirely individual and original as that which was opened by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*. The subjects which he takes are of the most unpromising character, being episodes in the fierce, brutal, lawless life of the early California settlers, and, in ordinary hands, would be merely vulgar where they were not insignificant; but Mr. Harte illuminates them with the refining light of genius, and proves to us once more that things which on the surface are of the lowliest and most repulsive, are not incompatible with the highest poetry and art. He is a perfect master of pathos, and a genuine humorist, and the pendulum of his imagination constantly "swings twixt a smile and a tear." Still, he is no maudlin sentimentalist perpetually setting traps for his reader's feelings, nor does he fall into Dickens's fault of insisting too strongly upon a laugh. His stories, though the merest outline sketches, rarely filling more than a dozen pages, are constructed with the most consummate skill, and will repay study for their art as well as for their interest. It would be difficult to say why "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "Miss," and "Tennessee's Partner" (but if we go on we shall enumerate them all) are not simply perfect of their kind. Our literature certainly possesses no model by following which they could be improved.

Mr. Harte himself says that in writing these sketches, "I fear I cannot claim any higher motive than to illustrate an era of which Californian history has preserved the incidents more often than the character of the actors,—an era which the panegyrist was too often content to bridge over with a general compliment to its survivors,—an era still so recent that in attempting to revive its poetry, I am conscious also of awakening the more prosaic recollections of these same survivors,—and yet an era replete with a certain heroic Greek poetry; of which perhaps none were more unconscious than the heroes themselves. And I shall be quite content to have collected here merely the materials for the *Iliad* that is yet to be sung."

It is no more than justice to say that he has not only collected the materials, but has sung a fitting prelude to any *Iliad* that may be constructed out of them in the future.

The Private Life of Galileo. Boston: Nichols & Noyes, 1870.

SHOULD the Comtean theosophy ever become the religion of scientific men there is probably no great man, living or dead, who would receive a more immediate apotheosis than Galileo Galilei. He is not only forever interesting to mankind as the discoverer of the isochronal vibrations of the pendulum, which gave us our modern timepieces, of the telescope, of Jupiter's satellites and the Rings of Saturn, of the moon's libration, and as the great antagonist of the Ptolemaic system; but he is beloved for his sufferings in the cause of Truth, for the fine nobility of his character, and for the simplicity and kindness of his nature.

This kindly impression will be deepened and justified by the present volume, for though the author has modestly withheld his name, he has given us a very skillful and satisfactory as well as most fascinating work. "The Private Life of Galileo" is of course much less comprehensive than some other biographies which have appeared, as it presents one aspect only of the great man's character. The author has extracted from the various authentic "remains" just those details which relate to Galileo's personal and domestic history. Enough only of his discoveries and of his public career are given to enable us to appreciate his life as a whole.

The volume is compiled principally, in fact almost entirely, from the letters of Galileo himself and those of his eldest daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, a nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew in Florence. The letters of this sweet, gentle nun are the feature of the work, and the life and character they reveal would be perfectly idyllic in their beauty and tenderness were it not for the mournful reality of her destiny. Sister Maria Celeste was, as Galileo, broken-hearted at her death, wrote to a friend, "a woman of exquisite mind and singular goodness;" and immured in a convent at the age of thirteen, all the love and tenderness of her woman's nature were lavished upon her father. He was her "patron saint," as she called him, her *Devoto*; and, separated from him by a cruel fate, the exquisite but unconscious pathos of her letters shows how true it is that the highest poetry of the race is wrung out of the anguish and suffering of the individual.

Fortunately, moreover, these letters are translated with a grace and felicity which almost makes us suspect that it is the work of a woman.

A recent writer in the *North British Review* says of the book:—"It presents a curious and instructive view of Italian manners and society at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and shows how strong was the feeling of family communism, how fully recognized was the right of brothers and cousins to prey on a more fortunate kinsman, and how strongly the domestic affections worked in spite of the domestic disorganization which forbade a family to keep unmarried daughters at home, and consigned them at an early age to conventa. With regard to the great moral moment of Galileo's life,—his abjuration of a doctrine which he believed,—the details given in this book tend to reduce the philosopher's lapses to a minimum. His conduct was neither saintly nor heroic; for he was certainly bound, whatever might be the consequences, not to deny what he knew to be true. But the difficulties of his own conscience, in weighing the relative importance of truths of different orders and duties of different obligation, the active interference of powerful friends, who almost removed the conduct of his own case from his own hands, and the weakness and weariness of old age, sickness, and sorrow, make up a mass of greatly extenuating circumstances."

The text of the celebrated "Sentence" of the Roman Inquisition, and the "Abjuration" which Galileo was compelled to sign, are added in an Appendix to the volume, and give us ample opportunity to "nurse our wrath" as we contemplate the way in which "the greatest man then living in the world" was treated by as ignorant and worthless a set of knaves as the world ever saw placed in power.

It is soothing to our indignation, however, to reflect that "the whirligig of time brings round its revenges," and that the poor fools who prematurely extinguished the light of an imperial intellect by truckling to the caprices of a vain, ignorant, and rancorous old man, consigned themselves at the same time to everlasting infamy. We can also be thankful, as we read this "Sentence" and compare the times which it illustrates with our own, that the human intellect has at last escaped from the clutches of "the Church."

Modern British Essayists. New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

FROM the old plates of their original edition Messrs. Appleton & Co. have commenced the publication of a new edition of the *Modern British Essayists*,—books which in some shape or other ought to be in every library or collection.

The essayists included in this series are Carlyle, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Alison, Sydney Smith, Prof. Wilson, Talfourd, and Stephen, making six stout volumes in all, and it would be difficult to find anywhere in the same space more sound thought and good criticism. The volumes are large 8vo, printed upon good paper and bound in red cloth; and though the type is not so legible as one who has a great deal of reading to do could wish, yet they are very cheap at the price, which is two dollars each.

IN preparing our article on Mr. Beecher last month we derived much valuable assistance from a paper in "*The Men of our Times*" which was courteously furnished us by the publishers. This volume contains brief sketches of the celebrated men of our times in this country, written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and, like most of her work, will be found entertaining and instructive. "*Men of our Times*" is a subscription book, and is issued by the Hartford Publishing Co., of Hartford, Conn.

THE National Publishing Co. (of Phila.) announce the immediate publication of the second and concluding volume of the "*Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States*," by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. We have looked over some specimen sheets of the work, and though this is a treacherous basis for judgment, Mr. Stephens seems to us to have lost none of his old vigor and subtlety, notwithstanding his prolonged ill-health. The book is published by subscription, and sold only through agents.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Grace Aguilar's Writings. The Mother's Repentance. The Vale of Cedars. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 499, 256. Illustrated Edition.

Memoir of the Rev. John Scudder, M.D. Missionary to India. By REV. J. B. WATERBURY, D. D. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 307.

Baffled; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. By JULIA GODDARD. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 159. Illustrated.

Hammer and Anvil. By SPIELHAGEN. Translated by WM. HAND BROWNE. Author's Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, cloth, pp. 691.

Wonders of the Human Body. From the French of LE PILEUR. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 256.

Christianity and Greek Philosophy. By B. F. COCKER, D.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 531.

Beneath the Wheels. A Romance. By the author of "Olive Varcoe" etc., etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 173.

The Bible in the Public Schools. Addresses, etc. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 18mo, pp. 223.

Elocution, the Sources and Elements of its Power. By PROF. J. H. McILVAINE. New York: Scribner & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 406.

Wonders of Architecture. Illustrated Library of Wonders. Translated from the French of M. LEFEBRE. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 264. 60 Illustrations.

Lifting the Veil. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 200.

Antonia. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by VIRGINIA VAUGHN. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 250.

The Caged Lion. A Novel. By MISS YORGE, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 347.

Henrietta Temple. A Love Story. By HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 134.

The Vicar of Bullhampton. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 296. Illustrated.

History of Queen Hortense. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 379. Illustrated.

Queen Hortense. An Historical Novel. By LOUISA MUHLBACH. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 187. Illustrated.

SCIENCE.

Deep-sea Explorations.—Philosophers had imagined that all life would cease at an ocean depth of 300 fathoms, and that the temperature of the deep sea was everywhere thirty-nine degrees. It was found, on the contrary, that abundant life existed at far greater depths, and that the deep-sea temperature varied within somewhat wide limits. More remarkable still, it was found that a difference in bottom temperature between thirty-two degrees and forty-seven degrees existed at points only eight or ten miles distant from each other, beneath an uniform surface temperature of about fifty-two degrees; and that where this was the case in the cold area the bottom was formed of barren sandstone, mingled with fragments of older rock, and inhabited by a comparatively scanty fauna, of an arctic or boreal character, while in the adjacent warm area the bottom surface was cretaceous, and the more abundant fauna presented characteristics due to the more temperate climate. Hence an upheaval of a few miles of the sea bottom subject to these conditions would present to the geologist of the future two portions of surface totally different in their structure, the one exhibiting traces of a depressed, the other of an elevated temperature; and yet these formations would have been contemporaneous and continuous. Wherever similar conditions are found upon the dry land of the present day, it had been supposed that the high and the low temperature, the formation of chalk and the formation of sandstone, must have been separated from each other by long periods, and the discovery that they may actually co-exist upon adjacent surfaces has done no less than strike at the very root of many of the customary assumptions with regard to geological time. The importance of these results, and the magnitude of the considerations springing from them, induced the Admiralty, at the renewed instance of the Council of the Royal Society, to assist in the prosecution of further inquiries. Her Majesty's ship *Porcupine*, Captain Calver, R.N., was fitted up in the way suggested by the experience gained in the first expedition, and was provided with proper dredges for the

deep-sea, hauling-in machinery, deep-sea thermometers defended against pressure, and apparatus for the conduct of various chemical and other inquiries. She left Galway, under the scientific charge of Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, on the 18th of May last year, and carried on the exploration in a westerly direction, getting into deeper and deeper water, until she reached the Porcupine bank, so named from one of her former surveys. She next proceeded in a north-westerly course towards Rockall, and thence returned to Donegal Bay. In this cruise the dredging and temperature soundings were carried down to a depth of nearly 1,500 fathoms. Early in July she started from Cork, under the scientific charge of Dr. Wyville Thompson, in a south-westerly course, for the purpose of carrying down the explorations to still greater depths, which were found at the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay, about 250 miles west of Ushant. Here the dredge was successfully worked at the extraordinary depth of 2,435 fathoms, nearly equal to the height of Mont Blanc, and exceeding by 500 fathoms the depth from which the first Atlantic telegraph cable was recovered. She returned in about a fortnight, and started from Belfast in August for a third cruise, under the scientific charge of Dr. Carpenter, who was accompanied by Dr. Wyville Thompson. The object of this cruise was the more detailed survey of the ground previously examined by the *Lightning*, and the vessel remained out until September 15, 1868, visiting Thorshaven, in the Faroe Islands, and Lerwick. The results of the three expeditions went entirely to confirm, and in many respects to enlarge, the conclusions that had been drawn from the more limited surveys of the preceding year.

Blood and Life.—The numbers of the *Revue des Cours Scientifiques* for April 23d and 30th contain a résumé of the excellent lectures of Professor Bernard on the functions of the blood. If there be one proposition which appears to be more general and absolute in physiology and medicine than another, it is that the stoppage of the functions of the blood immediately occasions death. Yet it is not difficult to adduce exceptions, though, doubtless, only apparent exceptions to this statement. It is true that if one of the higher animals be suddenly deprived of its blood it will at once expire, for the blood nourishes the tissues and confers their special properties upon them; but their denutrition, *i.e.* the disappearance of their vital manifestations, may be more or less rapid, and, under certain circumstances, these manifestations may persist for a long time after the subtraction of the blood. This may be observed at any time in a cold-blooded animal, but especially during the cold season. A frog, for example, will preserve its vitality for as long as twenty-four hours after the withdrawal of its blood in winter, showing clearly that the vital attributes of an animal are resident in the tissues and not in the blood which bathes them. So again, if in a frog one of the abdominal veins be opened, and feebly-saline or sugared water be injected till all the blood is replaced by the solution, or even by mercury, the animal will still move, leap, and manifest all the ordinary signs of life for several days. If the web of the foot be now examined by the microscope, a fluid will be seen

to circulate in it entirely destitute of globules, which, therefore, have been entirely removed without suspending the vital phenomena. The explanation of this is not far to seek. The red globules of the blood are necessary in proportion as the temperature is elevated, and the vital manifestations of the tissues are intensified. In winter their functions are almost abolished in consequence of the cold, and direct examination shows that the blood in the veins is almost as bright as in the arteries. Phenomena essentially similar in character and capable of an analogous explanation are afforded by the hybernation of animals, and in the cold or "algide" stage of cholera in man, during which, as Magendie showed long ago, the circulation may really completely cease, so that no blood shall flow if the radial or even if the axillary artery be opened, and yet all the ordinary manifestations of life continue. In both instances a considerable reduction of temperature is observed, and the functions of the red corpuscles are correspondingly reduced in activity.

The Planetary World as Seen from Space.—Let us imagine an observer travelling in the depths of space, to such a distance from our planetary world as would enable him to embrace the whole of it in one view. If the direction taken by him be that contained in the plane of the Earth's orbit, or in that of any other planetary orbit, he would see a brilliant star, shining very brightly, and on each side of it a hundred smaller stars, some lost in the bright rays of the central star, others far enough from it to allow them to be more easily distinguished; all of them, however, infinitely less bright than the Sun, and varying in brilliancy according to their apparent distances from the latter. All these satellites of the Sun would be seen to oscillate about its disk, describing, to all appearance, right lines or nearly so, as we observe to be the case with the satellites of Jupiter, which we see move from one side to the other of that planet. Some would appear to move with great rapidity; they would be those nearest to the central star: Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars. The others would describe their courses much more slowly. The whole would present the aspect of a lenticular mass of stars, or, if the distance of the observer were too great to allow him to distinguish the different luminous points, of a bright star surrounded by nebulous matter of an elongated form.

As for the dimensions of the planetary system, at least as we know them at the present time, it has a diameter equal to sixty times the distance of the Sun from the Earth, or about 5,700 millions of miles. If we desire to form some idea of this immense extent of space, we must estimate it by the time which certain bodies would require to pass through it. Light, which progresses at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, requires 8 hours and 17 minutes to travel from one end to the other of the planetary system; as for a cannon-ball, if it continued to travel with a uniform velocity of 493 yards per second, it would take no less than 626 years; sound would require 845 years to travel over the same distance.

The thickness of planetary space is much less extensive than its length. In considering it represented by a line perpendicular to the

plane of the Earth's orbit, we find it nineteen or twenty times less than the dimensions of the long diameter, or about 300,000,000 of miles. —From *The Sun*, by GUILLEMIN (CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.).

Detection of Organic Matter in Air.—Mr. E. T. Chapman, following a line of research indicated by Mr. Wanklyn, extends the "ammonia method" of water analysis to the estimation of the organic matter contained in air. By the aid of an aspirator he draws the air to be examined through a damp layer of powdered pumice which has previously been heated to redness. When sufficient air has thus been deprived of organic matter, he transfers the pumice to a retort containing water which has been freed from ammonia and organic matter. Having now communicated the organic impurities of the air to the water, he proceeds with the "ammonia method" of water analysis. Air collected from the neighborhood of an untrapped sink, when examined in this way, will be found to contain notable quantities of volatile and non-volatile organic matter.

Dr. Livingstone.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison said that he had every reason to believe that from the month of May last Dr. Livingstone had been at Ujiji, on the eastern bank of the great Lake Tanganyiki, and that there his advances were stopped, his provisions and means exhausted, and most of his attendants gone, lost, or dead, though he had got all his documents with him. He was happy to say that, in consequence of a communication that he had made to the Earl of Clarendon, her Majesty's Government had consented to provide the means for relieving Livingstone from Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk had organized some supplies to be sent to him, but the cholera broke out, the caravan was paralyzed, and the people lost.

A Road Steamer.—A locomotive to run on common roads has long been wanted, and now the desideratum appears to be supplied by the road-steamer, invented by Mr. R. W. Thompson, civil engineer, of Edinburgh, who has overcome the difficulties that baffled other inventors by a very simple means. He mounts his engine on broad wheels, the tires of which are covered with a thick hoop of india-rubber; and, thus mounted, it will run anywhere, along roads or lanes, across meadows, ploughed fields, or on the sandy shores of the sea. It runs, too, so lightly as to leave no deep ruts behind. It will draw two double ploughs by direct draught, and, by making four furrows at once, will plough a field speedily. It will turn sharp corners; can be guided easily along narrow streets; and is altogether so efficient, that the question of cheap transport of heavy loads, and the feeding of railways from outlying rural districts, would appear to be solved. With this, and the Fairlie locomotive for narrow tramways, all civilized countries may supply their travelling requirements at a moderate cost.

The foregoing makes us aware of an addition to the many economical uses of india-rubber. We once visited a factory where some forty or fifty copper-smiths were at work in a shop above our heads; but, what was remarkable, scarcely a

sound of their noisy hammering could be heard. On going up-stairs, we saw the explanation. Each log of every bench rested on a cushion made of india-rubber cuttings. This completely deadened the sound, which, in the shop below, before the cushions were introduced, had been so deafening that the workmen there employed were always in a state of rebellious discontent, and threatening to strike.

A Process for Preserving Timber.—A process for preserving timber has been tried in New York with success. There is in all green wood an amount of putrescible matter combined with the sap. If this can be got rid of, the timber will keep sound; and it is got rid of by soaking the timber in a solution of borax, and washing afterwards in plain water. Borax has an advantage over some other chemical substances used in the seasoning of timber: it does not attack or weaken the woody fibre, or the structural tissues, or cellular membranes, however delicate. This being the case, may we not suppose that by treating different kinds of wood with borax, a delicate appearance would be imparted, which would render them valuable for ornamental purposes?

Novel Cure for Toothache.—A paper by Mr. Coleman, read at a meeting of the Odontological Society, describes a novel method of curing that kind of toothache known professionally as "chronic periodontitis." In this malady, the tooth is commonly somewhat loose, and painful to bite on, with swelling of the gum, and suppuration. The remedy is called "replantation." The tooth is taken out; all the diseased parts are scraped from the roots, and it is well washed and disinfected in carbolic acid; but those portions of mucous membrane which are commonly attached to the neck of a tooth, and appear healthy, are not scraped away. The socket from which the tooth was drawn is also properly cleaned, and the tooth is put back into its former place, and in a number of cases it takes root, and fixes itself firmly in the course of a fortnight, and then becomes as serviceable as the other teeth. This is a remarkable instance of vital force. By the small portion of living tissue left adherent to the tooth, attachment to the jaw is renewed; and though failures occur, there is reason to believe that, as in other surgical operations, they will become fewer as the operators acquire experience. The teeth are so important to life and health, that whatever tends to preserve them should be encouraged.

Education in London.—A square mile in the east end of London, including the worst parts of Bethnal Green and adjoining neighborhoods, has been carefully explored, with a view to ascertain what is done therein for the education of children. The number of these between the ages of three and twelve is 30,000, of whom about 11,000 get some kind of education. In an article on the subject, the *Times* points out that to provide proper school accommodation would cost £60,000, and require a rate of 3½d. in the pound for sixty years; to which must be added the annual cost of instruction, or £15,000. How could such poor neighborhoods pay a rate sufficiently high to meet this outlay? A grave question; but here is the answer. In that square mile the sum spent on

an average every year in the beer-shops and public-houses amounts to £450,000! If the people would save but one penny out of eight they now spend in drink, they could raise among themselves the money required for school buildings; and 1 penny in every 28 would pay for the schooling. No appeals to government or to charity would then be necessary. Could a more striking illustration be presented of the power of the pence?

Medical Electricity.—Men of science are continually regretting the littleness of their knowledge; and when one or other of them adds some little to the stock of what we know, it only increases his consciousness of the infinite that still remains to be explored. Medical science is no farther advanced than others; and, as ever and anon a man who yesterday was a picture of health to-morrow dies or becomes the victim of a lingering and incurable disease, are we reminded of the impotence of human effort to cope with endless forms of disease. When any inventor, therefore, opens out a new field of inquiry, having for its ultimate result the benefit of frail humanity, he is entitled to patient and thankful attention, even if a collateral aim be his own pecuniary benefit. The potency of electricity in its action on the human frame has long been known, and physicians have employed it; but Mr. Pulvermacher has been the first to develop its application into a distinct branch of medical study and research. Looking at the question philosophically, there is no reason why the magic essence should not do as much for corporeal man as it has done, and yet will do, for his intellectual and civil growth. Why should not the mighty power which can place two men standing at the uttermost ends of the earth within conversational reach of each other, perform an equally important work in checking and overcoming the maladies to which the organs of the human frame are subject? The difficulty of applying electricity to the body has been great, and the results have been in the same degree uncertain. The irregularity of the currents, and the intermittent character of the applications have been the great drawbacks to the successful employment of electricity from ordinary batteries. Mr. Pulvermacher, however, has invented a method of overcoming these difficulties. He arranges a number of tiny cells in the form of a belt, and these are charged by simply dipping them in vinegar. The belts are flexible, and can be applied to any or all parts of the body with the greatest facility. It is wonderful what a power can be evolved from such apparently small batteries; but by watering the vinegar before dipping, any desired reduction of strength can be obtained. The applications appear to be most successful when intended to overcome any disease arising from sluggish action of any of the organs. As powerful galvanism will raise a dead body for a short time to apparent life, so, with a milder power, it quickens into healthful action the low vitality of the body; overcomes torpidity, braces the muscles, and gives tone and strength to the nerves; and, when steadily and constantly applied, as it easily can be by the Pulvermacher chain bands, effects a permanent cure. Many of the most painful and obstinate of human maladies arise

from the low action of the organs—such as gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and liver complaint, and in the treatment of these the electrical chain bands have been most signally successful.

Where do Diamonds come from?—Apparent extremes that sometimes meet are the dreams of the poet and the realizations of the philosopher. The stars, says the former, are diamonds in the sky: diamonds, says one who in 1870 may claim the latter title, are stars upon the earth. Who will deny that they have too many virtues to be of worldly origin? And to no mundane process within our knowledge can their birth be assigned. None can do more than speculate upon their source, and suggest what it might have been. The theorist who claims a celestial origin for them deserves praise for his boldness at all events; and his deserts for the validity of his suggestion are perhaps as great as those of the many who have sought to explain their formation by suppositional terrestrial actions. The sky-birth of the diamond is suggested by a Continental experimentalist, who, upon the strength of some preliminary researches, declares that intense cold dissociates chemical elements in combination. The "pure carbon" of the diamond he holds to have once been mingled with other matters, in masses of meteoric nature coursing through space; and he argues that the intense cold which reigns in stellar space (something like 200° below zero) has been the means of isolating and crystallizing the carbon, and that diamonds have fallen from the sky, like the aërolites whose celestial source is well known. Laugh who will; disprove who can! We are but chroniclers and offer no opinion; but we can tell this much, that the location of diamonds upon the earth will agree much better with the hypothesis of a sky-source than an earth-source. Those Cape specimens that are now attracting attention are found on the surface of the ground only: it is of no use to dig for them: this looks as though they came down rather than up.

Spectrum of a Candle-flame.—At Mr. Lockyer's lecture at the Royal Institution on Saturday, April 2, he showed that phenomena observed by his new method of spectroscopic observation in the sun may be produced in the common candle-flame, care being taken to examine the flame, as Mr. Lockyer examines the sun itself, namely, by means of its image thrown on the slit of the spectroscope. In this way the existence of an outer layer of sodium vapor, often invisible to the unassisted eye, is shown, which gives a bright line outside the spectrum of the candle, in the same way that the red flames give a spectrum of bright lines outside that of the sun's photosphere. Inside this sodium layer is another layer of carbon vapor; and by imitating a storm in the sun by means of a blowpipe, mixing up the white light-giving substance of the candle with the outer layers, the phenomena of a solar storm were almost absolutely reproduced, sodium being substituted for hydrogen of the red flame, and the carbon vapor for the lower-lying sodium and magnesium vapor in the sun's atmosphere. Mr. Lockyer has also shown that the phenomena of the candle have a distinct bearing on those of the sun's atmosphere.

Sense of Touch in the Skin.—A paper appears in the *Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften* (Band xxix. 1870, p. 299), by the late Professor Türck, on the sensory regions of the skin supplied by the several pairs of spinal nerves. In the experiments undertaken by the professor on some dogs, with the view of determining the particular regions of the skin supplied by the several spinal nerves, the latter were separately and successively divided, and the skin was then pinched at definite points, at short intervals apart, a mark being made at the middle of the fold pinched when the animal gave evidence of pain. It was found that the same part was always rendered insensible when the same nerve was divided. At the same time the adjoining parts, especially in young animals, were rendered unusually sensitive. Certain regions or "territories" were, however, found to be characterized by a certain dull sensibility; these regions were supplied by more than one nerve, and may be called common territories, in opposition to the exclusive territories, or those supplied by a single nerve. In the neck and body the exclusive territories for each nerve were small, in the extremities all parts were territories common to more than one nerve. In the palm of the hand and sole of the foot three nerves were found to supply one territory. In regard to those pairs which supply a district in common, the division of one such pair usually causes only one circumscribed spot to become insensible, and that only for a short time. The territories of the extremities supplied by the several pairs of nerves are band-like arched strise, wider at the end than near the centre. The arches are smaller in the trunk than in the extremities, apparently from the growing out of the extremity during the development of the animal. The first cervical nerve has no cutaneous branches; the second, third, fourth and fifth have only exclusive territories. The sixth cervical has only a common territory; the seventh and eighth pairs have both common and exclusive territories.

The Atmospheric Germ Theory.—The atmospheric germ theory has not received much support by the recent researches of Dr. A. Ransom, who read a paper on the subject before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, at a meeting on February 22. The author gave the following summary of the results of his experiments:—1. In 1857, glass plates covered with glycerine had been exposed in different places and examined microscopically. Amongst others, in the dome of the Borough Gaol, to which all the respired air in the building is conducted, organized particles from the lungs and various fibres were found in this air. 2. During a crowded meeting at the Free Trade Hall air from one of the boxes was drawn for two hours through distilled water, and the sediment examined after thirty-six hours. The following objects were noted:—Fibres, separate cellules, nucleated cells surrounded by granular matter, numerous epithelial scales from the lungs and skin. 3. The dust from the top of one of the pillars was also examined, and in addition to other objects, the same epithelial scales were detected. 4. Several of the specimens of fluid from the lungs were also searched with the microscope. In all of them epithelium in different stages of deterioration was abundantly present, but very few spores were

found in any fresh specimen. On the other hand, after the fluid had been kept for a few hours, myriads of vibrios and many spores were found. In a case of diphtheria, confervoid filaments were noticed, and in two other cases, one of measles and one of whooping-cough, abundant specimens of a small-celled torula were found, and these were seen to increase in numbers for two days, after which they ceased to develop. These differences in the nature of the bodies met with probably show some difference in the nature of the fluid given off; but it was pointed out that they afford no proof as yet of the germ theory of disease. They simply show the readiness with which aqueous vapor of the breath supports fermentation, and the dangers of bad ventilation, especially in hospitals.

Have Animals Instinct or Reason?—Readers of Mr. Darwin's work who may admit instinct will still be led to give it such a philosophical explanation that it becomes but a form of reasoning under peculiar circumstances. To such we commend a very interesting paper on the "Intelligence of Animals," read before the Montreal Natural History Society by Professor Bell (January 31). The author spoke of the reasoning powers in many of the higher and larger animals as being too well established to require a plea, and devoted much of his paper to instances of what might be regarded as intelligence in such small creatures as insects. He adduced many arguments based on the organization and development of these animals, and more especially on their habits, for regarding them as possessed of something more than real instinct. It was mentioned, amongst other proofs of the possession of a reasoning power, that insects, if baffled in one means of accomplishing their object, will generally try another; and that we find them as prompt and skilful in overcoming exceptional and artificial difficulties as in performing the ordinary duties of their lives. The habits of insects, like those of larger animals, appeared to be in a great measure the result of the accumulated experience of many generations. The term "instinct" has too general and vague a signification, and was often used as a convenient means of accounting for what we found it difficult to explain.

Navigable Passage through Perpetual Ice.—The Russian papers announce an important discovery by Carlson, a learned Norwegian, which will give a great impetus to Siberian trade. He had cruised, for scientific purposes, in an expedition undertaken last summer in the Karian Sea, which washes the southern part of the Isle of Nova Zembla, and the Government of Tobolsk, and is covered with eternal ice. In this ice a passage was discovered which, for several months in the year, offers a convenient path for traffic between Siberia and the Norwegian harbor of Tromsø.

Discovery of an Ancient Silver Mine.—The recent earthquakes in Germany have caused the fall of a large mass of rocks situated between Heidelberg and Wiesloch, and in consequence thereof the works of a silver mine, worked by the ancient Romans, have been brought to light. There is no silver ore of any importance left, but instead, a very rich zinc ore is met with in large quantity, which was left untouched by the former workers.

ART.

Recent Excavations in Palermo.—In preparing the space before the palace for the fêtes in honor of the Princess Margherita, the workmen came upon the remains of Roman mosaic pavements. After the fêtes the excavations continued, and about 70 yards by 20 of the Piazza della Victoria is now exposed. Most of the mosaics are at the north end of this space. To the north of all there was a portico; at right angles to this were three halls, one of them with a mosaic of 10 feet 1 inch by 8 feet 7 inches. This last, which was uncovered first, is a very conventional representation of Orpheus charming the beasts, which surround him without grouping or perspective. The tessere are too large for the design. A macaw and kangaroo seem to be represented among the animals. The second half exhibits only a checkered pattern. The portico is much dilapidated; there has been a large group in the centre, where horses' hoofs and the tail of a monster are traceable, which suggest the death of Hippolytus. The first hall is the richest part of the discovery. Here the pattern is surrounded on three sides by a white margin of 6 feet, but the north-west corner of the margin is filled up with a diaper pattern in six colors, which seems to mark the site of some article of furniture. The pattern is enclosed by a broad guilloche border; narrower bands of like character cross the area from side to side and from end to end, forming oval, circular, and octagonal spaces. The oval panels were filled by fishes, the circular panels (and some of the large octagons) by heads, the rest with mythological groups, in which the stories of Leda, Danae, and Europa (?), Ganymede, &c., may be traced or guessed. About half are seriously damaged or obliterated; others are in excellent preservation; the best are colossal heads of Neptune and Apollo. In the middle width of the pattern, about one-third of its length from the south end, is a small square area of distinct pattern overlying the other, and seeming to mark the position of some other object of dignity. Fazzello, *de Rebus Siculis I.*, lib. viii., mentions an ancient building on this site, called the Sala Verde, which seems to have been a kind of amphitheatre: it was levelled in 1549 to make room for the bastions of the city.

The Future of Fine Art in America.—In favor of the spread of fine art in America, we have a fresh æsthetic constitution and temperament, the increasing passion of decoration, ornament, and festivals; a keen native instinct for color and form; the patriotic desire to commemorate public men and events; a vast wealth, each year more liberally given to beneficent purposes by living benefactors; increasing means of culture; a juster appreciation of national defects and deficiencies in art; an intenser spiritual apprehension of life, arising from the varied religious agitations, as an offset to the redundant realism founded on rapid material progress; and, above all, the growing recognition of humanity at large as the true object of effort, to make the earth more pleasant for man's temporary abode while schooling for a higher existence. The passion of the Greek for beauty made his art beautiful, just as the emotional fervor of the mediævalist made his spiritual. We are not called to repeat either Minervas,

Venuses, Queens of Heaven, or any of the effete forms of effete mythologies, but to create anew, according to more advanced notions of heroisms, celestial and mundane. Each after its kind in art; realism, or "the glory of the terrestrial," as St. Paul defines the idealisms of earth, and "the glory of the celestial," those of heaven. "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." The artist should beware of confounding the spiritual in art with the realistic. Both are legitimate phases. Only, however, as we are able to make art appear immortal and incorruptible do we raise it to the standard of the just made perfect. The American school will be born of our own material and spiritual life; our own faith in and sacrifices for humanity; and of those profound social, political, and religious convictions that make up a religion of the heart, whose fruit shall be the divinely announced "Peace and Good-will" of Bethlehem. —*Jarves' Art Thoughts.*

The Influence of Egyptian Art.—In writing of the influence of Egyptian art and the impression which it makes upon the traveller, Lamennais says: "A single thought dominates Egypt—a grave and sad thought, not to be driven away, and which, from Pharaoh, surrounded with the splendor of the throne, to the humblest of his laborers, weighs upon man, preoccupies him incessantly, possesses him entirely; this thought is the thought of death. This people, seeing time gliding onward like the waters of the great river that traverses their naked plains, were led to believe that what passes so quickly is unreal and evanescent; and regarding the present life as fleeting and unsatisfactory, they were prompted by their faith, by their desires and aspirations, to look forward to a life that is permanent and immutable. Existence, in the estimation of the Egyptian, commenced at the tomb—and that which preceded death was only a shadow—a fleeting image. Thus his religious conceptions, his philosophical speculations, his dogmas, all tended in the direction of this great mystery of death, and his temple became a sepulchre."

Fans.—The exhibition at South Kensington Museum, including prize designs by pupils of the schools of art, has attracted many visitors. The finest collection in Europe is said to be that of the Empress of Russia, next to which come those of the Empress Eugenie and of the Baroness James de Rothschild, the fortunate possessor of a *chef d'œuvre* of Watteau. The late Duchess d'Aumale was famous for her fans. One of the finest of them, painted by Boucher, was presented by her to her niece, the Countess of Paris, at an evening party where the young princess had the misfortune to break her own fan. Besides these, the collections of the Princess of Sagan, rich in fans of the eighteenth century, of the Duchess of Chevreuse, of Madame de Noailles, and other *grandes dames* of Paris, are well known to the connoisseur.

The current taste in art was fairly shown in the recent sale of the famous gallery of Prince Demidoff in Paris. Collectors were present from all parts of Christendom; but English wealth and French pride took nearly all the prizes. "The Broken Eggs," by Greuze, a picture on the merits

of which critics are by no means agreed, brought 126,000 francs; and a half-length portrait by the same artist sold for 89,000 francs; by far the highest prices ever obtained for works of this class. Delaroche's "Death of Lady Jane Grey" and Ary Scheffer's "Francesca da Rimini" were the next favorites, and brought more than 100,000 francs each.

Some curious Roman remains were discovered last month on the Wienerberg, near Vienna, in the ground now occupied by a brick manufactory, which had formerly been used by the Romans as a cemetery. Several Roman graves had already been opened on this spot in the years 1845, 1858, 1862, and 1865, but on the present occasion funeral urns, with human ashes, were found for the first time, together with lachrymatories, lamps, bronze dishes, an iron sword handle, and coins of the time of Domitian, Hadrian, and Constantius. The proprietor of the brickworks, Herr Drasche, has presented the remains to the Imperial Cabinet.

A committee has been appointed by the Society of Arts to confer with the Lord Mayor of London and the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, with the view of establishing such harmonious action between the several authorities they represent as may prevent the erection of ugly public buildings in future. How much chagrin it would save us if some such "harmonious action" could be secured between a competent body of artists and the Board of Public Works in New York, for instance.

Lord Elgin's tomb is at Dhurmsala, and the Governor-General has just despatched an officer to see to its repair. Simultaneously a monument is being erected to Lord Elgin in the cathedral at Calcutta, which consists of a cross enamelled on a slab of serpentine. Above this, on a slab of granite, are bronze figures of Canada, China, Jamaica, and India, surmounted by a bust in white marble of Lord Elgin.

St. Stephen's Crypt.—The restoration of this beautiful relic of the architecture of the 14th century is now completed. The chapel itself was burnt, and no attempt was made to revive its ancient glories. But the crypt remained, and its restoration, when works of more obvious necessity had been finished, proceeded gradually, until now it is one of the richest, though the smallest, interiors in England.

Signor Francesco Bosa, the sculptor, who recently died at Venice, has bequeathed all his works of art, statues, engravings, books, paintings, and drawings to the Museo Correr, and has left his house, with other artistic objects, to the trustees of the fund in aid of distressed artists.

A statue of the late Lord Palmerston, by the sculptor Jackson, was unveiled at Westminster Abbey on May 31. The ceremony was private, none but relations of the deceased being present.

Dr. Neumayer, for some years director of the Melbourne Observatory, is about to start upon an Antarctic expedition. The Austrian Government has furnished him with the necessary funds.

A *National Academy* of music, for teaching sacred and secular music, is to be established at Quito, the capital of Ecuador.

The *National Portrait Gallery* has been moved from its former location in Great St. George St. to South Kensington.

VARIETIES.

Married Clergy.—In Protestant countries where the marriage of the clergy is fully recognized, it has, indeed, been productive of the greatest and most unequivocal benefits. Nowhere, it may be confidently asserted, does Christianity assume a more beneficial or a more winning form than in those gentle clerical households which stud our land, constituting, as Coleridge said, "the one idyl modern life," the most perfect type of domestic peace, and the centres of civilization in the remotest village. Notwithstanding some class narrowness and professional bigotry, notwithstanding some unworthy but half-unconscious mannerism, which is often most unjustly stigmatized as hypocrisy, it would be difficult to find in any other quarter so much happiness at once diffused and enjoyed, or so much virtue attained with so little tension or struggle. Combining with his sacred calling a warm sympathy with the intellectual, social, and political movements of his time—possessing the enlarged practical knowledge of a father of a family, and entering with a keen zest into the occupations and amusements of his parishioners, a good clergyman will rarely obtrude his religious convictions into secular spheres, but yet will make them apparent in all. They will be revealed by a higher and deeper moral tone—by a more scrupulous purity in word and action—by an all-persuasive gentleness, which refines, and softens, and mellows, and adds as much to the charm as to the excellence of the character in which it is displayed. In visiting the sick, relieving the poor, instructing the young, and discharging a thousand delicate offices for which a woman's tact is especially needed, his wife finds a sphere of labor which is at once intensely active and intensely feminine, and her example is not less beneficial than her ministrations.—*Lecky's "History of European Morals."*

The Popes of Rome.—The *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, thus summarizes the history of the popes:—"Since St. Peter (supposing that he ever was in Rome), there have been 297 popes, of whom 24 were anti-popes and one female pope. Nineteen popes quitted Rome and 85 reigned abroad. Eight papal reigns did not exceed each a month's duration, 40 extended over one year, 22 over two years, 54 over five years, 51 over 15 years, 18 over 20 years, and only nine exceeded that duration. Of the 297 popes, 31 were declared usurpers and heretics, and of the remaining 266 legitimate occupants of the Holy See, 64 met with violent deaths, 18 having been poisoned and four strangled. Independently of the Avignon popes, 26 were deposed, expelled from Rome, and banished; 28 others were maintained in power by foreign aid."

*I cannot but admit that many men of genius have, from some cause, repudiated matrimony altogether. When Michael Angelo was asked why he did not marry, he replied, "I have espoused my art;" and when a young painter told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had just taken a wife, and was preparing to pursue his studies in Italy, he exclaimed, "Married! then you are ruined as an artist!" It was an axiom with Fuseli that the marriage state is incompatible with the high cultivation of the fine arts, and such appears to have been the feeling of many distinguished painters and sculptors. The great metaphysicians, Hobbes, Locke, Bentham, and Butler, are as solitary as Spinoza and Kant, and the celibate philosopher Hume conducts us to the other bachelor historians—Gibbon and Macaulay. The account given by Gibbon of his first and last love is exceedingly characteristic: "I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. . . . I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inspired by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment." The lady was afterwards Madame Necker, and though Gibbon "might presume to hope that" he "had made some impression on a virtuous heart," his father would not hear of it. "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son." The application of such a style to such a subject paints the man almost as well as the black figure snipped out by Mrs. Brown's scissors, and exactly corresponds with the notion of him which his history suggests. The bachelor Bishop Butler brings us to Barrow, Chillingworth, Hammond, and Leighton—princes of English divinity. The poets Ariosto, Akenside, Beranger, Collins, Cowper, Gay, Goldsmith, Gray, Herrick, Lamb, Petrarch, Pope, Swift, Shenstone, Tasso, Thomson, Voltaire, *et cum multis aliis*, were all celibates, not, however, from belief in the truth of the ancient scandal, that*

"Marriage, as old men of note, hath likened been
Unto a public feast or common rout—
When those that are without, would fain get in,
And those that are within, would fain get out."

—*Gen. James Grant Wilson.*

The Perils of Fashion.—In ascribing the ungainly, feeble, and tottering walk of our modern fine ladies and their middle-class imitators to the decrepitude induced by tight-lacing, we omitted to mention another fashionable folly which assists in the production of this evil, and has also other sins of its own to answer for. The custom of wearing high boot-heels, and those, too, so much smaller than the actual heel of the wearer as to afford no solid support, but only a balancing-point, is a source of much mischief. In the first place, it throws the centre of gravity of the body so far forward that a free and gracefully erect carriage is impossible. Secondly, there being no firm support to the heel, ladies are very apt to twist the ankle suddenly by overbalancing themselves; and this is not only bad in itself, but the fear of its occurrence makes them assume a timid, mincing

gait. And, thirdly, the effect of driving the foot constantly forward into the toe of the boot is to produce a very ugly and painful distortion of the great-toe joint. There is little need for wonder at the almost fierce contempt with which young men whose characters are at all above the lowest grades of conventional inanity regard the average "girl of the period." It cannot be denied that there is a significant correspondence between the æsthetic hideousness and the degrading effects on physical health which are produced by tight stays and crippling boots, and a certain mental and moral tone in female society of the present day, which is no less surprising than it is repulsive. The whole dress and carriage of our fashionable women, for several years past, has been modelling itself, with less and less concealment, upon the idea furnished by Parisian *lorettes* of the consumptive Traviata.

Bacon's Chronological and Geographical Family Guide to the Bible.—This is the latest and one of the most valuable examples of the advantage to be derived from applying Charts to the study of History. It is a map 24 by 30 inches, finished and mounted like an ordinary wall-map; and contains a vast amount of facts concerning the Chronology, Geography, and Topography of the Sacred Narrative. The division and subdivision of the different departments are made with great skill, and the Chart contains a much greater amount and variety of knowledge than one would be led, at first sight, to suppose. In the centre is a map "containing all the localities mentioned in the Sacred Narrative, together with remarkable sites in profane history; and a great number of interesting facts and incidents referring to the various places whose positions are shown." In the right-hand corner is a "map of the Journeyings of the Israelites" from Egypt to Canaan; and on the left hand another one exhibiting the distribution of Canaan according to the Syrian division. There are Genealogical Trees of the family of Jacob on his arrival in Egypt, and of the Kings of Judah and Israel; and the Border even is made to contribute to the general store of knowledge.

The "Guide" is very handsomely printed, and will unquestionably render very valuable assistance in the study of the Bible, and to all students of Ancient History generally. It is sold only by John Beardshaw, 15 Lighthouse St., New York City.

Greek Brigands at Home.—A correspondent of the *Lemberg Gazette*, a Polish paper published in Austria, gives some interesting information respecting the Greek brigands. He says that the principal band is composed of several hundred shepherds in the mountains of Hymettus and Pentelicus. These brigands maintain friendly relations with men of all classes at Athens, and have influential supporters among the various political parties, and especially in the army. Their victims are almost always either foreigners or Greek merchants and bankers. They look upon the native nobility as their patrons, and sometimes invite them to be godfathers to their children—an invitation which is seldom refused, as the relationship thus produced establishes a sort of freemasonry between the brigands and the nobles, and protects the estates of the latter

against depredations. One of the most popular of the old Greek families among the brigand bands is that of Prince Soutzo. The head of this family, Prince Demetrius, is the godfather of upwards of 60 brigand children. One day the Prince was hunting in the vicinity of Athens, when a brigand deputation invited him to the marriage-feast of a member of their band named Andrea. The Prince followed the deputation to a secluded spot in the mountains, where Andrea presented to him his bride, who, according to the custom of the country, had sat for three days in a hut covered with green boughs, into which only women were admitted to offer her their farewell salutations on the approaching termination of her maiden life. Andrea unveiled the girl before the Prince, upon which she kissed him on the forehead, and invited him to take part in the marriage banquet. The Prince then sat down with the brigands, and various meats were brought in on silver dishes, with wine in golden goblets, the Prince eating and drinking with his hosts till night. Shortly afterwards Andrea became notorious as one of the fiercest of the brigand chiefs, and a price of 1,000 drachmas was set on his head. Notwithstanding this no one dared to betray the bandit, and the Government at length ordered Prince Soutzo to go in pursuit of him with a detachment of soldiers. The Prince, however, begged the Government to relieve him of this duty, representing that if he accepted it the brigands would take a fearful revenge on his family. His petition was granted, and some one else was appointed to take the command, but all his efforts to capture Andrea failed, and ultimately the Government was compelled to send Prince Soutzo to negotiate with him, as the bandits declared they would not trust any one else. The correspondent adds that King George himself has had to show the bandits an amount of consideration which proves how powerful they are in the country. During his last tour in his dominions he was surrounded by a number of them in the mountains, headed by a notorious chieftainess named Kara Janina. Advancing boldly to the King, she asked him to stoop down to her from his saddle, and after kissing him on the forehead wished him a pleasant journey, and recommended her children to his care.—*Pall-Mall Gazette*.

A French Prelate on the Ecumenical Council.—An able and bold letter upon the Ecumenical Council has appeared in the columns of a leading French Journal (*Le Constitutionnel*), purporting to emanate from the pen of an eminent prelate, who is stated to be one of the leading members of the French Episcopate. We print the following extracts from its text:—

"I. Gallicanism is not a doctrine, nor even an opinion: it is the simple negation of pretensions born in the eleventh century, and resists these pretensions in the name of the Church's ancient and continuous traditions. Ultramontaniam, on the other hand, is a doctrine; an opinion which, grafted on the old stock, has given out shoots of positive belief. This opinion, muzzled at the Florentine Council, set aside at that of Trent, has reappeared full of fury at the Vatican Council.

"II. Gallicanism is a misnomer; its veto belongs to every Catholic nation. Spain sus-

tained its ancient force, St. Francis de Sales vindicated its rights in the name of the privileges held by the House of Savoy, and we Frenchmen nowadays deem it feeble *chez nous*, in comparison with the vitality it manifests in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Portugal, America, and the East.

"III. Our weakness, at the present moment, does not proceed from Holy Writ, from the traditions of the Fathers, nor from the monuments left us in history by General Councils. It proceeds from our 'lack of liberty, which is radical.' An imposing minority, representing the faith of more than a hundred millions of Catholics (nearly half the entire Church), is crushed by the yoke of restrictive regulations that are contrary to Conciliar traditions, by deputations which we have not really chosen to represent us, and which dare to introduce non-discussed paragraphs into the discussed text of measures under consideration; by a committee for the treatment of interpellations, imposed upon us by authority; by the absolute non-existence of discussion, reply, objection, and interpellation; by journals encouraged to hunt the minority down, and to exasperate the diocesan clergy against it; by nunciatures that rush to the rescue when journals prove insufficient to turn everything topsy-turvy—that is to say, to invoke priests as witnesses of Faith against bishops, leaving to the latter the rôle of representatives of the secondary clergy under a commission, subject to blame if they do not execute that commission. The minority is, above all, annihilated by the weight of the supreme authority, which oppresses it by the praises and encouragement it distributes *per Breves* to priests; and by such manifestations as that addressed to Father Guéranger against M. de Montalembert and others.

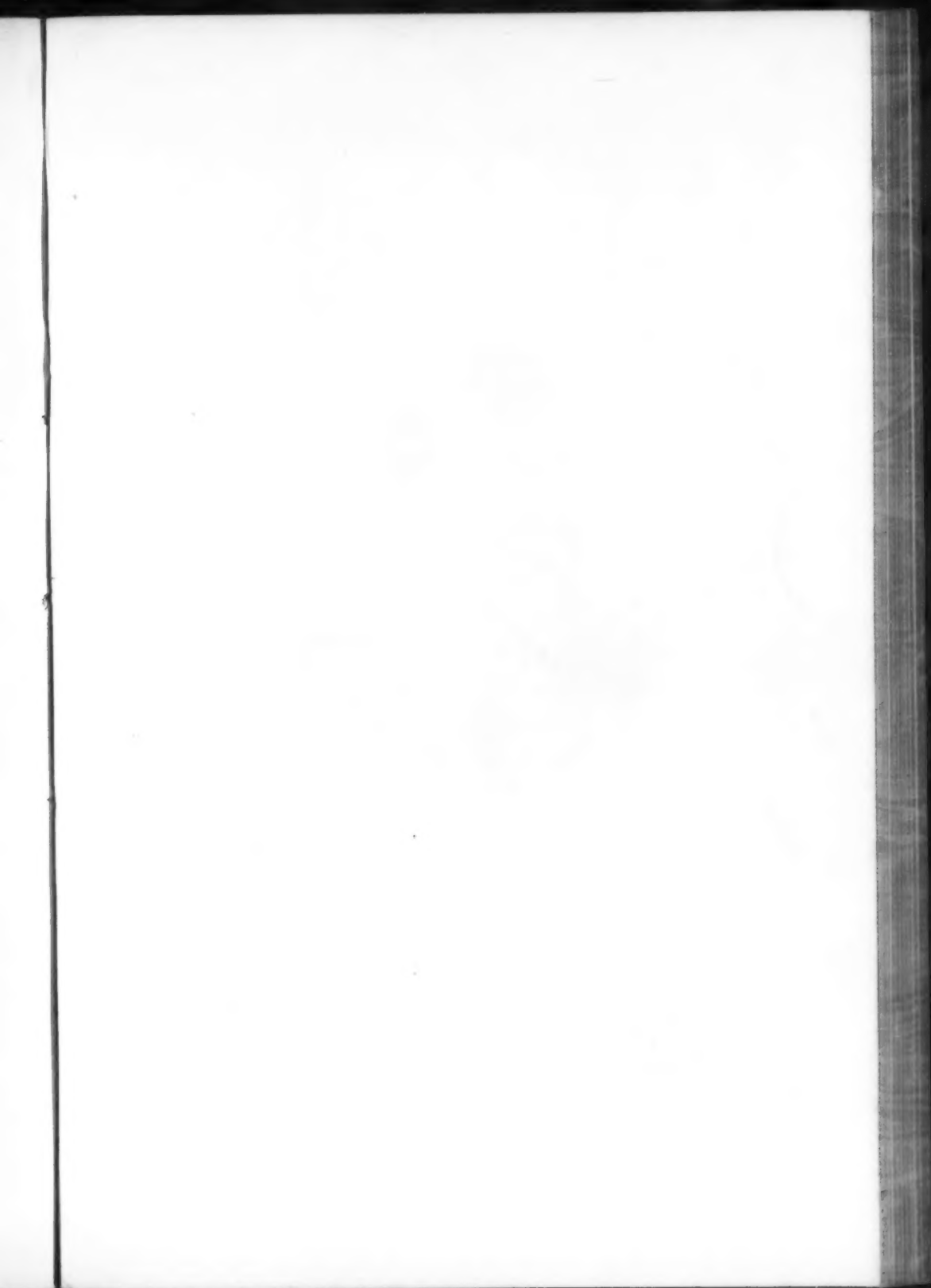
"IV. The majority itself is not free: for it is constituted by a considerable supplement of prelates, who are by no means competent to serve as witnesses to the faith of new-born or expiring churches. This supplement, composed of an enormous number of Apostolic Vicars, and of a number, relatively far too large, of Italian and Roman Bishops, is not free. It is an army regularly formed, acquired, indoctrinated, divided into regiments and disciplined, which, if it falters, is menaced with famine or half-pay: deserters from it have even been induced to return to their colors by gifts of money! It is, therefore, evident that there is not sufficient liberty; and the ulterior conclusion is that *there is not a clear and plausible oecumenicity*. This does not invalidate the true principle, that the Church is infallible in its General Councils; but those Councils must possess all the characteristics of oecumenicity, i. e., legitimate convocation, full liberty of judgment, and Papal confirmation. If one of these conditions be wanting, the whole may be called in question. The brigandage in Ephesus did not prevent the subsequent holding of a genuine Council under that name. There may be a *ludibrium Vaticanum*; but that would not preclude the possibility of remedying all the evil done in the course of new and serious assizes. . . .

" I believe that, at the present time, the great remedy must come to us from outside of the Council."

The Boy who was his own Grandfather.—The "Family Puzzle" in the March "Leisure Hour,"

where a boy was shown to be not only the brother of his own mother, but his own uncle, recalls a curious case once reported in "Hood's Magazine." There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter married the old gentleman. The widow was, therefore, mother to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother. Now as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great uncle, this boy was one or other. He was his own grandfather. This was the case with a boy at school at Norwich.

Japanese Cosmical Ideas.—In a paper read before the Asiatic Society at its last meeting, Mr. F. V. Dickens gave "A brief account of the Chief Cosmical Ideas now current among the better educated classes in Japan." The account given by the writer is taken for the most part from the "Yeddo Oho Setayo," published at Yeddo in 1861. This work is a kind of encyclopædia hand-book, in two volumes, the first being a dictionary, the second, the chief source of this paper, a sort of compendium of useful knowledge, illustrated with numerous and excellent woodcuts. The Great Primary Principle (Tai-Kyoku) separating into its parts, the result was the Firmament (Tai-Yoten), by which the earth is supposed to be surrounded, as the yolk of an egg is surrounded by the white. There are two elemental principles, from either, or the combination of which, everything originates,—a Male, or developing, and a Female, or receptive one. The Earth is supposed to have been formed by the condensation of the Female principle in the middle of the heavens, and generally believed to be square in form, though in reality it was spherical. The Sun, on the contrary, was the product of the Great Male principle; it was a ball of fiery matter moving round with the revolution of the heavens, in which it was fixed; the way thus described is called the Yellow Way. The moon originated in the Female principle, being a condensation from moisture. Its path is called the White Way. Besides these there are five planets, which derive from the Male principle, and neither wax nor wane. The views of the Setayo are then explained regarding the origin and nature of the principal natural phenomena, showing a good deal of their original cosmical and astronomical notions and superstitions, not a little affected, it would seem, by an acquaintance with the result of European science. The writer concludes in briefly criticising the Japanese system as propounded by the Yeddo Setayo. The origin and nature of the Tai-Kyoku, or Primary Principle, of which the two elementary forces were considered to be parts, were not even touched upon, and the mind was satisfied to explain everything, even itself, by a reference thereto,—even the Divine Beings descended from this Prime Cause, and though there were innumerable gods, there was no God in Chinese and Japanese philosophy. It was thus easily comprehended that the better educated, freeing themselves from the more vulgar superstitions, should become utter indifferentists to everything except material comfort and the dictates of a code of honor for the most part traditional and artificial.





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